

THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH

NUNC COGNOSCO EX PARTE



TRENT UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY

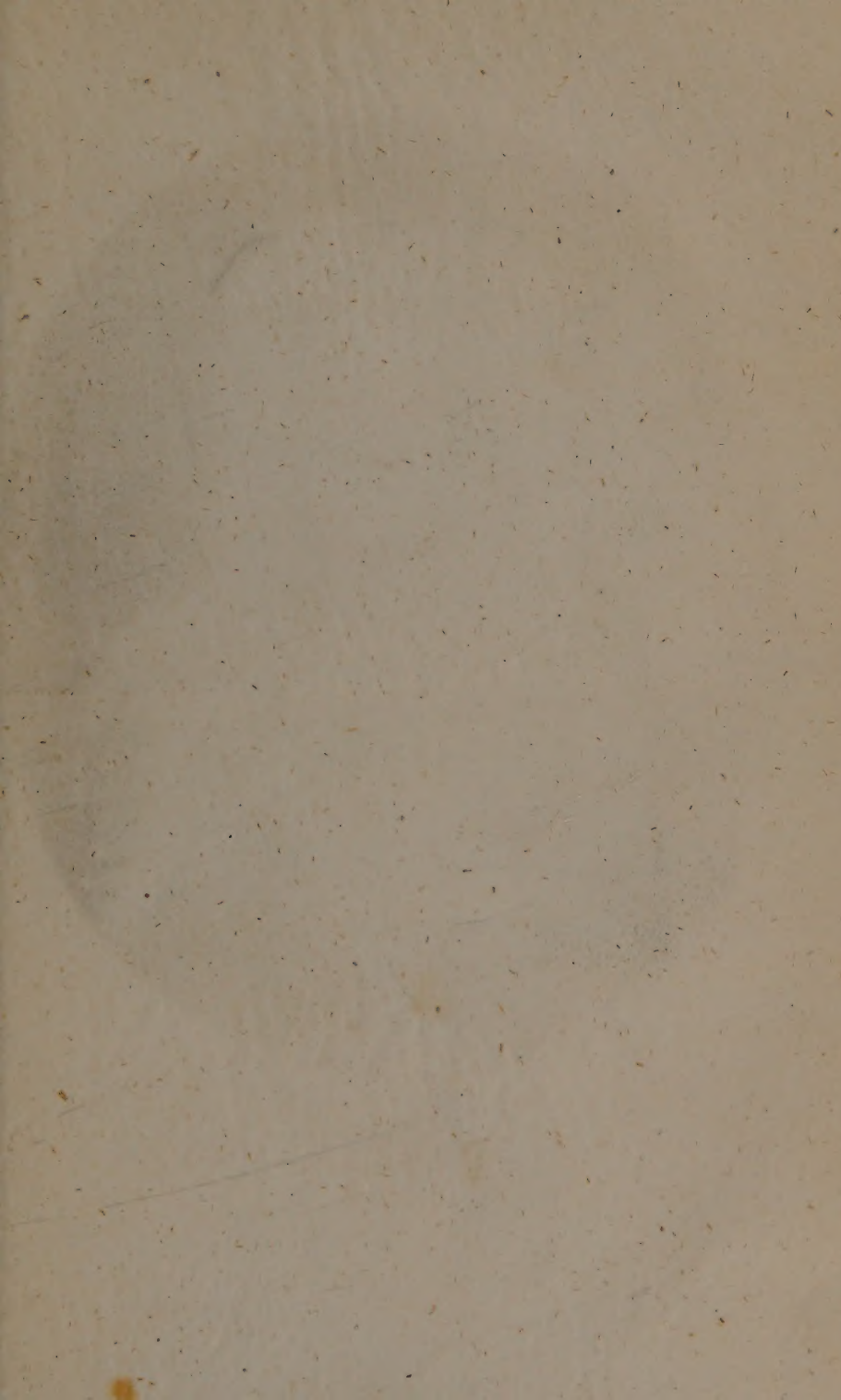
John Shaples.

London April 22nd / 87.

THE
EARL OF PETERBOROUGH AND MONMOUTH.



JOHN, DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.



THE EARL OF
PETERBOROUGH AND MONMOUTH.

(CHARLES MORDAUNT.)

À Memoir.

BY

COLONEL FRANK S. RUSSELL,

Royal Dragoons,

AUTHOR OF "RUSSIAN WARS WITH TURKEY."

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME II.

LONDON: CHAPMAN AND HALL,

LIMITED.

1887.

DA 437. P5 R8 v.2

RICHARD CLAY AND SONS,
LONDON AND BUNGAY.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

	PAGE
FROM THE RELIEF OF BARCELONA IN MAY UNTIL THE CONCEN- TRATION OF THE ALLIED ARMY AT GUADALAXARA IN AUGUST, 1706	1

CHAPTER II.

FROM THE ARRIVAL OF THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH AT THE ALLIED CAMP OF GUADALAXARA IN AUGUST UNTIL HIS DEPARTURE FROM SPAIN IN SEPTEMBER, 1706	52
--	----

CHAPTER III.

THE EVENTS AFTER THE RETREAT OF THE ALLIED ARMY FROM GUADALAXARA IN THE AUTUMN OF 1706 UNTIL THE LANDING OF THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH IN ITALY IN MARCH, 1707	78
---	----

CHAPTER IV.

THE EVENTS IN SPAIN FROM THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE CAM- PAIGN OF 1707 UNTIL THE CONCLUSION OF THE PEACE OF UTRECHT IN 1712	100
--	-----

CHAPTER V.

FROM THE TIME WHEN LORD PETERBOROUGH QUITTED SPAIN IN 1707, UNTIL THE FINAL INQUIRY INTO HIS CONDUCT IN 1710	145
---	-----

CHAPTER VI.

	PAGE
THE INQUIRY INTO THE CONDUCT OF THE WAR IN SPAIN, THE CAUSES WHICH LED TO ITS TAKING PLACE, AND ITS RESULT	177

CHAPTER VII.

FROM THE VINDICATION OF LORD PETERBOROUGH'S CONDUCT IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS IN 1710-11 UNTIL HIS FINAL RETIRE- MENT FROM PUBLIC LIFE IN 1714-15	203
---	-----

CHAPTER VIII.

PETERBOROUGH'S SECOND MARRIAGE AND HIS LIFE UP TO THE END OF THE REIGN OF GEORGE I.	238
--	-----

CHAPTER IX.

THE CORRESPONDENCE WITH MRS. HOWARD, AFTERWARDS COUNTESS OF SUFFOLK	269
--	-----

CHAPTER X.

THE CLOSING SCENES OF PETERBOROUGH'S LIFE.—EXTRACTS FROM HIS CORRESPONDENCE WITH POPE AND SWIFT.—HIS DEATH.— CLOSING COMMENTS ON HIS CHARACTER AND CAREER	310
---	-----

APPENDIX A.	341
---------------------	-----

APPENDIX B.	367
---------------------	-----

APPENDIX C.	371
---------------------	-----

INDEX	375
-----------------	-----

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

PORTRAIT OF JOHN, DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH	<i>Frontispiece.</i>
GENERAL VIEW OF MADRID	<i>facing page 24</i>
PORTRAIT OF FIRST COUNTESS OF PETERBOROUGH	96
PORTRAIT OF SARAH, DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH	187
PORTRAIT OF ANASTASIA ROBINSON, SECOND COUNTESS OF PETERBOROUGH	238
PORTRAIT OF MRS. HOWARD	270
MAP OF SPAIN	<i>at end of volume.</i>



THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH.

CHAPTER I.

FROM THE RELIEF OF BARCELONA IN MAY UNTIL
THE CONCENTRATION OF THE ALLIED ARMY AT
GUADALAXARA IN AUGUST, 1706.

Retreat of French army.—Sick and wounded abandoned.—Tessé's letter.—Humanity of Peterborough.—Delight of Charles.—Tessé not disgraced.—Madame de Maintenon.—Council of war.—Peterborough's advice accepted.—He embarks for Valencia.—His energy.—Letter to the Earl of Halifax.—The hopelessness of Philip's cause.—Advance of Galway.—Occupies Madrid.—Peterborough at Valencia.—Requena captured.—Carlton's adventure.—Fatal delay of allies.—Philip and his Queen.—Their success.—Porto-Carrero.—The Queen Dowager.—Inaction of allies.—Revolt of provinces.—Allies retreat to Guadalaxara.—Peterborough's impatience.—Correspondence between Godolphin and Marlborough.—Letters to the Archduke.—His reply.—Differences between the allied commanders.—Peterborough vindicated.—Ordered to attack Balearic Islands.—Summoned to Guadalaxara.—Reaction against the allies.—Hopeless position of allied army.

THE retreat of the French army after the siege of Barcelona was discreditable alike to the general who directed it, and to the troops who carried it out. Although opposed to an enemy, who, as we have seen, were most inferior to them in numbers, and who from their weakness in cavalry could scarcely pursue or harass them, they abandoned all their

stores, munitions of war, and siege train, apparently without an effort either to carry them off or destroy them; 200 heavy brass siege guns, thirty mortars, shot, shells to a large amount, intrenching tools, 3,000 barrels of powder, 10,000 sacks of corn, were left uninjured for the use and benefit of those, who a few days previously, had been in the most dire extremity.

But worse still; so little did Tessé regard the honour of the army he commanded—so great was his apprehension of danger—that he left his sick and wounded to the mercies, which in those days were as a rule far from tender, of the enemy from whom he thus ignominiously fled. Humanity in war is now the rule in place of being the exception; now, among civilised nations, disabled men, no matter to which army they belong, receive usually with entire impartiality as much attention as the circumstances of the hour will permit. A hundred and eighty years ago the case was very different. To our civilised ideas at the present day, the indifference with which armies then treated even their own sick and wounded soldiers appears absolutely astounding; and fortunate indeed were those who escaped absolute ill-treatment if they fell into the hands of an enemy. It was this knowledge and feeling which prompted Tessé on the eve of his retreat to address to Peterborough the following letter:—

“MY LORD,

“You serve me with circumstances more glorious for you, and more mortifying for me, as last year I did my Lord Galway in the siege of

Badajos. You perceive the miserable necessity I am under of raising this siege, by the arrival of your fleet and the retreat of ours. My circumstances do not permit me to carry away a great many wounded, but humanity and your generosity make me hope that you will give orders for care to be taken of them. I desire you, my Lord, to be pleased to send them a guard, that they may not be exposed to be ill used by the common people and Miquelets. I take the liberty to send you by the trumpeter some money, which I desire you will order to have given to those who have the direction of the hospital, that they may take care of the sick; and a further sum will be remitted afterwards. The fortune of war makes your glory, and at this day my misfortune.

“I am beyond all expression, my Lord,

“Your most humble, most obedient servant,

“DE TESSÉ, MARESCHAL.

“P.S.—My Lord, I leave a commissary and a surgeon to look after the people I leave behind, and I desire you once more that they may be taken care of.”

Peterborough required no such appeal as this to induce him to perform the duties of humanity, and indeed he displayed so much kindness, so much thought and solicitude in his attention to these poor victims thus left in his charge, that he added still more to the reputation of chivalrous generosity for which he was already renowned in Spain. The bequest, however, of so many sick and wounded, at no time one to be envied, under the circumstances was peculiarly embarrassing to the inhabitants of Barcelona. They had already come to the end of

their resources as regards food, the neighbouring country was devastated, and their hospitals were already more than full. Thus in all probability the disabled men left behind by the French army would have fared but indifferently had it not been for the English Earl, whose influence for the time being was almost paramount.

The delight of Charles at his deliverance knew no bounds, nor is this indeed surprising. He had been within an ace of losing, not only all chance of a crown, but even his own personal liberty ; and just at the moment when matters seemed most desperate, by an astounding freak of fortune he suddenly found himself at the head of a victorious army, with his rival not only in full flight, but absolutely obliged to abandon the kingdom, for the throne of which they were both fighting. The Archduke's gratitude to Peterborough was then most sincere and unbounded ; nor apparently were his feelings towards the Dutch generals and Sir John Leake less effusive ; Noyelles and Uhlefeld were made field marshals, while medals were at once struck to commemorate the successful defence of Barcelona and the defeat of the French army—one of them set with diamonds being presented to the English admiral, whose excess of caution and delay, which so nearly proved fatal, were forgotten and forgiven.

By a curious coincidence, on the 11th of May, the day on which Tessé's army commenced its flight, there occurred a total eclipse of the sun. This phenomenon was most unfortunate for Philip, as it greatly increased the demoralisation of his army.

His superstitious soldiery regarded it as a sign of the wrath of Heaven, all the more so, as a sun had been formerly chosen as the device of the house of Bourbon. We may laugh at such folly and regard it as a sign of the barbarism of the past, but while doing so, we must remember that even at the present day in Roman Catholic countries, manifestations and miracles are by no means of uncommon occurrence, and are fully believed in by many devout Catholics, who are far from being all illiterate or unlearned. To commemorate alike this eclipse and his victory, Charles ordered the damaged brass cannon that had been captured to be recast, and on them was engraved a sun eclipsed with the motto under it, "*Magna parvis obscurantur.*"

In the meantime Philip and his retreating army were hurrying on to the French frontier in a state of utter demoralisation. Perpignan was reached on the 22nd of May, on which Tessé urged the King to proceed to Paris, with a view—so he said afterwards¹—of inducing him to assent to an arrangement by which Spain and the West Indies were to be handed over to Charles, the Sicilies, Lombardy and Sardinia to himself, while the Low Countries were to be left for the Emperor and the Elector of Bavaria.² However, Philip was proof against all persuasions to divert his path from Madrid, and, as Stanhope remarks, "we might admire the bravery of the young monarch in rushing so eagerly to what was represented to him as the post of danger, did not

¹ *Siècle de Louis XIV.*, Voltaire, chap. xxiv.

² *Mémoires de Tessé.*

history disclose his real motive—an uncontrollable impatience to rejoin his Queen.”

After the terrible fiasco, of which he was the principal cause, it may well be inquired what became of Tessé. It seems surprising that he retained his head and his liberty, still more that he was not hopelessly ruined and disgraced. The Marshal, however unfortunate in some respects, was fortunate in others, he had the ladies on his side.

He possessed, as friends, Madame de Maintenon, all powerful in France, and then the Princess of Orsini, equally powerful in Spain. We find in July that the former writes:—

“Le Maréchal Tessé a fait de son mieux dans une entreprise qui n’était pas de son goût; il a été malheureux; il est bien juste de le consoler.” The Princess, replying from Burgos on July 15th, says, “Je plains M. de Tessé, et il mérite vos bontés; ce n’est point par sa faute assurément qu’on a commencé le siège de Barcelona une mois trop tard.”¹

After the retreat of the French army, a week was spent in rejoicings and in recovering from the

¹ It was again a case of “too late.” Verily history repeats itself. Not long since there was another instance of a siege, and another cry of “too late.” On this occasion, alas! there resulted a calamity, which will live in the pages of history to the undying shame and disgrace of the English nation. Perhaps a hundred and eighty years hence the story of the siege of Khartoum may be written, when those who suffered and those who sinned will alike have long since gone to their rest. Then let us hope that the deeds of the gallant dead, and the sufferings of the heroic Gordon, may in some measure tend to soften the judgment of posterity on the present generation of Englishmen, and on the character of those through whose fault he died.

reaction which always follows great exertion and excitement. Then, in deference to the eager representations of Peterborough, Charles and his ministers turned their attention to business, and a solemn council was assembled on May 18th, to decide on some definite course of action. This council was composed of no fewer than sixteen members, and included Austrians, English, Spanish, and Dutch statesmen, diplomatists, soldiers, and sailors. With all these discordant elements, it is a most striking proof of the ascendancy of Peterborough's personal influence at this period, that his proposals were not only listened to with attention, but were adopted with unanimity. This is the more remarkable, since our hero was as usual all for a bold and decided course of action, which must have been entirely repugnant to the feelings and traditions of his timid and irresolute colleagues. This is very clearly proved by the fact that very shortly afterwards, as soon as his back was turned, the plan of campaign was entirely altered.

On two successive occasions, as we have seen, Peterborough had already urged Charles to make a bold dash for Madrid. There seems every reason to conclude that the course thus advised, although bold and somewhat hazardous, would have been judicious, and, if vigorously carried out, probably might have brought the war in the Spanish peninsula to a speedy termination. While, however, formerly, serious objections might have been, and, in fact, were urged against Peterborough's proposals, now there really could be no valid reason why

Charles should not at once proceed to his capital and there proclaim himself King of Spain. As was clearly pointed out, the very fact of his presence in Madrid would enormously encourage his adherents, it would confirm waverers and bring over many of those doubtfully hostile to him, while it would give him a great command of the material resources of the Government and of the country at large. From a military point of view there appeared to be no difficulty whatever in the way; the only French army capable of barring his progress had been defeated and driven out of the kingdom; to prevent its return when reorganised the passes on the frontier could be held with much ease, and there would be ample time to occupy them. In the meanwhile, the small army under the Duke of Berwick, which practically was the only one available to offer any opposition, could be easily driven back and held in check by the far superior force under Lord Galway and Das Minas now advancing from Portugal. In fact, there was nothing whatever to prevent Charles from making his way to Madrid, and every reason, both political and military, why he should proceed there at once. Strange to say, the advisers around him were so shortsighted, and he himself was so young and so weak, that it needed all the determination and persistency of the English Earl to induce him to hold the council, which affirmed the advice long since urged on him. Their opinion was as follows:—

“That considering the present circumstances of affairs, it would be best to carry on the operations in

the kingdom of Valencia, where we should not only enjoy the advantage of the assistance of the fleet, which would save great expenses and troubles, which the army would be liable to in a march through Aragon; there being no other body in Spain that could embarrass the speedy conquest of that kingdom but that small one of the Count de las Torres; routing this the kingdom of Valencia would be free, Murcia would submit, and the most convenient way would be open to proceed with the army towards the capital, besides the advantages gotten by inclining towards the Portuguese army, being able to resist any force the French can make, in order to hinder the entire conquest of the continent of Spain."

It was added that it was highly desirable to "protect the principality of Catalonia from insult, and to leave a considerable garrison in Gerona, although it is thought that the enemy is not in a condition to besiege any other place this summer, nor to effect anything against Barcelona while the fleets are in these parts of the Mediterranean."

In accordance with the above decision, it was settled that 2,650 men, comprising 1,150 Spanish and 1,500 English troops, should be left in Barcelona. Strangely enough, even in those days we find our marines employed in quite as many different capacities as they are now, since of these 1,500 garrison troops, 1,000 were marines. In Gerona, intended to be the main protection of the province, 3,100 were assigned, namely, 1,600 English and Dutch, with 1,500 Spaniards; in Lerida was placed a garrison of 850, 700 Dutch and 150 Spaniards; and lastly,

in Tortosa there were stationed temporarily 500 dragoons as an escort to Charles, whose headquarters were fixed there until the road to Madrid was satisfactorily cleared for him. The task of clearing this road was intrusted to Peterborough, and to show what troops he was supposed to have at his disposal we will quote the resolution of the Council of War as expressed in their own words :—¹

“For the campaign there remains—

INFANTRY.

My Lord Peterborough sends by sea to Valencia Eng.	1,800
In the said kingdom there are, including the regiment of Ahumada	1,200
The Neapolitans of Castillon's regiment	1,000
Colbatch's regiment	500
TOTAL	4,500

CAVALRY.

The guards of Zinzendirfs	500
Mona's regiment	500
Killigrew's and Cunningham's	1,000
TOTAL	6,500

No sooner was the above programme arranged than Peterborough at once embarked with his infantry for Valencia, the cavalry being sent by road *viâ* Tortosa ; and it need scarcely be said that on his arrival he lost no time in applying himself “with his customary vivacity to put into execution the resolutions taken in the Councils of War at Barcelona.” The delights and pleasures of the charming town, where he now for a second time found himself, might well, after his fatigues and hardships, have

¹ Freind, p. 66.

diverted him from his military duties. This, however, was not the case. Man of pleasure as he undoubtedly was, his greatest detractors never alleged that in any part of his military career he ever permitted the fascinations and temptations with which he was surrounded, in the slightest degree to lessen his indomitable and untiring energy. Day and night he laboured, organising transport, collecting supplies, raising fresh levies, and still he found time to enter into all sorts of amusements, carrying on all the while a most voluminous correspondence, equally remarkable for the soundness of its views and the humorous wit of its expression. Some of his letters have fortunately been preserved, and they convey an excellent reflection of his remarkable and most contradictory character. To commonplace minds, great wit and considerable frivolity seem wholly incompatible with the more serious and solid qualities which are essential to success in public men. Hence there is every reason to believe that had our hero's letters been less witty, less unguarded, less amusing, and more sober, stolid, and dry, the abilities of the writer would have been far more appreciated. Apparently even his friends and admirers were tempted to take this view of his character, as we find in a letter from his devoted ally, Pope, to Swift, written years afterwards,¹ the following passage: "I tremble for my Lord Peterborough, whom I now lodge with me. He has too much wit, as well as courage, to make a solid general, and if he escapes being banished by others I fear he

¹ Pope's *Letters*, vol. xvi. p. 402.

will banish himself." Similarly in a letter which Pope received from one of his friends (Mr. Walsh) it is said: "When we were in the north, my Lord Wharton showed me a letter he had received from a certain great general in Spain [Ld. P.]. I told him I would by all means have that general recalled and set to writing here at home, for it was impossible that a man with so much wit as he showed could be fit to command an army or do any other business."

The following letter, written at this time to Charles Montagu, Earl of Halifax, has been considered by some too racy for reproduction, but it appears to the author far too characteristic and original to be omitted. It was written from on board the *Somerset* on May 29th, 1706, as follows:—

"MY LORD,

"There cannot be worse company than a beggarly German and a proud Spaniard, particularly to my humour, and were it not for the revenge we seek on the disagreeable men with the agreeable ladies, our condition were intolerable; black eyes and wit in the wives being alone what can make us endure the husbands; the fair sex especially never failing to put in practice the making use of all opportunities in pleasure, the reverse of what our statesmen practise in business.

"I will not trouble you with the account of our successes, which I am obliged to send to the secretary's office. I believe the French themselves will own enough to make the news agreeable, but, my Lord, I hope our Spanish Prince will mend his pace, now he is become one of us, a lover and a sinner, to merit

some news of that kind from England. I inform you that we have certain intelligence to our great satisfaction, as we hope it may prove to the chit-chats assembled near Charing Cross, and that a Don John is on the stocks in Barcelona.

“My Lord Galway should be in Madrid, having secured all the Spanish fortresses in Alcantara, being within a few days’ march of the capital, early in May. By the last accounts he was at Almara along the river leading to Toledo, but if Portugal generals (who pass all understanding) should retire with six and twenty thousand men, having no enemy, we lose the present critical minute, and if not supported this autumn fortune may turn against us and justly punish us for neglecting her favourable offers, which however, my Lord, shall never be said to my charge, and may neither man nor woman forgive when that appears my fault. My Lord, I am so stung with musquitos that I am unable to write with my own hand.”¹

Apparently this letter was written on board ship while on the way to Valencia, where Peterborough landed with his infantry in the beginning of June.² In the meantime events had been moving with great rapidity throughout Europe, so as entirely to change the aspect of affairs in a manner most highly favourable to the Austrian Archduke. On May 23rd Marlborough gained the victory of Ramillies over the French under Marshal Villeroy—a victory so complete and signal that it shook the throne of Louis XIV. to its foundation, and scattered dismay among the adherents of France throughout Europe.

¹ MSS., British Museum.

² Freind, p. 71. Richard’s Papers, MSS., British Museum.

The great cities of Flanders, one after another, submitted to the victorious general, so that "within a few weeks nearly the whole Spanish Netherlands acknowledged Charles III. for their sovereign, and Marlborough for their governor."

In Spain the cause of Philip, Duke of Anjou, seemed equally on the wane. As before mentioned, the troops under the Duke of Berwick on the Portuguese frontier had been reduced to a minimum, and numbered at the outside only 5,000 men, and those by no means the flower of the Spanish army. Opposed to them was a mixed force composed of about one English cavalry and five infantry regiments under Lord Galway, and a large body of Portuguese regular troops under Das Minas, in all considerably over 20,000 men. It need scarcely be said that Berwick could make but little head against such odds, and practically the road to Madrid could not have been defended or the advance of the allies barred had they displayed even a moderate amount of determination and vigour. Berwick was, however, unexpectedly aided by a valuable friend, namely, the demon of jealousy, which made its appearance in the allied camp, and interposed between the English and Portuguese troops. According to treaty, the former were entitled in their own country to take precedence and to have the post of honour on the right of the line. This privilege would have naturally ceased as soon as the frontier was crossed, but the Portuguese positively refused to move a foot unless the same honours were accorded to them in Spain as in Portugal. Lord Galway in any case was

not a very strong-minded man, and probably being browbeaten by his colleague, the Marquis Das Minas, gave in on this point, and in consequence some time afterwards was censured by the House of Lords as having "acted contrary to the honour of the imperial crown of Great Britain."

The pertinacity of the Portuguese general as regards matters of etiquette was, however, in no way equalled by his military talent. His victories were confined to those which he won over his weak-kneed companion in arms. It has been remarked that Portugal, in the course of her history, has certainly not been fertile in the production of great men, and the very fact that Das Minas obtained any prominent place in her annals is the best proof of her sterility in genius. He was what frequently has been termed an "old and valuable officer;" old he certainly was, but his value by no means corresponded with his years. He had entered the army at the age of fourteen, and was now in his seventieth year. During his long career he had filled a number of important positions, both civil and military; and although he "had practised the art of war for more than half a century," he had entirely omitted to study the theory. As a result, his experience was merely a snare and a delusion, giving a weight and authority to his opinions, which, from their intrinsic merit, they certainly never deserved. Had a man of Peterborough's ability or strength of character been associated with him, one or the other must have gone to the wall. Had he possessed Marlborough as a colleague, probably he would have submitted to be

guided by one whose commanding intellect was combined with a tact and temper which it was most difficult to ruffle, and with a judgment which it was wholly impossible to distort. Unfortunately Galway was not one of these. Alone he might, and probably would, have done fairly well. The odds in his favour were so great, that even with the ordinary amount of energy and military knowledge that he possessed, he could scarcely have failed to turn them to account. The ignorance and obstinacy, however, of one general, combined with the weakness and indecision of the other, were quite fatal to the success of the allies.

On April 14th they had captured Alcantara, an important frontier fortress on the river Tagus; they then pushed on without meeting any resistance worthy of the name as far as the bridge of Almaraz, which was within a few marches of Madrid. Here they halted to obtain some news from Barcelona, being fearful with an excess of caution, lest having ventured too far into the enemy's territory, they might be crushed by Philip's victorious army on its return from a successful siege. It is only right to say that Galway in this instance advocated the bold course of pushing on to Madrid, and strongly opposed the idea of a retreat without a reason, and before an enemy who was wholly unable to resist their advance. He was, however, overruled, and by a curious coincidence, the combined army commenced their retreat on May 11th, the very day on which Tessé raised the siege of Barcelona; and likewise, before a much inferior enemy, hurried off in headlong haste towards the French frontier.

The Portuguese generals, however, did not go so far as their own country, but, as a sort of compromise, turned aside and laid siege to Ciudad Rodrigo, which held out for seven days. By this time news arrived of Peterborough's triumph before Barcelona, on which Galway and Das Minas summoned up their courage, moved slowly to Salamanca, and then, after considerable delay, actually on to Madrid. These retreats and delays appear to us now utterly unaccountable, and were certainly enough to provoke a far more patient man than Peterborough. Apparently alluding to them, he writes from Valencia to General Stanhope on July 13th, as follows:—

“You told me once you wondered at my temper upon the retreat of the Portuguese; though it may seem strange to retire when there is no enemy, I think it more extraordinary not to advance towards a crown. But, Sir, this administration makes one lose all patience or gives it one in the last degree. I am really come to that pass that nothing can move me.”

Let us now turn to Peterborough himself, whom we left having just landed at Valencia in the beginning of June. It is needless to say that he was received by the inhabitants with open arms; he had already, during his previous stay in the town, rendered himself extremely popular, and his recent triumphant successes did not tend to diminish the esteem with which the Valencians regarded him. His first care was to raise a regiment of

dragoons to reinforce his weak and over-worked cavalry. So great was his energy, that in six weeks' time he had not only procured horses, arms, accoutrements, and had drafted the men from infantry, but had actually turned them out fit to take the field. For the horses he only paid £10 apiece, buying them in the country, and thus saving a large sum to the public exchequer, since, as remarked by his friend, Dr. Freind, if brought from England, these animals would each have cost at least £60 before they were landed in Spain. Although by no means prudent or economical as regards his own affairs, there is no man who ever studied the interest of the public with greater care or more unselfishness. As we have already seen, he was frequently reduced to the greatest straits for want of money, in fact, as again remarked by his biographer,¹ "he gave several instances in this extraordinary war that he could sometimes maintain an army without money, as well as take towns without men."

As soon as he succeeded, after three weeks' incessant drudgery, in collecting the train and supplies necessary for a moveable column, Peterborough at once sent off General Windham with 1,500 men to besiege Requena, a small town about ten leagues from Valencia, and of some importance, as it lay on the main road to Madrid. Captain Carlton² gives a quaint account of this place and its siege, in which he himself took part. He says, "The town was not very strong nor very large, but sure the

¹ Freind, p. 73.

² Carlton's *Memoirs*, p. 212.

oddiest fortified that ever was, the houses in a circle connectively composed the wall; and the people, who defended the town, instead of firing from hornworks, counterscarps, and bastions, fired out of the windows of their houses." However, "odd" as the fortifications were, for some time they proved too much for General Windham, who was obliged to send back to headquarters for the assistance of an engineer. The officer selected for this duty was Captain Carlton himself, who was sent off at once with a supply of powder, which the besieging force much needed. It chanced, however, that at a village called St. Iago, about half way between Requena and Valencia, one of the men attempted to shoot a pig belonging to one of the villagers, and thereby blew up forty-five barrels of gunpowder, including the escort, the pig, and in fact apparently everything except Captain Carlton himself, who chanced to be out of reach. He accordingly had to proceed on to join General Windham without the powder, which alone would have made his presence really useful. The General, however, was a man of expedients, and he at once ordered a mine to be driven under an old castle, which formed a part of the wall, with the view of frightening the garrison into submission. In this he was eventually successful. A capitulation was at once arranged, by which the regular troops became prisoners of war, and the remainder of the garrison, who were principally composed of Castilian gentry, were allowed to go free.

Having thus disposed of Requena, and placed in it a newly raised Spanish regiment as garrison,

General Windham marched on to Cuenca, a somewhat important town, only a few marches from Madrid. After three days' bombardment the citizens sent out some priests to offer terms, which, however, proved so extravagant that the bombardment was renewed with redoubled vigour. When this had continued for some little time the inhabitants became more reasonable, and the town was occupied by the Earl of Duncannon's regiment, which took guard at the gates. Thus the road to Madrid was laid open, and nothing remained now for Charles but to make a triumphal progress to his capital.

So far the military operations had been admirably conducted; and, although the counsellors of Charles had, for no apparent reason, diverted to other purposes 2,000 of the troops allotted to Peterborough by the Council of War at Barcelona, nevertheless his energy had triumphed over all difficulties, and his success at this period, as indeed at all others during his military career in Spain, was triumphant and complete.

When one considers the prospects of the Archduke Charles as they were in June, 1706, and the variety of causes which combined to advance his fortunes, his ultimate failure to obtain the crown of Spain would seem almost unaccountable. We have already seen the triumphant success of Peterborough before Barcelona, and the long-delayed advance on Madrid by the combined English and Portuguese armies. The occupation of the capital actually took place on the 25th of June, without

opposition, but we must also add entirely without enthusiasm on the part of the inhabitants. Unfortunately also it produced but little material result, as from the delay of the Portuguese time had been given to remove elsewhere the tribunals, the treasury, and in fact all the machinery for the government of Spain. Contrary to the advice of Tessé, who wished him to proceed to Paris, and of Berwick, who recommended Burgos as his headquarters, Philip had hurried back to Madrid and his Queen, whom he rejoined in the beginning of June. His first business was to make preparations for his immediate departure, and to raise money for his own pressing wants and for those of his army. The grandees, however, although profuse in their protestations of devotion to his dynasty and to his royal person, as remarked by a witty Spanish lady of the time, "followed the example of the wary devotee who offered one wax candle to St. Michael and the other to the devil."¹ Thus Philip got but little out of them, and the Queen, notwithstanding all her exertions, was equally unsuccessful. The magistrates of Madrid could only give her six thousand pistoles; in fact, all preferred to keep what they could for a rainy day and for the new ruler who shortly might be amongst them.

Very soon the advance of the allied army forced the King and Queen to start for Burgos; the latter writing to Madame de Maintenon gives a terrible account of her eighteen days' journey, and of her sufferings from dust, heat, and bad accommodation

¹ *Mémoires de Noailles*, vol. iii. p. 359.

on the road. Those who have had experience of travelling in Spain at the present day will fully sympathise with her. She adds with much spirit and heroism, "Notwithstanding these hardships we shall not complain, so that the King can but prevail over his enemies ; unhappily, however, scarcely a day passes without bringing the news of some fresh disaster."

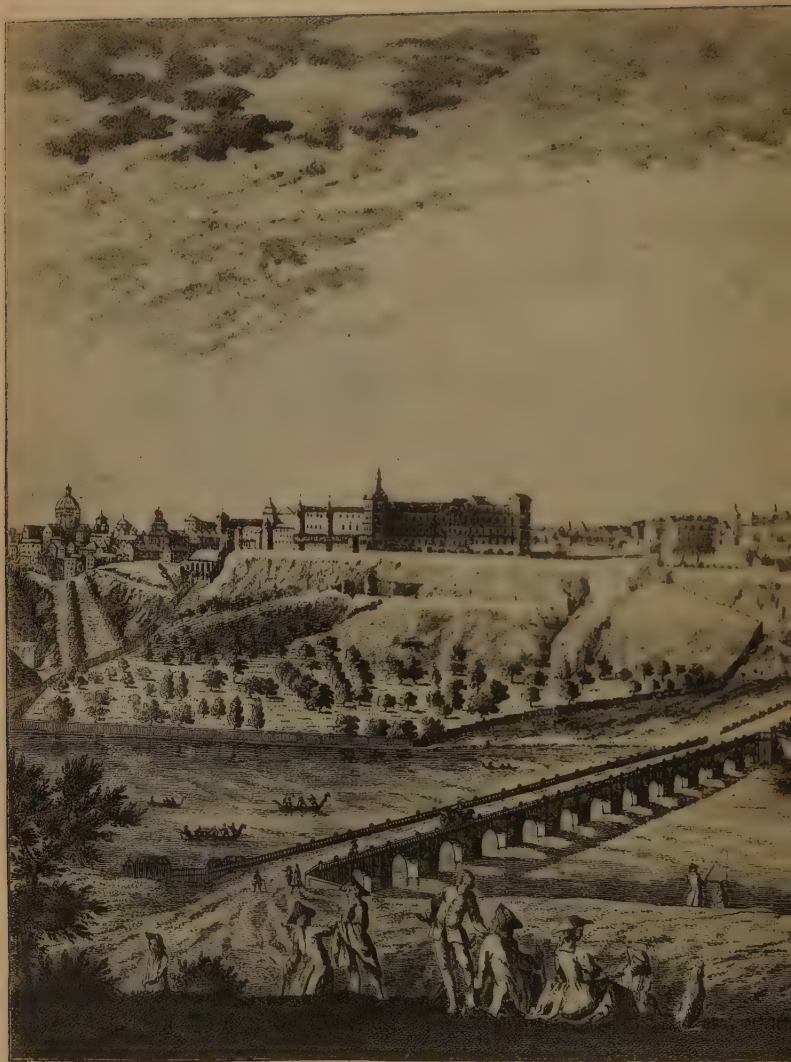
Marshal Berwick sneered at Philip for his hasty return to Madrid, and for his evident longing to rejoin his wife. Lord Stanhope adopted the sneer, and equally abstains from giving any credit to the young King for his prompt and decided action. There can, however, be little, if any, doubt that the course he thus adopted, though possibly dictated by the natural feelings of the young husband, was also entirely in accordance with all the principles of sound judgment and policy, and was followed in distinct opposition to the advice of Tessé, Berwick himself, and all the most trusted counsellors. Had Philip deserted Spain at this critical moment, the sun of his fortune must have set for ever ; had he not shown himself at Madrid, the devotion of the Castilians, to whom eventually he owed his crown, only too probably would never have been excited on his behalf. The bold course, as prompted by his natural feelings, was alike the most prudent and the most judicious.

It has been often said that misfortunes never come single, and the truth of this proverb is seldom more apparent than in the case of civil war. As a rule, a reverse in the field is followed by the

defection of allies, and has consequences far more serious than those which at first sight might be expected to follow. The war of the succession in Spain proved no exception to the usual rule. No sooner was the retreat of the French army from before Barcelona made known throughout the peninsula, than there was a great accession to the number of those who ranged themselves under the standard of the Austrian Archduke. The first, and perhaps the most important of these, was the celebrated Cardinal Porto-Carrero. This minister, after his disgrace at the Court of Madrid, had retired to Toledo, where he met a kindred spirit, the Queen Dowager. These former rivals soon made up their differences, having a mutual sympathy, all powerful and common to both, namely, hatred of the French King and his countrymen. To the Queen this feeling was natural, as she was a German by birth, and still more so by all the ties of kindred. In Porto-Carrero the feeling was prompted by wounded vanity, disappointed ambition, and a thirst for vengeance on account of slights and insults. For once the two were thoroughly agreed; and no sooner did Das Minas send a squadron of cavalry to Toledo than they were warmly welcomed alike by the Queen and the Cardinal. Porto-Carrero proclaimed a solemn festival and performed a *Te Deum* in the cathedral, blessing the Austrian standards as those alone which would lead their followers to Paradise. Nor did he neglect the more carnal and tangible adjuncts of a feast and festival, as a splendid banquet was spread out in

his palace, which was rendered all the more attractive by a grand illumination. The Queen Dowager, on her part, was not less enthusiastic or less demonstrative; she laid aside the sables of her widowhood, and with her retinue graced the feast of the Cardinal in gala attire. She also wrote a letter of warm congratulation to her nephew Charles, and sent him, what no doubt he valued still more, a handsome present of jewellery.

The other defections from the cause of Philip were scarcely less important, not only as regards individuals, but also in towns and fortresses. Carthagena, the best arsenal in Spain, partly betrayed, partly captured, surrendered to the English fleet; Oran fell a victim to the Moors, while Saragossa and the entire province of Aragon, alienated by the misconduct of the French army and the folly of its commanders on their march to Barcelona, publicly threw off allegiance to Philip, and declared for the Austrian Archduke. Apparently little, if anything, now was wanting firmly and finally to place the crown on the head of Charles, or to complete the utter discomfiture of the representative of the House of Bourbon. As remarked by Macaulay, "Such was the opinion of those who were ignorant of the character and habits of the Spanish people." In fact, such was the state of affairs, that with almost any other nation, the gross blunders, the astonishing inaction, of the allied commanders, even coupled with the shameful excesses of their armies, would have failed effectually to raise in arms the native population, or to nullify the effect of Lord Peterborough's marvellous victories.



PRINTED BY THE AUTOMATIC ENGRAVING CO. LIMITED

A GENERAL VIEW



CITY OF MADRID.

In Spain, however, it was different. The spirit of the inhabitants of Castile, hitherto lethargic, indifferent, and apparently lukewarm, was excited in a manner almost without parallel in the annals of nations. As was shown a hundred years later, when another French army was established in the peninsula, it is one thing to overrun, but quite another to conquer, the Spanish provinces. Still, had Galway and Das Minas displayed even ordinary generalship, even moderate vigour—had they continued their victorious course, even in the slow and doubting manner which had hitherto characterised it, Berwick must have been driven across the Ebro, and Philip out of Spain. In place of this, they seemingly abandoned themselves and their army to the luxury and delights of Madrid; discipline became lax, excesses rife, till at last the contempt and hatred with which the Spaniards naturally regarded the Portuguese was intensified to such an extent that it became absolute frenzy. Still the allied army tarried on—a halt which, Peterborough remarks in a letter to General Stanhope, was as fatal as Hannibal's delay at Capua.

Nor were delay and inaction confined to Madrid alone. No sooner had his good genius and wise mentor sailed from Barcelona, than Charles altered all the plans so carefully made for an immediate advance on his capital. In place of proceeding through Valencia, where the way had been opened, where no danger, and it may be said no difficulty, awaited him, he hesitated, doubted, and tarried. He then, at last, took another road—the most difficult, the most dangerous, the most impolitic—that through

Aragon, nor even then did he adopt this, the route of his choice, in time to render his presence of any avail. Although Tessé's army had fled from before Barcelona on May 11th, the 18th of July had arrived before the Austrian Court made its appearance in Saragossa. In the meantime the peasants and nobles of Castile had not been idle. To the amazement of the pleasure-seekers enjoying their ease at Madrid, the flame of revolt burst out with indescribable fury around them. The allied army was master only of the ground on which they stood. "Castile, Leon, Andalusia, Estremadura, rose at once. No soldier could wander a hundred yards from the main body of the invading army without imminent risk of being poniarded. The country through which the conquerors had passed to Madrid, and which, as they thought, they had subdued, was all in arms behind them. Their communication with Portugal was cut off."¹ Stranger still, the money which before had been withheld from the King when he sat on his throne, now, when he was a fugitive, flowed in freely. The Princess of Orsini, in a letter to Madame de Maintenon, mentions that a country priest came to the Queen with a bag containing a hundred and twenty pistoles, and when he offered it to her said, "My flock are ashamed at not being able to send a larger sum, but they entreat your Majesty to believe that in the same purse are one hundred and twenty hearts faithful even unto death."²

At last the position of the allied army at Madrid

¹ Macaulay's *Essay on The War of the Succession in Spain*.

² *Mémoires de St. Simon* (1791), vol. iii. p. 239.

became most critical, if not even desperate. Provisions were failing them, desertions among the Portuguese were become daily more numerous, their men were alike losing heart and losing discipline, and a move in some direction was absolutely necessary. As neither Charles nor Peterborough made their appearance at Madrid, Galway and Das Minas, for once in their lives, came to a wise decision, and resolved to march out and effect a junction with the army advancing from Barcelona. Accordingly a small detachment was left as garrison in the capital, and the main army set out on its march northwards about the middle of July, and finally, on August 1st, intrenched themselves in a position at Guadalaxara.

We must now turn to Peterborough, and relate how he had been occupied from the time when, with his infantry, he had set sail from Barcelona, buoyed up with such fair hopes and bright prospects, until he again rejoined Charles, only to find the fruits of his many labours, of his brilliant victories, blighted, scattered, and cast away. It is fortunate for us that during this period we have a fairly complete record, not only of his actions, but of his thoughts and feelings. In his numerous letters to General Stanhope, which have been preserved, we find a faithful reflection of his mind, and although perhaps his impatience may seem a weakness, the soundness of his views, and the justice of his complaints, admit of no question.

We have already seen how shortly after the Earl's arrival at Valencia a regiment of horse was raised,

Requena and Cuenca were captured, and the road to Madrid thus cleared and opened out. Very soon, however, it became apparent to Peterborough that his exertions were to be of no avail; that all his plans were to be thwarted by the unworthy intrigues of the evil counsellors by whom the young King was surrounded, and to whom his weak and yielding nature fell an easy prey. Charles's first step was to substitute Marshal Uhlefeldt in place of the Count de Noyelles as Governor of Catalonia. The latter had been specially selected and recommended by Peterborough, not only on account of his military abilities, but also because he was extremely acceptable to the Catalans and very popular among all classes. His popularity was proved by the fact that no sooner was he removed than numerous petitions were presented for his reinstatement, and were recommended by the English generalissimo in as strong terms as etiquette would allow. It was a case, however, of "out of place, out of mind," and influence and arguments, which would have been heeded if urged in person, were powerless when only expressed in the despatches, no matter how forcible, that were directed from Valencia. The annoyance of Peterborough's feelings are plainly shown in his letters to General Stanhope,¹ and in others addressed to Charles himself, which were published by Dr. Freind in 1707. The following extracts from these latter despatches are almost necessary to explain the situation, and by perusal of them alone can the difficulties and vexations of our hero be fully

¹ *Vide* Appendix A.

appreciated. It must be remarked that notwithstanding the impatience and annoyance which is visible in their tone, the terms in which these representations and remonstrances are expressed are studiously respectful and courteous, while the arguments they advance and the reasons they give for the course advised appear absolutely unanswerable. Even were there not ample record of the fact,¹ it is evident that personal differences and individual spite were the real cause of such sound advice being disregarded. It also seems evident that the extreme poverty of Charles had something to do with his persistent refusal to adopt the advice urged on him by both Peterborough and Stanhope to hasten forward to Madrid. As remarked by the former, there was a great amount of "German pride" at this mock court, and much of the money supplied by England for the support of the war went to defray the personal expenses of Charles and the absurd ceremonies which he deemed necessary to his dignity. That this was far from pleasing to the English generals, or to the ministry at home, is not surprising, and hence, even if they possessed the money, which is extremely doubtful, they turned a deaf ear to the continual applications from the Archduke for pecuniary assistance, in order that he might appear at his capital in fitting splendour. It is stated that when he was complaining of the want of a proper equipage, Mr. Stanhope remarked, "Sir, the Prince of Orange entered London in a coach and four with a cloak-bag behind, and

¹ *Vide* Appendix B. Letter from Mr. Paul Methuen to his father.

was made King not many weeks after.”¹ Eventually, when Charles changed his plans, and, taking advantage of the rising at Saragossa, announced his intention of proceeding through Aragon in place of Valencia, there can be little doubt that his main object was to raise money by contribution from the states, and perhaps, it may be added, to escape from the control of Peterborough. That this was the opinion of the Duke of Marlborough is clearly proved by the correspondence with Lord Godolphin; and the various letters which passed between our hero and Charles himself lead to the same conclusion. There is no period of the war in Spain which requires more explanation than the close of the year 1706, and fortunately there exist many letters which give us a clear idea of the situation. The following extracts from Marlborough’s correspondence appear worthy of remark :—

From LORD GODOLPHIN to the DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

“ June 11-22.

“I have had other notices agreeing with Count Wratislaw’s letter, which you sent me concerning Lord Peterborough, but I reckon they come all from the complaints of the Prince Lichtenstein. And though I can easily believe occasion enough may have been given for them, yet I certainly know, by several letters from Mr. Crowe and others, that the conduct of him who complains has been worthless and contemptible to the last degree.

“Count Noyelles’s letter is very modest, and does not pretend to decide between the two noblemen.”

¹ *Memoirs of Lord Walpole*, chap. i.

Then there follows one from the Duke apparently in reply, not to the above letter, but to one received previously :—

To LORD GODOLPHIN.

“June 13.

“The Duke of Savoy has desired that Lord Peterborough may go with the succours.

“That part is left to the King of Spain, who I suppose will not be sorry to part with him, and his Lordship will be naturally willing enough to go, if he does not suspect that it will make the King of Spain easy.”

From the following it is interesting to see that, although there was an evident prejudice against Peterborough, which no doubt caused his removal from command, the character of his antagonists was fully realised :—

From LORD GODOLPHIN.

“WINDSOR, July 18.

“Mr. Montague, a nephew of my Lord Halifax, and one of my Lord Galway’s aides-de-camp, arrived here with eight letters from his lordship, dated from the camp of Madrid, of the 16th-27th of June; but the gentleman did not leave him till the 29th. I will not trouble you with particulars, because I send you the letters which he brought, desiring they may be sent to me again at your convenience.

“The same packet brought me á letter from my Lord Peterborough of a very old date from Barcelona. It is full of extraordinary flights and artificial turns. But one may see by it that there is room for everything that has been thought or said of his conduct there; and at the same time, by that and other letters

of more credit, nothing ever was so weak, so shameful, and so unaccountable in every point as the conduct of the Prince de Lichtenstein and the rest of the King of Spain's German followers."

Then we have a reply from Marlborough to the Lord Treasurer's letter of July 13th. It seems clear from this that the Duke fully appreciated the military situation in the peninsula, as well as the fatal consequences of the delay after the relief of Barcelona. It is also evident that he had formed an entirely false estimate of Lord Galway's character and abilities; as subsequent events proved, there is no reason whatever to suppose that the old Huguenot's presence with Charles would in any way have improved the situation:—

To LORD GODOLPHIN.

"HELCHIN, *August 5, 1706.*

"I had yesterday yours of the 13th. I send you back Lord Galway's letter. You will have seen, by my former letter, the fear I have that the Duke of Anjou, being joined by M. Legale, may be in a condition to oblige Lord Galway and the Portuguese to retire from Madrid, which will make it very difficult for King Charles or Peterborough to join them. I do with all my heart wish Lord Galway with King Charles; for it is certain, since the relief of Barcelona, he has done everything as the French ought to have wished. For had he made use of the time, and marched to Madrid, everything must have gone well in that country. The Cabinet Council are certainly right in advising the Queen to give the command to Lord Galway, but I am afraid the character of our ambassador is what will be very uneasy to King Charles."

Then there follows a reply from Marlborough in answer to Godolphin's letter of July 18th. In this he shows that he fully appreciates the character of Charles's German advisers, while at the same time, not without reason, he blames the impatience and want of tact shown by our hero. Under the same circumstances there is no doubt that the qualities of the Duke himself would have come into great prominence. With profound dissimulation and artful flattery he would have conciliated these ignorant and obstinate courtiers until he became their master, and would have so bent the young Archduke to his will, that, while apparently deferring to the wishes of his patron, he would have been wholly supreme.

To LORD GODOLPHIN.

"HELCHIN, August 16.

"I agree with you that the Germans that are with King Charles are good for nothing; but I believe the anger and aversion he has for Lord Peterborough is the greatest cause for taking the resolution of going to Saragossa, which I am afraid will prove fatal; for Mr. Crowe tells me that he once said to him, that he would never have anything to do with Lord Peterborough—that he would not accept of health from him; I suppose this expression is better in Spanish than in English. The King of Spain was not to be at Saragossa till the 15th of last month; and by our letters from France, Lord Peterborough had not joined Lord Galway the first of this month, nor have we any account where he is; but I am afraid the troops are so divided in that country that the Duke of Anjou may be encouraged to attempt the Portuguese. Mr. Richards and Mr. Crowe will give you

so full an account of what passes in that country, that I have already troubled you too much. However, I must repeat to you what I have already said to Mr. Richards, that I thought the end of June a very wrong time to send on so long a message the man that has the sole care of the train of artillery,¹ for Lord Peterborough could not expect him back till the month of October."

The following letter shows some of the disadvantages of an active mind, which if unoccupied in other ways, so to speak, "blows off steam" by letter-writing. It is quite clear that Peterborough could never remain quiet for one moment, and, if not using his sword, he wielded his pen with more industry than discretion.

From LORD GODOLPHIN to MARLBOROUGH.

"ST. JAMES'S, *August 13-24.*

"Lord Peterborough has written a volume to Mr. Secretary Hedges. It is a sort of remonstrance against the King of Spain and his ministers, in the first place; and secondly, a complaint against all the orders and directions sent from hence, and as if he had not authority enough given him, either at sea or land. In a word he is both useless and grievous there, and is preparing to be as troublesome here, whenever he is called home."

"WINDSOR, *August 15-26.*

"Mr. Secretary Hedges tells he is causing Lord Peterborough's long letter to be copied, that he might send it to you. It is a sort of two-edged sword;

¹ This must evidently refer to General John Richards, of whom we will speak later. He is called "Mr." Richards by the Duke.

first, a remonstrance against King Charles in terms as unmanly as unjust; and secondly, it is prepared to fall on anybody here that shall be in his displeasure."

At last Marlborough appears wearied by the complaints of and from Peterborough, and writes in a tone of impatience and disgust to his confidante and mentor, Sarah. The excellent and decrepit old Galway, from keeping silence and not troubling him with complaints, now seems far higher in his favour than the brilliant and talented soldier who gives him trouble.

To the DUCHESS.

"September 13-24.

"In the letter from Lord Rivers, which I sent to the Lord Treasurer, he proposes to send Mr. Richards immediately to the King of Spain, to concert everything for their operations. I hope he will also advise with Lord Galway; but I must confess, if my opinion were to be taken, Lord Peterborough should not be consulted. I do not think much ceremony ought to be used in removing him from a place where he has hazarded the loss of the whole country."

On the above correspondence, the following letters which passed between Peterborough and the Archduke are a curious commentary.

LORD PETERBOROUGH *to the* KING OF SPAIN.

"VALENCIA, July 5, 1706.

"Carthagena has submitted, and the garrison consists of 500 men. Requena has capitulated; the soldiers prisoners of war, the inhabitants without

terms, to be disposed of at your pleasure. Your Majesty will find the horse and 2,000 foot near Alarcon, half way to Madrid; the Spaniards and Germans on their side.

"The way is so free betwixt this and Madrid that the deserters pass three or four in a company. Your Majesty may pass to your capital this way, as in a most profound peace, and with what expedition you think fit to make.

"I have writ at large to Mr. Zinzerling, and have represented to him the pressing reasons which (in my opinion) require your Majesty's presence in your capital. On this side there are no difficulties; 'tis properly but a journey of a few days, but by Aragon it is the business of six weeks, or two months; and all the affairs of Europe in the meantime in suspense, the march also dangerous and uncertain.

"Who can offer to your Majesty any opinion upon the affairs of Italy, and the Indies, recommended to Mr. Stanhope and myself? All that we can say to your Majesty is that the grand fleet is not arrived, but that your Majesty may in a fortnight's time be at Madrid, secure of the Spanish monarchy; ready to give the necessary orders for the interest of Europe; and that by that time we shall be in a condition to execute all that your Majesty may think necessary by sea and land.

"The resolution of your Majesty's coming in person this way is in no wise an objection to the march of the troops necessary by the side of Aragon. On the contrary, when it is known that your Majesty is at Madrid, and capable of giving them the proper assistance, there will be no difficulties made in that kingdom. Sir, it is only in your capital, where the proper and necessary orders can be given.

"If your Majesty passes directly by Requena,

without losing one moment, which seems to me the necessary resolution, it will be proper for me to stay here to put matters into such a disposition as to prevent any delay. If your Majesty does not take this determination, you will be pleased to give me advice of it, that I may immediately take post and come to you.

"I have borrowed the money necessary to put your Majesty's troops in march, and it seems to me there is nothing wanting but your person at Madrid. God Almighty bring your Majesty thither without delay."

"VALENCIA, *July 6, 1706.*

"SIR,

"The city of Valencia thought themselves obliged in duty to let your Majesty know how extremely they desired that your Majesty would be pleased to honour them with your presence; they have advertised me that they were sending an express to Tortosa.

"I have received letters from the Admiral; neither they, Sir, nor I, know what to say in this conjuncture. It seems as if everything were at a stand till your Majesty gives life to the whole by your presence in the capital. If I may offer anything to your Majesty from the Queen, from the allies, or from myself, it must be my most earnest prayers that your Majesty would not lose one moment in going to Madrid; all suffers by your absence. I expect your orders, Sir, that I may go to Tortosa, or to prepare everything for your shortest way by Requena, or what else your Majesty thinks necessary. I hope the Count Savella is arrived near your person. I refer myself to his zeal, and to his knowledge of his own country,

assuring your Majesty, on my part, of a diligence to serve you, and of a most earnest desire to see you the greatest prince of the age."

"*July 10.*

"SIR,

"If it is no more proper to speak to your Majesty upon the resolutions you have taken, it is now my duty to do all in my power to sustain what you have resolved upon, having already complied with my obligations, in offering to your Majesty (with all possible submission) my sentiments, when I thought they might have been of use. In the present circumstances, I am afraid that the enemy's cavalry may burn all the country to the gates of Saragossa. Your Majesty doubtless will have received the express which came from Madrid ; he made us highly sensible how much it were to be wished that your Majesty were already there. You will see, Sir, by the Queen's letter, that her Majesty has been pleased to increase my burden, which was but too weighty before. She has sent me orders and instructions, plain and clear upon the present state of affairs ; if I had received them before, I should have represented (if possible) with more force the necessity of passing with the utmost diligence to Madrid by the secure way of Valencia.

"I obey your Majesty's orders with relation to the regiments of Ahumada and Colbatch, though I must take the liberty to say they are so far advanced in Castile that their march by Madrid would prove the shortest and most practicable way to go to Saragossa.

"I see by Mr. Zinzerling's letter how much your Majesty is in want of money. I have some little come from England, and will send it immediately to

Saragossa, after having given the necessary orders for the march of your troops according to your command; esteeming myself most happy when I can be useful to your Majesty, whose glory and establishment I desire above all things, &c."

Part of a Letter from the KING.

"MY LORD,

"I owe you answers to four of yours of the 30th past, of the 1st and 5th of this month, which I have received in different places. You represent to me the importance of my arriving as soon as possible at Madrid, and propose to me the way of Requena as the shortest and securest from insults. You tell me the dispositions you have made to accompany my person, and moreover offer me to come in person to concert the rest, which might contribute to our good success; for all which I am very much obliged to you, but being upon the road to Aragon, and engaged to pursue that way, &c.

"I consider that the journey you must make to Saragossa to meet me would be too long and difficult; and since the fleet is expected each moment, I conceive your presence very necessary where you are, to direct that important affair of the Duke of Savoy, upon which I have so fully expressed myself in some of my former letters.

"CHARLES."

We can well conceive the disgust and indignation which this letter must have excited in the mind of Peterborough: it might have well made a far more patient man than he absolutely frantic. He saw the prize within his grasp, and then glide gradually and surely from him. So confident had he been a

few days previously, that, in a letter¹ which he wrote home to Lord Godolphin on June 23rd, he says :—

“The Queen may be entirely easy, and take for granted that her arms in less than a year’s time will have forced the Duke of Anjou from Spain. The Portuguese have but to walk into Madrid, and I assure your Lordship it will be without a blow. The two thousand horse and six thousand foot with which I march from Valencia into Castile make ye case desperate, which was enough so before by the superiority of the Portuguese, since the Spaniards have so little foot; and humanly speaking before this comes to hand you must hear of my Lord Galway from Madrid.”

Evidently this letter was written before he had any idea of the final change in the plan of campaign, and when he believed that the occupation of the capital would be fully utilised and turned to account. On the day after he thus expressed himself so hopefully, the occupation of Madrid, which he predicted, actually took place, and apparently the unfortunate differences between himself on the one hand, and Galway and Das Minas on the other, had yet not burst into flame. Smouldering these differences had long been—unhappily they are not unknown at the present time among generals of the same army, and serving under the same flag. Human nature, and the jealousy which is ingrained in it, appear to be much the same in whatever century of the world’s history human beings exist; and it would seem that the trials, dangers, and hardships of a campaign, in

¹ MSS., British Museum.

place of softening asperities of character, only bring them into stronger and more prominent relief. Happy indeed is the general who, by his own individual force of will, can reconcile the differences which are certain to arise among those who serve under his command; and fortunate indeed is the army, whose success is not sometimes endangered by the petty bickerings and miserable jealousies of those, who should only study how they may best combine to promote the common welfare and the common triumph.

We fear there is little, if any, doubt that the aggressive, irritable, and somewhat overbearing character of Peterborough tended rather to increase than diminish the difficulties of his position; and as soon as the impression made by his unexpected victories had somewhat cooled, his personal influence seemed almost to vanish and die away. We have already seen that he was on the worst possible terms with the various courtiers and advisers who surrounded Charles, and it seems that his relations with Galway and Das Minas were scarcely less strained.

In this instance at least the fault was by no means confined to one side, as there can be no doubt that the allied commanders, while amusing themselves at Madrid, in addition to their other follies and enormities, were guilty of gross and intentional discourtesy to the English Earl. In fact two expresses passed through Valencia on the way to the Archduke without bringing any communication or news for Peterborough, just at the very time when information was more than ordinarily important.

That he fully appreciated the utter disregard of

the public good shown by such conduct just as much as he resented the disrespect to himself, is clearly proved by the following certificate, which he extracted from one of these messengers, and which was afterwards published in his justification by his friend Dr. Freind :—

COPY OF CERTIFICATE.

“Being despatched from Madrid on the 29th of June last by the orders of the Marquis Das Minas and my Lord Galway, with letters for his Majesty King Charles III., these are to certify that I passed through the city of Valencia this day without any letter for the Earl of Peterborough from either of the above gentlemen, and so proceeded on my journey to the King.

“DON JUAN DE FRANQUES.

“VALENCIA, *July 6, 1706.*”

It has been asserted, but seemingly without any grounds, that the pique and irritation caused by these slights influenced Peterborough's action, and that having had no official notice of the occupation of Madrid, he did not move from Valencia with that energy and rapidity, which under all other circumstances were his never-failing characteristics. In reply to this, it is but fair to point out that he was bound to wait for the supporting column advancing from Barcelona, and that he did all in his power to hasten its movements. It will be remembered, in his somewhat abrupt reply to Peterborough's own letters, Charles expressly says: “I consider that the journey you must make

to Saragossa to meet me would be too long and difficult, and since the fleet is expected each moment, I consider your presence very necessary where you are, to direct that important affair of the Duke of Savoy." Here we see was a distinct order forbidding him to leave Valencia; and shortly after this letter must have been received—that is, on July 26th—Peterborough, apparently to fortify his own request by the support of others, convoked a Council of War of the senior officers in Valencia. At his instance they unanimously resolved that they should march at once on Madrid, or join the allied Portuguese and English army, as circumstances might require; also that further efforts should be made to induce the King to revert to his first plan and march through Valencia in place of Aragon. Acting on this formal resolution, orders were given to put the troops in motion, and they at once set out on their march to Castile.

As they were in the act of starting, letters arrived from the Archduke directing Peterborough to take his forces to support the Duke of Savoy or to reduce the Balearic Islands. It need scarcely be said that the Earl paid not the smallest attention to these orders, but continued his march onward. Most fortunate it was that he did so, as he had not gone very far before the most urgent entreaties came from Charles pressing him to come to the rescue, and to hasten with all speed and with every man available to join the main army.

News had just arrived at the German Court of the outbreak in the provinces, and of the alarming change which inactivity, procrastination, and delay

had wrought in prospects a few weeks previously so fair and promising. As usual in their difficulties they turned to Peterborough, who as usual did not fail them. He pushed on with all possible energy, joined the King at Pastrana on August 4th, and two days later escorted him safely to Guadalaxara, where the combined armies were united. In the meanwhile events had moved with great rapidity, and it may be said that from this period the sun of the fortunes of the allies, not having been caught at the zenith, steadily began to decline. It was a time when procrastination, indecision, and delay, most dangerous elements to success in any case, proved absolutely fatal. On August 4th, the day appointed for the triumphant entry of the Archduke into Madrid, the town was reoccupied by a squadron of Berwick's cavalry, who were received by the inhabitants with acclamation. The reaction now set in fast and furious; the adherents of the Austrians were mobbed and ill-treated, and in Madrid their houses were plundered. At Salamanca, no sooner had the Portuguese quitted the town than the inhabitants arose in open insurrection, raised a body of light troops, and harassed their rear. At Toledo, the alliance of the Cardinal Porto-Carrero and the Queen Dowager against Philip of Anjou proved of small avail, as the townspeople disclaimed alike their sentiments and their authority, tore down the Austrian standard, and made the poor old lady a prisoner of State.

Throughout Andalusia the rising in favour of Philip was even still more general and energetic; 14,000

infantry and 4,000 cavalry were raised in this province alone ; and, in fact, so widespread was the enthusiasm, and so determined were the exertions of the Spanish peasantry, that before the allied forces had united at Guadalaxara, Berwick's army numbered 22,000 men, and was animated with an excellent spirit ; whereas a few weeks previously only about 4,000 or 5,000 dejected soldiers could be rallied under his flag. In this manner are golden opportunities wasted, and the most brilliant favours of fortune thrown away ! Had Galway and Das Minas pursued Berwick after their first entry into Spain with their far superior forces, they might have driven him across the Ebro. They now found him united with Tessé from Roussillon and Las Torres from Valencia, reinforced by hordes of armed peasantry, hence more powerful themselves, and, moreover, with all the advantage of being in a friendly, in place of a hostile, country. To Berwick's 22,000 men they could only oppose 18,000, and these by no means in the best case or condition. The Portuguese have at no time been very remarkable for valour in war, and the halt in Madrid had certainly not tended to improve either the physical or moral condition of the troops who stayed there. They had plunged into wild excesses, in which, it is said, " from purely patriotic motives," the women of Madrid had not failed to assist them. The remainder, who had come from the coast, had been disgusted and wearied by months of unnecessary inaction, by want of pay, want of clothes, and quite gratuitous hardships.

But there was a more serious element still, which

perhaps as much as any other tended to cause ultimate disaster, and this was a superfluity of generals. Only one was really efficient, only one was really an able and brilliant soldier ; but all in their own opinion doubtless were fully competent to command, and two or three were hopelessly tenacious of their claims and pretensions. Such was the state of affairs which Peterborough found on his arrival on August 6th, 1706, at the headquarters of the allied army. Nothing could be much worse, but still there would have been hope, and a bright hope too, had Charles possessed sufficient strength of character to put unlimited trust in the one man who had never yet failed him, and who had already rescued him from far worse dangers, not only with safety but with complete success, all the more triumphant as it was wholly unexpected. Unhappily for himself and his fortunes, the Archduke lacked both discernment and character. He neither selected his instruments with any judgment, nor enforced his will with any determination. It need scarcely be said that the result was disaster, as will be related hereafter.¹

¹ To the students of history, who are animated by an inquiring spirit, and are anxious to form an independent opinion on the merits and demerits of prominent figures in the annals of the past, there are few questions more interesting than the rights and the wrongs of the differences which arose between the chiefs of the allied army in the autumn of 1706. The subject is all the more attractive, as to these differences may be almost entirely attributed the collapse of the expedition in the peninsula ; and, had they not occurred, in all probability the Bourbons would never have been seated on the throne of Spain.

Strangely enough some fresh materials * for research not hitherto used by historians have recently been placed at our disposal.

* The Richards papers were in the Stowe Collection of MSS., which were sold on the death of the late Earl of Ashburnham to the British Museum.

It appears that there were three brothers, named General Michael, General Jacob, and General John Richards, respectively. General Jacob was one of William III.'s confidential favourites, and died in 1701, but the other two brothers were more or less employed in the wars of the Spanish succession, and have left behind them voluminous manuscripts, some of which have a special bearing on the events narrated in these pages.

The letters and journals of General John Richards more especially deal with the campaigns of 1705-6, and are written in a spirit extremely hostile to Peterborough. Were it not for the evidence of strong personal animus, and for internal contradictions, inconsistencies, and inaccuracies, these papers, being undoubtedly authentic, and the original testimony of an actor in the events which he narrates, would have a value far greater than they actually possess. As it is they are valuable only when regarded in the light of a chronicle of the movements of troops, of dates and similar circumstances, in which it is useful that the statements of other historians should be corroborated.

As, however, General Richards depicts Peterborough's qualities as a military commander in a light entirely at variance with the ideas expressed in these pages, it seems desirable to make a few remarks on these new materials for historical controversy.

General John Richards took part in the campaigns of 1703 and 1704 on the Portuguese frontier. He then accompanied Peterborough in 1705 in the expedition which left Lisbon for Catalonia, and was present at the first siege of Barcelona, where he occupied the position of commandant of artillery. He also was actively engaged in the capture of Montquick, and it will be remembered from the extracts of his letters and diary, already quoted, that he did full justice to the conduct of our hero on that occasion.

After the capture of Barcelona, General Richards accompanied General Stanhope to England, with the despatches announcing the success, and he did not return to the peninsula until the following spring, when again in company with Stanhope he arrived at Barcelona in Admiral Leake's fleet. After the retreat of Tessé's army he embarked with the expedition which Peterborough commanded, and which was destined to open up for Charles the way to Madrid through Valencia. It is quite evident that Richards, whatever may have been his other qualities, certainly did not possess the virtue of loyalty to his chief, as his account of this expedition and his comments on its management are nothing but one long tirade in condemnation of his general.

He begins by criticising the action of the allies in leaving the pursuit of Tessé's army to Miquelets, who, he says, did more harm than good, as they prevented deserters coming in. According to his idea, Tessé should have been pursued by a combined force of cavalry and infantry, "not to engage him, but to force him to abandon his heavy baggage and his sick and wounded." There seems to be a very strange error

here, since we know for a fact that all these "impedimenta" were left behind, while it is scarcely probable that a garrison, which had been reduced to the last extremity and had probably eaten all its horses, would have been in a fit state to have organised a regular force capable of carrying out an effective pursuit.

He next complains, and no doubt with good ground, of the time wasted after the siege was raised, saying that "for fifteen days operations were suspended without rhyme or reason."

This delay, however, can in no way, nor indeed does he state definitely that it should, be laid to the charge of Peterborough, although such is his implication. He goes on to say that the contract for artillery mules was signed on May 25th; that the expedition started from Barcelona on the 28th, and disembarked at Valencia from the 4th to the 8th June; he then states that on June 12th Peterborough received a letter from Charles, announcing that the plan of campaign was changed, directing the Earl to march *via* Tarragona to meet him, and also "to succour him with more money"—"a thing," Richards says, "so much the stranger because everything relating to the expedition to Valencia was regulated by a Council of War two days before our departure from Barcelona, when the King did receive whatever money could be spared him from the subsistence of the troops." . . . "Another thing very likely to puzzle us is an order, which these days past has come from the Queen. That if it be possible, the Duke of Savoy be succoured from hence with three or more regiments of foot; an express has been sent to the King." Notwithstanding this letter from the Archduke, received on June 12th, and proving definitely that the change in the plan of campaign which caused all the disasters was made by Charles himself, and by him alone, Richards ventures to throw the blame on Peterborough and on a letter which the latter is stated to have written to "the King," saying that he could not subsist his troops if he came through Valencia, "and that as he had settled to go through Aragon now, he advised him to do so." Richards adds that Charles was much hurt by this letter, and declared in council that he would have nothing more to do with Lord Peterborough, "who made him despicable to his people." It may be remarked that, in distinct contradiction to this statement, there are the letters already quoted from our hero to the Archduke, urging him strongly to adhere to his original intention of marching to Madrid through Valencia, and stating that he had raised enough money to provide for his troops.

There are other reflections made by General Richards on the management of the campaign and on Peterborough himself, some of which are evidently frivolous, while others very likely are partially justified.

He complains of proper provision not having been made for the transport, and of irregularity as regards money payments, stating that Peterborough gave no account of the money he received, and that large

sums were drawn from the treasury, which never reached the army paymaster, but were given to private officers without regular discharges. He likewise complains of Peterborough's irresolution, saying "It is a difficult matter to penetrate the thoughts of a man who is himself so very inconstant as not to remain two days in the same sentiments." He says further, "by his inconstancy and irresolution he loses those precious moments which are worth kingdoms and empires, and the ignorance of what he is to do, and the vanity of not being advised by others, is the shipwreck of all his undertakings."

Let us now turn to consider the value of these criticisms. First, as regards the man who made them. By his own account he must have had but small personal knowledge of the circumstances on which he formed his strong opinions. His first idea on reaching Valencia was apparently how he could get home. He says, "Having reflected sufficiently upon the present situation of the war in these provinces, I concluded—and, I fear, with too much reason—that we should be not able to perform anything of which was projected . . . and therefore I proposed some specious reasons to my Lord Peterborough to send me home." By these "specious reasons" he was successful; but one can scarcely do otherwise than condemn this man, who, occupying an important position, thus abandoned his post in the moment of difficulty and danger. The Duke of Marlborough apparently took this view, and in his letter of August 16th, already quoted, he blames Peterborough for sending Richards home. It would appear that he can have spent a very short time at Valencia, as he only landed there on June 8th, and on July 13th embarked at Barcelona for England, having in the meantime travelled up country to meet Charles and his Court, and having spent some little time with them.

General Richards was sent home by Peterborough to obtain the necessary money and supplies, and no doubt was believed by him to be a loyal friend and supporter. He seems to have been just the very opposite, and from his own admissions to have taken a line extremely hostile to his chief. On his way home he visited the Duke of Marlborough at Helchin, and then, passing through the Hague, reached England at the end of August, when he at once conferred with Lord Godolphin, and visited the Court, which was then at Windsor. It is most curious to remark the great change which about this time came over the tone of both Marlborough's and Godolphin's despatches in their references to Peterborough. We have seen the enthusiastic letter of congratulation which the Duke wrote in the middle of July; let us contrast this with what he wrote after he had seen Richards, and we can find the explanation of the extraordinary and sudden change which came over the sentiments of the English Ministry as regards our hero, and which must in a great measure have led to his recall. There is no doubt that in some ways Peterborough laid himself open to the attacks of his enemies,

more especially in the matter of carelessness in his accounts, but he was never accused of peculation or corruption, even by his most bitter opponents. In place of amassing a large fortune like the Duke of Marlborough, at the close of his public career he was a far poorer man than at its commencement. There seems, however, little doubt that, although most careful with the public money and liberal with his own, he entirely omitted to keep any account of either. After his return to England he was constantly worried by demands for accounts of the sums that he had received, and it even appears that his own private estate was attached by the Government until he could clear up his pay-lists. In the *State Papers*, March 26th, 1709, cxiii. 30, we find the following entry :—"Letter from Lord Peterborough to Lord High Treasurer—Says that for all his services and uneasiness the recompense he had to expect was not to be master of his own estate under the pretence that he had the disposition of public moneys.—Desired directions to be given for the examination of the accounts of the Spanish expedition. His wife's indisposition and the little satisfaction he found in this country would oblige him to ask the Queen's leave to go abroad. Must find some way once for all to put a stop to discourses which were spread to his prejudice."

It is satisfactory to know that all our hero's trouble on this score ceased in the following year, when the desired investigation took place, and his conduct was triumphantly vindicated. We know now from contemporary sources that Peterborough, while he supported the troops so far as he was able from the scanty funds supplied him, positively refused to give the Archduke and his mock Court the money which they demanded for their own private use. There is also no doubt whatever that this was one of the main causes of Charles's great irritation against the Earl, and of the many complaints which were forwarded to England.

As regards General Richards's other criticisms, they are entirely at variance with the statements of men such as Captain Carleton, Dr. Freind, and Colonel de St. Pierre, who apparently had far better opportunities of forming an opinion, since, as before pointed out, his stay with the expedition was most limited. There is, moreover, no sign of the alleged irresolution or vacillation in any of Peterborough's letters, which are sufficiently numerous and plain-spoken to give a very clear indication of the working of his mind, and there is a very distinct evidence of the very opposite qualities in all his actions.

We may therefore, it seems, regard General Richards as an unscrupulous traducer, who, on his return from the Spanish war, attained a position of undue importance by disloyalty to his chief.

It may be interesting to relate his end, through which alone his name is known in history, and which was more honourable a death than he seems to have deserved by some incidents in his previous life.

It appears that he was Governor of Alicante in 1709, when it was

besieged by the Spaniards. He made a gallant defence, and after many months' investment the besiegers despaired of reducing it by any ordinary means. On this, with almost incredible labour, they undermined the rock and excavated several chambers 215 feet under the level of the castle, and placed in them 15,000 barrels of gunpowder. They then sent a flag of truce to the garrison, and invited an inspection of their preparations. Two English officers were deputed by Gen. Richards to look at the mines and report to him their character. From their statement he judged that the powder would have insufficient force to blow up the rock, and therefore refused to obey the summons to surrender within twenty-four hours.

Unfortunately the calculations of the Spanish engineers proved correct. 28,000 toises of rock were blown up, and, although the castle itself was not much affected by the explosion, and held out for some time afterwards, the parade-ground, where General Richards had posted himself with his staff, and which was immediately above the mine, was blown to atoms.¹

¹ Mahon's *War of Succession in Spain*, p. 276.

CHAPTER II.

FROM THE ARRIVAL OF THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH
AT THE ALLIED CAMP OF GUADALAXARA IN AUGUST
UNTIL HIS DEPARTURE FROM SPAIN IN SEPTEMBER,
1706.

Difficulty as to the chief command of the allied army.—Gallantry of Lord Tyrawley.—Peterborough advises defensive tactics with a strategic offensive.—Is commissioned to raise money in Genoa.—His qualities as a colleague compared with those of Marlborough.—Imprudence of Peterborough's language.—Letter to the Duke of Savoy.—Letters to Lord Godolphin.—Letters from the Duke of Marlborough to Peterborough.—Correspondence between Lord Godolphin and the Duke of Marlborough.—Impatience of Ministry at home of Peterborough's complaints.—Prejudice of the Duke of Marlborough against him.—Peterborough leaves the allied camp.—Loses his baggage at Huette.—His chivalrous generosity during and after the war.—Adventure with the lady in the convent.—Outrage at Campilio on some English guards.—Rescue of one man.—Courtesy of Marshal Berwick.—Peterborough reaches Valencia.—His hospitality to the Valencians.—The incident of the flight of the nuns.—The Earl's kindness and humanity.—Capture of Alicante.—Expedition against Balearic Isles abandoned.—Peterborough's remarks on conduct of the admirals.—Council of War assembled.—Decides that Peterborough should proceed to Genoa.—He sails from Spain.—Causes of his failure considered.—Letter to the Duchess of Marlborough.—Warning from the Duke to the Duchess.

No sooner had Peterborough reached the allied camp of Guadalaxara than a serious difficulty arose as to who should have the chief command. It might have

seemed that the choice of a generalissimo should have been the special privilege of the Archduke ; but to all intents and purposes Charles was a nonentity, except as regards obstruction, in which unfortunately he was far from powerless. Even supposing, however, that he had possessed enough decision and force of character to name his own commander-in-chief, it is more than doubtful whether his selection would have been ratified either by the English, Dutch, or Portuguese Governments, and it is absolutely certain that, in the existing state of affairs, the various generals would themselves have refused to bow to his decision.

It need scarcely be said that doubt and confusion regarding a matter of such vital importance did not tend to increase efficiency or confidence, and indeed it appears a strange phenomenon that this point had not been arranged almost at the first and preliminary stage of the expedition. The fault lay with the English Government, who about a hundred years later in another peninsula war fell into the same error, which resulted in the disgraceful Convention of Cintra and the loss of all the hardly-won fruits of the battle of Vimeira. Galway was the senior officer, but, on the other hand, Peterborough had been invested with the chief and special command of all the allied troops of the expedition ; he also held the senior commission in virtue of his former appointment to the West Indies ; above all, his brilliant successes and his great *prestige* undoubtedly pointed him out as the most capable and fitting commander. These considerations, no doubt, led Lord Galway to waive his own claims in favour of those possessed by his far more

distinguished and efficient colleague. There were, however, others to be consulted. Das Minas, the Portuguese general, considered himself at least equal, if not indeed superior, to any one else ; De Noyelles, the Dutchman, was by no means disposed to place himself under the orders of one with whom already he had many differences. Charles would give no decision either one way or the other, and there was no telegraph then available to the War Office in London, where nowadays the point would have been settled in ten minutes by a council of Ministers.

In the interests of the army it was essential that something should be decided at once, as an army without a commander is like a ship without a helm, unmanageable, and certain, sooner or later, to meet with disaster. Peterborough, therefore, seeing matters were desperate, endeavoured to make an arrangement by which each general should retain command of his special troops and the Archduke himself should be supreme over all. In the event of this arrangement not proving satisfactory, the Earl proposed to give up his command altogether and to serve in the army as a volunteer. It need scarcely be said that this latter suggestion was not received with favour, the presence of such a volunteer in the ranks of the allied commanders would have been highly embarrassing, and the prospect was as alarming to them as a pitched battle with the armies of France.

While these discussions were going on, without any definite result, affairs became daily worse and worse. The gallantry of Lord Tyrawley, and his

defence of an outpost with his English troops for two hours, had only just saved the army from a disgraceful surprise, and barely succeeded in covering an ignominious retreat.

Previous to this, the allied generals, timorous when they should have been bold, rash when they should have been cautious, had proposed risking a general action with Berwick's superior army. Fortunately, Peterborough, like every great commander, knew when to be prudent, and when adventurous, and he alone objected to such a step, which certainly would have resulted in defeat. He appreciated the condition and spirit of the allied troops, and expressed his opinion with considerable bitterness, remarking that they were not in such a state as to justify the fate of Spain being hazarded in a single battle on ground of the enemy's choice. At length his counsels prevailed, and after the incident, in which Lord Tyrawley played so distinguished a part, but which thoroughly illustrated the fighting qualities of the main portion of the army, the wisdom of his advice was not questioned, and the action of the forces, under the flag of the Archduke, for a time at least, was purely defensive.

It must, however, not be supposed that the bold and daring spirit of Peterborough had thus so suddenly changed, and that he advised a passive defence; far from it, he proposed what has long since been recognised amongst the most profound students of the art of war as the only safe course which an inferior force can pursue with any hope

of success. He advocated a strategic offensive, combined with a tactical defensive, and proposed with 5,000 men suddenly to make a dash for the pass of Henarese near Alcala. By this means, if attacked, he would occupy a strong defensive position with a secure retreat; he could then occupy Alcala and seize the capital. This plan, which was equally bold and feasible, at first was approved by the King, and was not objected to by the other generals. Unhappily, however, the usual jealousies made their presence felt; there were the customary delays, doubtings, and hesitations. In the meantime precious days slipped away, supplies became scarce, the golden chance was lost, and the project fell to the ground.

After this it became clear to Peterborough that his presence at the headquarters of Charles could only be productive of annoyance to himself and could in no way conduce to the public good. In fact, although soldiers might possibly fail, of generals there was more than a sufficiency for the rest of the campaign. He therefore very wisely proposed to go where his services would be of some use, and to avail himself of the commission twice given him in June by Queen Anne, and, as we have seen, reiterated afterwards by Charles, to the effect that he was to assist the Duke of Savoy, then maintaining a hard struggle against Louis XIV. It has been suggested that this proposal of Peterborough was scarcely made with all seriousness, but was put forward in a great measure as a threat—that he fancied his presence was quite indispensable—and

he expected to be met with an earnest prayer, begging him to reconsider his decision, coupled with an assurance of future co-operation and support in case he relented and remained with the army.¹ This supposition is by no means improbable, but it appears to be unsupported by evidence, and to be solely founded on conjecture. If, however, he expected any annoyance to be shown at the prospect of his departure, he must have been grievously disappointed. So far from it being regarded as a misfortune, there is no doubt that the allied generals welcomed his proposal with a cordial assent almost amounting to enthusiasm. A Council of War was at once held at Guadalaxara, on August 9th, and a resolution was passed cordially approving of the Earl's project, and apparently "to confirm him in his design," Charles commissioned him to raise a loan in Genoa of £100,000, and, if necessary, to mortgage any of the royal property in Spain for that purpose. It would seem that no hint was dropped of his return, and, so far as we can learn, there was neither gratitude expressed for his eminent service, nor even were the common courtesies accorded to him, such as are usual on the departure of a most distinguished soldier from the scene of his labours and the company of his colleagues.

On August 11th, two days after the Council of War, Peterborough set out for Valencia, escorted only by eighty of those dragoons,² who had shared

¹ *War of the Succession in Spain*, by Lord Mahon, p. 209.

² According to Captain Carleton these belonged to Colonel Killigrew's regiment or the 1st Royal Dragoons.

so many hardships, braved so many dangers, and gained so many triumphs with their gallant and slighted chief. "Seldom, even in republics, have great services been more ungraciously acknowledged." From this moment a cloud settled on the fortunes of the Archduke, and all real interest to the students of history in the war of Spanish succession may be said to have passed away.

Why, it may justly be asked, were the talents of perhaps the most gifted and remarkable military commander that the world has ever seen, thus thrown away? It is indeed well worth considering how this happened. Did the force of circumstances bring it about, or were there weaknesses and failings more than sufficient to counterbalance the splendid talents and brilliant qualities of this most singular character? Both explanations in all probability are partly correct; the Cabinet of St. James failed to insist on the general of their choice being vested with that entire control of the military operations, that undivided command, which, considering the extent of the sacrifices that England had made in the struggle, they had a right to demand. They also failed to support Peterborough with that promptitude, or to afford him that assistance in money, men, and material of war, such as would have enabled him to take his own course and act independently of his utterly inefficient and unenergetic allies.

On the other hand it is impossible to read our hero's own letters without coming to the conclusion that he must have been an almost impossible colleague. When one contrasts his unwary freedom

of speech, his biting sarcasm and witty raillery with the calm courtesy and prudent reserve exhibited by Marlborough in all his correspondence, we can readily understand how the one quarrelled and fought with nearly all his superiors and equals, eventually losing alike his influence and the position, which his great services had gained for him; while the other, with colleagues equally foolish, equally obstinate, and no doubt equally aggravating, maintained a calm serenity of demeanour, a temperance in language, coupled with a fixity of purpose, which gradually made him paramount in council and in the end arbiter of the destinies of Europe.

As an illustration of the strange outspeaking imprudence of Peterborough, it is only necessary to refer to the letters addressed by him to his friend General Stanhope,¹ it might have been said with much show of reason that such communications were privileged and confidential, addressed to a great friend in whose prudence and loyalty he had every confidence. Unfortunately, however, all his letters are more or less filled with the same unwary expressions, and written with much the same indiscreet frankness. The Duke of Savoy most certainly was not at that time a very intimate and trusted friend, still we find that he writes to him as follows in a letter dated Valencia, March 30th, 1706:—

“Ma plus grande peine et mon grand embarras vient de nos ministres Allemands; V. A. R. en a eu une experience suffizante. Mais je puis vous dire que

¹ *Vide* Appendix A.

leur orgueil, que leur ignorance, n'a jamais tant éclaté que dans l'occasion présente, plaît à Dieu qu'ils ne pendent point leur maître. V. A. R. verra une occasion extraordinaire, un Roy qui a piège, un Roy qui défend le place. Le Prince de Lichtenstein, le plus pauvres même des Allemands, et le Comte de Cifuentes, le plus fou des Espagnols, ont fait croire au Roy qu'il tenoit l'Espagne assuré par leur correspondance et comme ces deux seigneurs le trouvaient tant unsol. Le peu d'argent que pouvoit donner La Catalogne, ne pouvaient pas suffire pour le particulier, et le patrie, de coûte que la brèche de Barcelone est ouverte, Montjuick sans la moindre fortification, la capitale sans guarnison, le Roy avec de troupes, et sans argent, tous les preparatifs qu'ils ont voulu faire ont été du côté de Lerida ; et comme les commandements du Roy m'ont envoyé de côté de Valence, que j'ay conservé pour lui par miracle, ils ont donné eux-mêmes les ordres d'un côté de la Catalogne et même contraire aux commandements que j'avais donné, ils ont detenu quatre mille de nos troupes dans Lerida et ce côté-là de sorte que l'enemie a passé tout droit sans arrêter à Barcelona laisant derrière eux Lerida, Tortosa et Tarragona." ¹

There is little doubt that these complaints were very just, but as regards the imprudence in making them thus in writing to a comparative stranger there can be only one opinion. If his remarks regarding Lichtenstein and Cifuentes ever came round to them, or were repeated by kind and candid friends, it can scarcely be a matter of wonder that they did all in their power to thwart and annoy him, even to the detriment of the common cause.

¹ British Museum MSS. It will be seen that this letter refers to the position of affairs previous to the second siege of Barcelona.

Similarly in writing to Lord Godolphin from Barcelona on May 17th, 1706, he says :—

“It is with the utmost pleasure that I now tell your Lordship that the mismanagement of the Court has not yet ruined us ;” and adds that “he had saved Valencia after their fears and despair had made them give him orders to abandon it.”

It seems unnecessary, however, to multiply instances ; from the letters already quoted there is sufficient evidence to show our hero's reckless use of his pen—and a man who is so outspoken and impatient on paper is scarcely likely to be more reticent in speech. We may rest assured that the well founded complaints, the bitter criticisms and sarcastic remarks, in which he must have indulged to those with whom he was brought in contact, were very frequently repeated, we may also be very certain that, when thus repeated, they lost none of their bitterness.

We left Peterborough marching out of the allied camp at Guadalaxara at the head of eighty Royal Dragoons. We cannot suppose that his feelings were very cheerful—there was little to make them so. Before him there was a most uncertain future, behind him there was almost certain disaster for the Prince whom he had laboured to serve, and for the army which he had so gallantly led. His disgust and impatience can scarcely have been softened by the news which met him almost as soon as he had started on his march. His heavy baggage had been directed to follow him from Valencia to the camp at Guadalaxara and it had got as far as the small town of

Huette, in safety. There, however, some marauders from the Duke of Berwick's army, to quote the words of Captain Carleton, who accompanied the Earl in his march, "with boughs in their hats, the better to appear what they were not (for the bough is the badge of the English, as white paper is of the French) came into the town crying, '*Viva Carlo Tercero. Viva!*' With these acclamations in their mouths they advanced up to the very waggons, when, attacking the guards who had too much deluded themselves with appearances, they routed them, and immediately plundered the waggons of all that was valuable, and then marched off."

Peterborough's own comments on this incident are thoroughly characteristic and are marked with his dry and sardonic humour. Writing to General Stanhope, on August 16th,¹ he says:—

"When I came near Huette I received the comfortable news that all my baggage, consisting of sixteen waggons, besides fifty mules, except eight or nine with me, were taken by the enemy; all my horses and equipage, and the most part of my servants killed, which I owe to the Spanish general. . . ."

He adds, "The whole country rose with the enemy's horse for this noble project, and nothing could be more fortunate than my escape and coming; for though my loss is irrecoverable, yet with about sixty horse I have recovered and frightened the whole country, and brought them into subjection." After some remarks on the state of affairs generally, he says, "I bear all my other losses patiently besides my barbs and my cheese. My Lord Galway and you

¹ *Vide* Appendix A.

have your share. I had eight waggons with good eatables and drink, which I told you I would send you ; but good management can lose meat and drink, barbs and kingdoms."

Any ordinary man would have exacted full reprisals on the inhabitants for their greed and treachery as soon as he had them in his power. Such apparently was Peterborough's first idea, but when he came near the town he was met by the priests and magistrates, who on their knees implored his clemency and "prevailed on the good nature of the generous Earl" to spare the town. Accordingly, he and his party took up their quarters there for the night, and on the following morning the leading inhabitants offered to make good his loss, which on a moderate computation amounted at least to eight thousand pistoles.¹ With a chivalrous generosity, as unusual as it may appear to some Quixotic, he declined their offer as regards himself, but, knowing that Lord Galway's army, which he had just left, was in want of bread, he desired them to raise the value in corn—which would be far easier to procure than ready money—and to forward it to the camp, near Chichon, whither Lord Galway had moved. The townspeople were only too delighted to accept his generous offer. Charles's army received food enough to supply them for six weeks, and Peterborough proceeded on his march with nothing but "one suit of clothes and six shirts," and the consciousness of having performed an act of boundless generosity.

¹ Corresponding to 8,000*l.*, a much larger sum in those days than it is now.

Few things could better illustrate the chivalrous and extraordinary character of this eccentric man than the incident at Huette. It is related that some time afterwards, when the commissioners for settling the debts of the army were having daily meetings in London, at their house in Darby Court, Channel Row, one of Peterborough's friends suggested that he should lodge "this very just and honourable claim against the Government," with no other effect however than to have it rejected by his Lordship "with a generous disdain."¹ It may well be said that this was indeed a misplaced generosity on the part of a poor man—a piece of chivalry, which his family might have desired that he had not displayed.

The halt at Huette gave rise to another incident of an equally characteristic kind. As before mentioned our hero was celebrated for his admiration of the fair sex, and, if all reports be true, also for his success with them. It happened that when it was supposed the town of Huette would be burnt, "one of the finest ladies in all Spain" took refuge in the nunnery. This fair one was anxious to speak to the great Earl, whose reputation in love and war had come to her ears, and she induced a priest to take him a message to that effect. The question was how to see her, as Peterborough was perhaps the last man in the world, whom the Lady Abbess would have admitted within her walls. The brain, however, so fertile in the *ruses* of war, was equally clever in matters of love. The Convent chanced to stand on a hill, which commanded the town and which might very plausibly have been

¹ Carleton's *Memoirs*, p. 225.

selected as the site for a fort. The engineer officer, who told the story, was accordingly summoned to survey the position, nominally with the view of fortifying the convent; on this the Abbess and the fair lady both appeared to implore the ruthless soldier to spare them and their house. It is added that "the divine oratory of one and the beautiful charms of the other prevailed, so that his Lordship left the fortification to be the work of some future generation." It is not stated exactly how long the Earl remained here, but it is inferred that he found it necessary to make some little stay before all the necessary details connected with provisioning the main army could be satisfactorily arranged!

From Huetie, Peterborough moved forward with his fourscore dragoons on Valencia, having despatched the force under General Wyndham to join Lord Galway. While on the march, at a small town named Campilio, he heard that one of those horrible atrocities, for which Spanish peasantry are notorious, had been perpetrated on a small body of English guards, who had just been discharged from hospital and were on their way to join General Wyndham. It appears that this party of convalescents, under the command of an officer, had halted for the night at a small village near Campilio, and that on their starting the following morning to resume their march, the officer was treacherously shot in the back, while his wretched men and their wives, with whom they were marching, were massacred in cold blood. As a refinement of cruelty, a few of those not killed on the spot were thrown alive down a deep hole like the shaft of a

coal-mine, which there was at the top of a hill. As soon as Peterborough heard of this outrage, he at once sounded "to horse," and galloped off with his men to the scene of the massacre. Most of the culprits had fled, but finding some of the clothes of the murdered men hid in a church, he promptly hanged the sacristan to his own knocker, having first obtained full proofs that he was one of the chief offenders. After this summary act of justice, information was obtained as to the position of the hole into which the unfortunate soldiers had been cast. On hastening there, the avengers found themselves in time to save the life of one man, who fortunately had managed to clutch some bushes and support himself on a small ledge near the mouth, or as Captain Carlton terms it, on "a little jutting within the concavity." He gives a graphic account of this incident, and how the soldier, on hearing English spoken, called out for help, and was drawn up by ropes. Also, how he explained he had very nearly been killed by the struggles of a poor woman, whom "with all their force they could not cast cleverly in the middle, by which means, falling near the side, in her fall she almost beat him from his place of security." On learning the details of the outrage from this survivor, Peterborough directed the village to be burnt, and then continued his march on Valencia, where he arrived two days subsequently.

It cannot be supposed that he reached the scene of his former triumphs and pleasures in the best of spirits;¹ this was scarcely probable, but a pleasant

¹ Peterborough's correspondence at this time with General Stanhope is well worthy of perusal (*vide* Appendix A). It will be seen that

surprise awaited him, no less than all his despatches and papers which had been lost with his baggage, and which the Duke of Berwick had chivalrously returned to him unopened—a delicate compliment, which very few commanders, in the interest of their own success, would have paid their rival, since how much valuable information might not have been contained in these unopened letters?

The rumour that their hero and favourite no longer retained the chief command had reached the Valencians some little time before his arrival, but the respectful enthusiasm, with which he was received, was not on that account in any way diminished. They knew him to have had a perfectly unchequered course of victory; he had proved their deliverer; and when he was formerly among them, had “gained the love of all by a thousand engaging condescensions.” On this occasion he was not less careful to confirm and increase his popularity, if only to show that he entertained no such feeling as disgust or chagrin at the manner in which he had been treated or at his altered position. He

there is a cheerfulness of tone which, although possibly assumed, forms a pleasing contrast to the complaining spirit which seemed to pervade his former letters, when apparently his prospects were far brighter. For instance, he writes on August 30th:—“As to my own affairs they cannot be in better circumstances; the city made a public compliment in my behalf in conjunction with my Lord Marlborough, and my Lord Godolphin sends me word that my commission for Vice-Admiral of England is passed, but they do not send it me for fear of tempting me from the land service, where he is pleased to say they think me so necessary. I had been undone if we had had more success and my Lord Marlborough less, so that in some sort I am obliged to Prince Lichtenstein.”

treated the ladies with balls, and the dons with a bull-fight, and seemed in no way to have abrogated the position he formerly occupied of "grand seigneur," and of popular hero.

Captain Carlton relates an incident which put his popularity to a severe test; and the fact that he came out triumphant is a conclusive proof alike of his loyalty to his friends—to his fellow-countrymen who served under his command—whether they were right or wrong, and also of the influence, which he, a heretic, wielded over the all-powerful priesthood in Spain.

Valencia, we are told, has always been celebrated for the beauty of its women, and also for the laxity of its morals; but, as a rule, those ladies, who devoted their lives to the rites of their religion, were free from reproach. It cannot be supposed, when so many of both sexes embraced the sacred calling, that all were immaculate; there are generally some black, or at least some spotted sheep in every fold, more especially when the fold is a large one. In those days, however, as now, in the Roman Catholic religion, every care was taken to keep these unfortunate exceptions entirely out of sight; they were known to the shepherds, but, if possible, to no one else. The general public in Spain, not less than the priesthood, were highly sensitive as to this decorum, as to this outward purity in the morals of their monks, nuns, and ecclesiastics. There might indeed be secret passages between monasteries and convents, but these of course could only be used for missions of mercy and holy consolation. Occasionally

it might be whispered by some of the profane and frivolous that those high walls might perhaps shelter some pretty damsels, who had not entirely abandoned the feelings or follies of their womanhood ; or, indeed, that the fat and sensual faces, that peered from beneath a monk's cowl, could scarcely have entirely mortified the flesh and become perfect anchorites. Still there was but little scandal, and if any poor sinner was detected, the punishment was certain and ruthless—not, perhaps, so much for the crime itself, as for the discredit brought on the Holy Church, for the folly and wickedness of being found out, and hence doing her an injury.

When such were the feelings and habits of society in Valencia and in Spain, it may be well conceived with what horror and consternation it was learnt that two holy nuns had broken their vows, and absolutely eloped with two English officers. In truth it seems to have been a very bad case, one that might have well provoked the wrath and indignation of people far less devout than those of Valencia. It happened in this way:—It had always been the custom to allow the nuns in a summer evening to appear at the gratings of their convents, and have a little pleasant conversation with their friends and relations, or, as Captain Carlton expresses it, “to divert themselves with a little pleasant and inoffensive chitchat.” Two English officers, finding some spare time on their hands, devoted themselves to courting two of these unfortunate recluses, and eventually made love to them so effectually that the poor girls, with all the warmth of their southern blood,

agreed to sacrifice their fame, family, and religion, and fly with their lovers. The difficulty was how to escape from the convent; but never was there a saying more true than "when there is a will there is a way," and when female wits are at work, this way is certain to be found. It was the custom of the nunnery for the sisters to take charge of the keys of all the doors by the week in turns. When one of the love-sick maidens found herself on duty, she at once gave notice to the English officers, and at a preconcerted hour, letting herself and her friend out of the convent, the two joined their respective lovers.

On the following morning it may be imagined what an uproar there was in the city when it was found that two sacred doves had flown. They chanced to be both of good family, which made matters worse, as their relations vowed all sorts of vengeance, and, moreover, had the power of putting their threats into execution. There could be no question as to who had led these erring sisters astray, as the attentions paid at the gratings had not escaped the sharp eyes of the Valencian duennas, and the first vengeance was to be wreaked on the English officers. The infuriated relations eagerly sought for them, but they were nowhere to be found. When they saw the storm rising they had prudently escaped, but, to their shame be it spoken, they had left their victims behind them, deserted and forsaken. On these poor girls then the concentrated wrath of the Church, of outraged society, and of their disgraced families, was to be poured.

Mercy and charity are great virtues, but they were not cultivated by the Church of Spain; and any of those who offended against her laws had a short and summary trial, but a most certain and lingering punishment. To the brides of the Church who had broken their vows was reserved a death of the most refined and ruthless torture. They were confined between four walls, open at the top, and were half supported on bread and water until they starved to death. Peterborough, however, was not one of those who would allow erring fair ones to be thus treated. Against his own officers he was bitterly incensed for their unscrupulous folly, and he denounced them in the strongest terms, knowing full well that had he attempted openly to shield them or to excuse their conduct, all his influence for good would have been lost. He managed, however, that they should escape from the vengeance of both the priests and the Valencians—in fact, Captain Carlton mentions that one was killed afterwards at the battle of Almanza, while the other, at the time he wrote, had attained the rank of Brigadier-General in the army. It seems probable that these officers took the usual course of remaining away until the affair “blew over,” but the unfortunate nuns had no such refuge, and found themselves, ignorant of the world as they were, deserted by their lovers, and with their nearest relatives their most bitter enemies. It required the exercise of all Peterborough’s art, popularity, and determination, to save their lives; however, he succeeded not only in this, but with that astounding generosity for which he was celebrated, he so salved the conscience of the Holy

Church with a large sum of money, that the two nuns were metaphorically whitewashed. They were pronounced as pure and spotless as if they had never strayed from the sacred fold, and were received back into the convent without stain or reproach ; in truth a great triumph, a true act of charity, which it may be hoped, when his own day of reckoning came, did not prove unacceptable at the throne of grace.

Peterborough did not tarry long in Valencia, as news arrived which hastened him off elsewhere, and enabled him to perform another signal service before he sailed for Italy. The town of Alicante had been besieged by an English force under General Gorges, or Gorge, as some spell his name, and was blockaded on the sea-coast by a fleet under Sir John Leake. After a gallant defence, conducted by Peterborough's old friend Mahoni, now thoroughly reinstated in the favour of the Spanish Court, the town became quite untenable, and was deserted by the garrison, who withdrew to the citadel. The sailors, on seeing this, at once stormed the walls on the sea side, carried the town, and commenced an indiscriminate plunder. Rather than be subjected to such lawlessness, the townspeople opened their gates to General Gorge's army, and implored him to restore order and protect their property. This he did in a somewhat remarkable way. He made the sailors return to their ships, and issued a proclamation calling on the inhabitants to lodge their most valuable effects in the great church of the town for the sake of security. No sooner, however, did the citizens, deluded by promises, follow his advice, than he allowed their goods

to be sold by auction, and the proceeds pocketed as prize-money. Fortunately, such conduct is most rare in the annals of the English army, and it is unnecessary to add, received the strongest reprobation from Peterborough. It is probable that the gallantry of Mahoni, coupled with want of discipline, which had made its appearance in the attacking force, might have caused the siege of Alicante to be considerably protracted; on the arrival, however, of his former conqueror, Mahoni capitulated, receiving highly honourable terms.

As soon as this matter had been settled, Peterborough turned his attention to the attack on Minorca, which was included in the commission intrusted to him when he quitted Lord Galway's army. Very much to his disgust he found that, with the usual confusion with which affairs were conducted in this campaign, contrary instructions had been sent from home to the fleet, and a number of vessels were ordered to be detached for immediate service in the West Indies. This diminution of strength rendered an expedition against the Balearic Isles impossible, and the only thing to be done was to make the best of the situation. It need, however, scarcely be said that such a change in plans was most mortifying to our hero, and that he did all in his power to modify or set aside these orders, which apparently had been issued from false ideas of the situation, the home Government being under the supposition that Madrid was occupied by Charles, and that the kingdom of Spain lay at his feet. In a letter to General Stanhope, dated September 10th, Peterborough very clearly

explains his views and his annoyance ; from it we can see very clearly that the admirals were far too jealous of him and his commission to command them on the sea in any way to assist him. With reference to this he remarks : " I could get no admiral to bear a part in setting aside or delaying those orders, which they all allowed were improper, and might prove fatal in our present circumstances." Similarly, in a letter to General Stanhope, dated October 7th, he remarks regarding this incident : " I have done all I could, and will do all I can, but it is very doubtful if with success ; what can resist the desire of going home, when there is no prospect of plunder, but of winter cruising and service ? I sent a ship home with the utmost and most pressing arguments for stopping the West India squadron."

It was not, however, the custom of the English commander to waste time in vain regrets or useless altercation ; he hastened to summon a Council of War of his fourteen senior officers, and with them, on September 6th, he decided that the forces in Alicante and the other Valencian towns could on no account be weakened with a view of sending reinforcements into Castile. Such a course would probably have caused the loss of the entire province of Valencia ; in any case the communications of Lord Galway's army with the sea would have been seriously endangered, and their retreat, which Peterborough foresaw was inevitable, would have been cut off. It was therefore determined if troops were sent either to Castile or to help the Duke of Savoy, they should be drawn from Catalonia.

The Council of War further placed on record the pressing want of money, which most seriously embarrassed the allied army. For months past the troops had been without pay, and hence had endeavoured to indemnify themselves by plunder, thereby doing infinite harm to the cause of Charles, and rendering the country population bitterly hostile. With a view of remedying this most serious danger it was resolved that the English Earl should start at once for Genoa, and there strain every effort to obtain some of the sinews of war on bills drawn by Charles and the Portuguese general, otherwise it was felt, and felt most justly, that active operations must absolutely collapse.

After the Council of War had given their decision, and other matters in Valencia had been satisfactorily settled, Peterborough lost no time in setting sail for Genoa, where for the present we must leave him, no doubt feeling the regret, which every historian of his career must share, that so many brilliant successes and such untiring labours had produced such poor material results. The causes of this failure were manifold—external circumstances, gross incompetence and self-seeking among his colleagues, and it must be added also want of tact, temper, and stability on the part of himself. As before mentioned, this is clearly shown in his despatches, and in the contemporary correspondence of his time. It would seem a pity not to quote at length the following letter addressed to the Duchess of Marlborough, which is equally remarkable for the polished courtesy of its

expression and the unwary plain-speaking of its sentiments—in fact thoroughly characteristic of the author.

LORD PETERBOROUGH *to* DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

“ON BOARD THE ‘RESOLUTION,’ IN ALICANTE ROADS,
“September 4, 1706.

“MADAM,

“The favour of your Grace’s letter, and the honour of those brought from my Lord the Duke of Marlborough, by the Count of Lecheraine, I received at the same time. I wish I could have answered both from Madrid, and then my next wish would have been the satisfaction of seeing your Grace at the lodge.

“You were pleased, Madam, to allow me to be fortunate, till I had nothing to wish. Remember, my Lady Duchess, one of my first wishes is, that I may never lose your good opinion and favour, and yet I am content to suffer the punishment, whenever I deserve it, by failing in my duty to my Queen or country, or my private respects due to my Lord Duke or yourself, for your public merits, and particular favours to me and my family.

“The most disagreeable country in the world is Spain; the most pleasing England. Our German ministry and Spanish statesmen much alike; their officers the greatest robbers, and their soldiers the greatest cowards; the only tolerable thing your sex, and that attended with the greatest dangers. Judge, then, Madam, of my joy and disappointment, when I soon expected the honour of seeing your Grace, after a war ended in a year, and a treaty finished in two months.

“These pleasing thoughts I had, but I submit to

the faults and misfortunes of others, not my own. Hitherto I have been only acquainted with success, but attended with unconceivable fatigues. Perhaps I may now have a reprieve, or at least the satisfaction of submitting to whatever the Queen shall desire or command.

“I have troubled the Ministers with the tedious particulars, but hope my Lord Marlborough’s success and conduct have made our follies less fatal and recoverable.”

It would seem as if these cordial expressions of goodwill were by no means reciprocated, as shortly afterwards we find Marlborough writing to the Duchess as follows:—“What you say concerning Lord Peterborough and his fair lady is certainly very just, for there is nothing that may not be expected from them. I have observed since I have been in the world, that the next misfortune to that of having friendship with such people, is that of having any dispute with them, and that care should be taken to have as little to do with them as possible.”

CHAPTER III.

THE EVENTS AFTER THE RETREAT OF THE ALLIED ARMY FROM GUADALAXARA IN THE AUTUMN OF 1706 UNTIL THE LANDING OF THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH IN ITALY IN MARCH, 1707.

Operations of allied army after Peterborough's departure.—Disastrous close of campaign.—Philip returns to Madrid.—Peterborough at Genoa.—Expense of wars in those days compared with their cost at present time.—Peterborough returns to Spain.—Letters from General Stanhope.—Letter from Noyelles.—Defensive policy advocated.—Reasons for Peterborough's advice.—Advice rejected.—Stanhope's advice.—His reasons.—Peterborough sails in *Resolution*.—His second son.—Meets French fleet.—Gallant fight of *Resolution*.—Ship lost, crew saved.—Details regarding Peterborough's sons.—Lord Mordaunt in Parliament.—Speaks in Commons.—Difference with Mayor of York.—Cordiality between father and son.—Lines of Oldmixon.

WE must now turn to the allied army, which we left encamped at Guadalaxara, and see how it fared after the departure of Peterborough. In truth it may be said that "Dame Fortune" marched away in the train of the gallant Earl, and never again cast a smile on the cause of Charles in Spain.

It soon became evident, even to the comparatively dull intellects of Galway and Das Minas, that the position they held was quite untenable, and that their only hope of safety lay in retreat. Accordingly,

at the suggestion of the latter general, they made a move on Chinchon, a village to the north of Aranjuez, with the idea of retiring on Portugal. Marshal Berwick, however, was opposed to them, and manœuvres, which might have been practised successfully before Tessé and Las Torres, were now promptly nipped in the bud. No sooner did Berwick divine their intention, than by a skilful flank movement he interposed himself between the allied army and Toledo, and effectually cut off their retreat westwards; while, still more to add to their dangers and difficulties, the entire country south of the Tagus rose against them. Every peasant seized a pike or a matchlock, stragglers were cut off, detached posts threatened, and serious opposition in the passage of the mountains was inevitable. Under these circumstances, there was no alternative but to retreat on Valencia, and to utilise the line of communications which Peterborough, with prudent forethought, had secured. Promptness of action, however, was not one of the military virtues of these commanders, and, having decided on the end which they had in view, like many weak men, they wavered and procrastinated regarding the means to bring it about. Hence when they actually commenced their retreat, they were harassed and pursued, and in one of the skirmishes, it is stated that a portable copper oven, which formerly had belonged to the Emperor Charles V., and had been lost by Don John of Austria to the Portuguese in battle, was recaptured by the Castilians, and regarded by them with much exultation as a splendid trophy of valour.

In the end the allies made good their discreditable retreat and took up their winter quarters in Valencia, where Berwick for a time left them in comparative peace; before however doing so, he besieged and reduced Cuenca, Orihuela, and Cartagena, and effectually established the authority of Philip throughout Castile.

This ended a campaign, begun with the brightest prospects for the Archduke, and ended with the most profound humiliation. To quote Berwick's own words:—

“It was one of the most singular on record, from its rapid changes of fortune. Its commencement threatened us with total ruin, but its close was no less useful than glorious to the arms of the two crowns. The enemy masters of Madrid, no troops to check them, the King compelled to raise the siege of Barcelona, and hurry back to France—all this seemed decisive of the fate of Spain; and, no doubt, had the enemy known how to push their point, the Archduke must have been King, without a hope of return for his Catholic Majesty. But the glaring faults of their generals, together with the unparalleled fidelity of the Castilians, gave us time and means for regaining the upper hand, and driving them back again. The two armies made (if I may use the expression) a tour round Spain. They began the campaign near Badajos, and after traversing both the Castiles, closed it in the kingdom of Valencia and Murcia, at a distance of 150 leagues. We occupied eighty-five camps; and though no general battle took place, we obtained the same advantage from our marches as from a victory, making, altogether, 10,000 prisoners.”

When the army of his rival had been safely driven from the neighbourhood of Madrid, Philip returned to his capital, and there, with his Queen, received the congratulations of the populace, while he punished or forgave those who had taken up arms against him. To the most important of the delinquents mercy was shown with a wise clemency; the Queen Dowager was recommended to seek the soft climate and tranquil quietude of Bayonne, where she remained for thirty years a State prisoner. The old Cardinal Porto-Carrero, who in prison would have been a species of white elephant, and a serious source of embarrassment among the followers of the Church, was at once pardoned; minor punishments were awarded to less important delinquents, while the insignificant and friendless were alone treated with severity. After this, until the rains and cold of winter had passed away, the war in the Spanish peninsula was allowed to lie dormant and silently to smoulder.

We may now ask during these winter months what had happened to Peterborough? We left him setting sail for Genoa, to storm the money-boxes of the Genoese money-lenders and raise a loan for the pressing wants of the allied army. He was as successful as he had been in the storming of Montjuick, and procured a loan of £100,000, at only 1 per cent. above the usual rate of interest.

To our ideas now this would seem a most insignificant sum to carry on a war: we hear of six times as much being expended on the plans of a projected railway that was never made; we see in the Estimates a charge of nearly £4,000,000 entered as the

cost of an abortive war waged against a few undisciplined farmers in South Africa, and concluded with a discreditable peace. We are accustomed to such waste of money; and, although we may grumble at an enormous income-tax, we have no redress. Those who pay the taxes have practically but little voice in the government of the country, and affairs are now conducted on so vast a scale that a few millions in the Estimates, "up or down," really provoke less comment than a tenth of the same sum would have done two hundred years ago. In those days money went further and was far scarcer than it is now; campaigns were conducted on a far less lavish and magnificent scale, and the appliances of war were infinitely less expensive. While, therefore, rulers or Governments had not so serious a problem to solve as to how to provide the "sinews" before they engaged in a war, they had at the same time far greater difficulty in procuring the money which they actually required. At the present time, an English Government in office has practically unlimited credit. It can, and in recent years frequently has, squandered millions without even asking the consent of Parliament; and the worst thing that can happen to its members is to be turned out of office when their misdeeds and blunders have been fully appreciated. Foreign Governments have scarcely more difficulty in obtaining money for warlike purposes, no matter how involved may be their finances or heavily taxed their population. Loans can almost always be negotiated by any except the most bankrupt and insignificant of States; there are always Jewish capitalists ready

to line their own pockets by floating a loan, and always people in some country sufficiently confiding to take up the shares. Matters were different in 1706; money had to be raised on Charles's own personal security, which then was not considered to be of the best, and on bills drawn on the Portuguese Government, whose credit then, any more than now, did not stand very high. Hence it speaks well for our hero's persuasiveness that he succeeded in obtaining what was at that time considered so large a sum on such easy terms. It may be believed that when he reappeared before Barcelona on December 27th, his arrival was most welcome, and that when he reached Charles, at Valencia, on January 10th, 1707, he was personally received with at least outward enthusiasm.

It cannot be said that on his return to Spain Peterborough found anything to raise his spirits or give him hope for the future. The following letter, addressed to him by General Stanhope on October 12th, and received in Italy, exactly described the situation:—

“I can only tell your Lordship that since you left us our affairs have gone *de mal en pire*. Our whole army is quartered in Valencia, except a garrison in Cuenca and another in Requena, the only two places we maintain in Castile, and for those we are not without apprehension.¹ Our horse is ruined. Your Lordship knows how well stocked with money you left us, and will consequently judge how impatiently we expect your return.”

¹ These were shortly afterwards captured by Berwick.

To make matters worse, the various rivals whom he had left behind him had been busy quarrelling among themselves, to the injury of the public service; while the intrigues and complaints of his enemies¹ and rivals, coupled possibly with his own imprudent letters, had so undermined his position with the English Government that he was absolutely recalled in disgrace—or, if not in disgrace, at least without honour. He was summoned to give an account of his actions, and actually the bills, which with such trouble and success he had negotiated at Genoa, were dishonoured on the nominal pretext that the rate of interest charged was exorbitant.

Under these circumstances it is not surprising that he wrote to General Stanhope while on his way to Valencia with much bitterness, saying :—

“ Being incommoded in my foot, I am now travelling the pace of a Spaniard—I mean of one that is not going to rob, nor flying from the enemy. . . . I have had but a short account of affairs, in a letter² from you, but I expected that things could not but go *de mieux en mieux*, when so disagreeable and useless a person as myself was out of the way.”

It must have been, however, some satisfaction to him to find that, in his absence, his advice and judgment were much missed, and that his old antagonist and rival, Count Noyelles, who had systematically plotted against him, now addressed him a most

¹ No doubt also General Richards's malevolent representation had a considerable effect.

² Already quoted.

cordial and even fulsome letter, which he prudently kept, and afterwards published, when his conduct was called in question by the House of Lords. We can imagine with what grim satisfaction and contempt Peterborough must have read the following passages in this same letter :—

“The greatest satisfaction that I have, my Lord, is that we always have had one opinion, and that we have so perfectly complied with what the Queen seemed so earnestly to desire, in that good intelligence which was ever between us. . . .” And again, “Your presence is wished for here; and unless you bring us money, our affairs are in such an ill condition that we must despair of remedy. Nothing would be more useful to the King, or more agreeable to your friends, than your coming. Do me the honour to place me in that number, and believe me, with a perfect esteem,

“My Lord,

“Your Excellency’s, &c.,

“C. NOYELLES.”

Although, however, Peterborough had received intimation of his recall, and no longer retained any portion of his previous multifarious command of Lord High Admiral, Generalissimo, and High Commissioner, he was nevertheless far too public-spirited and independent either to abandon the army in their need or to pay much attention to the orders that he had received from home. He stayed on till March 14th in Spain, as a volunteer, and aided the allied generals with his valuable advice and assistance. At a Grand Council of War, held on February 4th, the

future plans of the campaign were fully discussed and decided. Nothing in the course of his military career affords a better proof of Peterborough's talent as a commander than the opinion which he gave on this occasion. As we have seen, there is no one in the annals of history who ever indulged in more apparently adventurous enterprises, or who ever advocated the offensive more frequently or adopted it with greater success. It may be said that hitherto he had always been for some bold—or even hare-brained-plans, which, when others had to carry them out or sanction them, were systematically disregarded as too wild and hazardous. When, however, his advice was asked on the future conduct of the war at this period he strongly advocated a defensive policy, and stood alone in his judgment against the combined opinion of the other generals, his friend General Stanhope included.

The reasons which Peterborough adduced for giving advice so utterly foreign to his natural instincts and usual custom are so important that they appear deserving of being given in full. They can scarcely fail to be of interest to any one who studies them with the map. He said :—

“An offensive war is of *éclat* and reputation to the generals and the troops; but the defensive is often of most utility to the public. Our circumstances require vigorous efforts in Italy or in Spain. In the last, the defensive secures us the crown of Aragon; but the troops in Italy can only give the mortal blow—that is, enter France. Neither can it be doubted that if the French desist from their hopes

in Italy, but that the great force in that country will be usefully employed by the Duke of Savoy and the Prince Eugene.

“No positive opinion can be given without knowing the condition of the fleet; without the assistance of the sea the best dispositions in Italy are useless. If that were wanting, all must be hazarded in Spain; the war there being an inconceivable expense to the allies. But the difficulties of subsisting armies in Castile are sufficiently apparent by the last campaign; and the dangers are evident of putting the whole upon the risque of passing to Madrid before an army so superior in cavalry.

“The Tagus must likewise be passed before the enemy (if marching by Murcia) without pontoons, or the necessary preparations for such an attempt. The precipices of that river are natural fortifications; if there are plains near Aranjuez, it is almost equally impossible to pass them before an army in battalia without a great superiority in artillery. And nothing is more easy to a body of horse so numerous, than to cut off the necessary provisions in a country where they are so scarce.

“If the troops advance into Castile towards Madrid, without taking the necessary precaution for the defence of Catalonia, either Madrid must fall into our power or all is lost. It is to be doubted whether the possession of Madrid (without the defeat of the enemy's army) be decisive; but the loss of Catalonia is certain, if the places there are not better fortified and provided, and if forces are not sent into that province or those parts of Aragon near the frontier, which may serve at the same time for the defence of the fortified places of Catalonia, and towards preventing the succours from the side of Navarre.

“If we hope for a maritime force betimes in these seas, which may be superior to the enemy, there does

not appear the least necessity for rash measures ; and the least disgrace, or great fatigues alone, may give our troops that inclination to desert, which the enemy will not fail to improve when in a proper situation.

“Above all things, the defence of Catalonia, and what we have, is necessary. Our intelligences assure us that great numbers of troops assemble in Rousillon, and that great magazines are forming there for foot and horse, and all warlike necessities. But to conclude, what better opinions can be offered than those of the Duke of Savoy and Prince Eugene ? who have doubtless communicated them to the Emperor, the Queen, and his Catholick Majesty, where that Duke has ministers.”

In giving the above opinion, as before mentioned, Peterborough practically stood alone, and, strange to say, the influence to which he mainly owed the rejection of his seasonable advice was that of his friend Stanhope. There is no doubt that the English Government, being, as usual, quite in ignorance of the real situation, were all for offensive movements ; and that the general public, being heartily sick of the war and its expense, were anxious to see something decisive effected which might bring the present state of things to an end. It is probable that Stanhope allowed his better judgment to be affected by the thought of what would be most pleasing to his employers at home, and that he was thus led to counsel a course of action which events proved to be not only ill advised, but actually suicidal. Be that as it may, this difference of opinion between the two friends was the first commencement of the

estrangement which afterwards developed into bitter hostility.

Peterborough, and apparently not without some grounds, attributed to Stanhope the entire blame of the disasters which culminated in the battle of Almanza, as without his advocacy the imprudent advance on Castile would never have been undertaken. In a letter to Marlborough, dated July 22nd, 1707, he states this very clearly, saying, "I cannot but think Mr. Stanhope's politics have proved very fatal, having produced our misfortunes and prevented the greatest successes." It is, however, but fair to add that Stanhope's arguments in support of his opinion were plausible, and highly calculated to attract the support both of the Ministers at home, and of the army in Spain. His descendant, Lord Stanhope, gives these arguments in the following words :—

"He said that the Queen had not sent over such considerable forces to pine away as garrisons or hide themselves behind entrenchments, and that as Her Majesty's envoy, he must protest against their employment, or rather their non-employment, in this manner. Such timid counsels would not only damp their present zeal, and prevent their future exertions, but would lose them the affections of the Aragonese, the Valencians, and the Catalans, and would induce these to join their brother Spaniards. How could they defend the long line from the Pyrenees to Murcia without great divisions or forces ; or how could this division be made without exposing them to be beaten in detail ? But if, on the other hand, they should attack Berwick as soon as they received

their expected reinforcements, and before the arrival of his, they might probably defeat him. They might push forward to Madrid, establish the King with such an army as should be able to maintain him there, try the effect on the public mind of his personal appearance in his capital, and be joined by the Portuguese from the Estremaduran frontier."

It is added that the people of England were crying out for offensive operations, and that these wishes had been formally expressed at both Cabinet and Privy Councils. Peterborough's remark regarding the value of these councils is worth repeating, and perhaps may be considered by some to hold good even up to the present day.

He remarked some years afterwards :—

¹ "I have heard a distinction between the Cabinet Council and the Privy Council : that the Privy Counsellors were such as were thought to know everything, and knew nothing ; and those of the Cabinet thought nobody knew anything but themselves." ²

As before mentioned, Peterborough remained at Valencia till March 14th, 1707, when, having actually received his letters of recall, he was forced to quit the scene of his triumphs and struggles in Spain for ever. He set sail on board the *Resolution*

¹ *Parl. Hist.* vol. vi. p. 974.

² It is curious in looking back how we find that "history repeats itself." How often have we seen the Government of the day driven by popular clamour, by a popular desire for excitement, to undertake offensive operations alike ill advised and unseasonable. The expedition to the Crimea is a case in point, and the Suakim fiasco of 1885 is a still more striking illustration of this oft-recurring phenomenon.

man-of-war, and was accompanied to the Court of Turin by Charles's envoy, who carried most important despatches relative to the future combined action of the allies. Strangely enough, the Earl's second son, Henry Mordaunt, M.P. for Malmesbury, was in command of the squadron, which consisted of three frigates, the *Resolution*, the *Enterprise*, and the *Milford Haven*, the latter vessel being commanded by a son of General Stanhope. It will be seen that promotion in the navy at that time must have been very rapid. Peterborough was only in his forty-ninth year, and yet his second son held the position of acting commodore. Of course, it need scarcely be remarked that the son of any ordinary man would probably have only been a lieutenant; but yet, with all its drawbacks and hardships, there is something to be said in favour of the old-fashioned system of jobbery, patronage, and family interest. Without this, young and active men would never have commanded fleets or armies. Had it not been for family interest, Wellington most certainly would not have been a full colonel at the age of twenty-six, have commanded an army in Spain at thirty-nine, or won the battle of Waterloo when he was only forty-six. Still less would Henry Mordaunt have been captain of the *Resolution* when he could not have been much more than twenty-five.

On this occasion the young sailor showed that he was not unworthy of his remarkable good fortune. On the fifth day after they set sail the little squadron fell in with six French men-of-war. Two of these carried eighty guns, two seventy, one sixty-eight,

and the other fifty-eight. It was quite impossible to fight against such enormous odds, so there was nothing for it but to trust to the sailing powers of the English frigates. Very soon it became apparent that the *Resolution* was the slowest sailer of the squadron. It was therefore determined to put the Spanish envoy with his State papers, and Peterborough himself, on board the *Enterprise*, which was the fastest of the three, so as to give those whose safety was of most importance to the State the best chance. The other vessels were to part company, and, if possible, under the cover of the night, make good their escape. Darkness came on, so that the two smaller vessels eluded their pursuers, and succeeded in making the friendly port of Leghorn.

It was, however, different with the *Resolution*. By 10 P.M. she was overhauled by the two fastest of the French ships, and although not attacked, was carefully nursed during the night. By daylight the other vessels of the enemy's squadron, having come from Toulon newly-equipped with clean bottoms, caught up to the English frigate, which probably, a bad sailer under any circumstances, was foul, having been long at sea, and had no chance with her pursuers. At 6 A.M. the fight began, the combined ships of the French squadron simultaneously attacking the unfortunate Mordaunt, who had no thought of surrender. Then commenced one of the most gallant of the many gallant actions that are recorded in the annals of the British navy. In those days it was a tradition among our sailors, as well as a standing order of the service, that they were to attack French

ships unless opposed to overwhelming odds, and were never to surrender under any circumstances. Similarly, French naval officers were enjoined to avoid an engagement with English men-of-war, unless they were in such vastly superior force as to make victory almost a certainty. The sailors of both nations generally adhered strictly to their orders, and on this occasion the brave Henry Mordaunt carried them out to the letter.

The *Resolution* was manœuvred with consummate skill, and with all the resource of English seamanship in the days when real seamanship was of avail in naval warfare. It was, however, all in vain; the odds were too great. From the first, the fight was hopeless; it lasted from six in the morning until half-past three in the afternoon, when the *Resolution* was so utterly disabled that escape was clearly impossible. However, one last attempt more was made by the worthy son of a worthy sire to prevent his ship falling into the enemy's hands; he cleverly changed his course, and ran her straight ashore. The French men-of-war, with their heavy draught of water, could not get near him, nor could the fire of their guns touch his ship—it need scarcely be remarked this was not the time of rifled ordnance with a three-mile range. Accordingly, the boats of the French fleet were manned, and an attempt made to cut out the *Resolution*. After a desperate and sanguinary fight, the attackers were repulsed, and nightfall drew a veil over the scene. On the following morning, the 21st of March, 1707, the Frenchmen—having made careful soundings during the night, and

discovered a deeper channel—succeeded in working an eighty-gun ship to within range of the stranded and helpless English frigate.

All seemed over, and an unconditional surrender the only resource ; the ship was half full of water, the powder damaged, and the great proportion of the crew killed or wounded. Even then, however, Mordaunt refused to capitulate. The wounded, the flags, ship's papers, and all articles of value were placed in the boats, which, under a heavy fire, were rowed off to the shore. The ship, in the meantime, had been fired ; by 11 A.M. she burnt to the water's edge, and a few charred boards were all that remained to the victors as trophies of their bloody victory. The gallant captain, however, had not come off unscathed ; a cannon-ball struck him in the thigh, but fortunately, only just as they were leaving the ship, so that he retained the command until they all reached the shore.

Our readers may well inquire what was the ultimate fate of this gallant sailor, who, had he lived, might have been another Nelson. After a long illness, which forced him temporarily to retire from the navy, he recovered from the severe wound he had received in the defence of the *Resolution*, alas ! only to die of small-pox on February 24th, 1709. Six weeks after the death of his second son,¹ Peterborough

¹ Contemporary annals give a highly favourable account of both Peterborough's sons. Boyer mentions that the younger, Henry, in addition to his parliamentary and naval duties, also had at one time the command of a company of foot in his uncle Lieutenant-General Mordaunt's regiment, and that after this wound a pass was procured for him

lost his eldest, through the same horrible disease—John, Lord Mordaunt, Major-General in the army, Colonel of the Scots Fusilier Guards, and M.P. for Chippenham. This gallant young soldier, who was then only about thirty, also gave the promise of a brilliant career. Powerful interest, accompanied by his own merits, had made his promotion rapid; he had served with distinction in the Low Countries, more especially at Blenheim, where he commanded the Foot Guards, and lost an arm. He is also several times mentioned in the Duke of Marlborough's despatches. He had married, at an early age, Frances, second daughter of Charles Powlett, Duke of Bolton, and left two sons. Both Peterborough's sons were highly esteemed, and their early deaths, we may rest assured, were a source of great grief to their father, who also lost their mother in the same year, only a

to travel through France on his way home. The same author also adds "that he was as much lamented as any young gentleman of his time, being highly and justly esteemed for his valour, affability, temperance and other traits."

An anonymous heraldic biographer of the same period likewise makes the following honourable mention of him. He says:—"Henry, second son of Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough, was a gentleman of singular accomplishments and of an affable generous disposition, by which he had procured for himself a general esteem both as a member of the Commons' House and as a commander of her Majesty's navy, where he served with some distinction, and had undoubtedly appeared a future ornament to his country had not death taken him away in the bloom of his life, some days before his brother, with this differing circumstance of regret that he left no children behind him, having never married. We cannot but regret the sudden and remarkable death of these two gentlemen in so short a time by the ill-fated distemper as an unspeakable grief to their noble relation, and a very unhappy loss to their country."—*Biographica Navalis*, by John Charnott. London, 1795.

few months subsequently, namely, on May 13th, 1709.

Such meagre records have been left of Peterborough's domestic life, that the few incidents which have been handed down to us regarding his family would appear specially valuable. As before remarked, he was by no means a domestic man; but nevertheless, all the references he ever made to his family in his correspondence are affectionate in their tone, nor does he appear to have ever had any open quarrels with his wife, although certainly for many years he saw but little of her, and from all accounts he cannot have been very constant.

It may appear strange that both Peterborough's sons were in Parliament, and yet occupied in the duties of their profession all over the world. This was the custom in those days; constituencies were far less exacting than they are now, and the sons of powerful nobles were usually at an early age imposed on some pocket or rotten borough, which they continued to represent as long as fancy pleased or the convenience suited them. The younger son apparently spent but little time in the House of Commons, as his name is never once mentioned among the list of speakers, whereas there is ample record of his having been frequently employed in the navy, at a time too when employment afloat meant several years of uninterrupted absence from England. With the eldest son, however, it is different; and, although he was more a soldier than a politician, on several occasions he made his voice heard in Parliament, and then attracted considerable notice. It has been



THE FIRST COUNTESS OF PETERBOROUGH.

DAUGHTER OF SIR PETER FRASER.

remarked, and it seems with much justice, that the son inherited his father's mind and temperament; he was equally impulsive, and seemed to have much the same religious views. On February 4th, 1707, he spoke on the proposed union with Scotland forcibly and to the point, much in the same way as no doubt his father would have spoken, had he not at that time been absent in Spain. It appears that Sir John Pakington opposed the measure, and more especially laid stress on the difficulty which was likely to arise from the circumstance that each country had a different Established Church. He said, "The Church of England being established *jure divino*, and the Scots pretending that their Church is also *jure divino*, I cannot see how two nations, clashing on such a vital point, could unite; and I think it would be therefore advisable to consult Convocation about this critical question." To this suggestion, young Mordaunt disdainfully replied, "I know of no other *jure divino* than God Almighty's permission; in which sense, it might be said that the Church of England and the Kirk of Scotland were both *jure divino*, because God Almighty had permitted that the first should prevail in England, and the other in Scotland. And the honourable member who spoke first, may, if he think fit, consult Convocation for his own particular instruction; but it would be derogatory to the Commons of England to advise on this occasion with an inferior assembly, who have no share in the legislature."

We know comparatively little of the short life of

this young nobleman beyond what we learn from the various references to him in the despatches and chronicles of the time. Everything, however, that we do know is to his credit, except as regards one incident, in which it seems that he must have displayed considerable indiscretion. In the year 1708 he was quartered with his regiment at York, and there fell foul so seriously with the civic authorities of the town, that they, at all times extremely jealous of anything like military tyranny or arrogance, lodged a formal complaint against him both with the Queen and the Duke of Marlborough. Their grievance would appear to have been a just one, as it was supported by the Government, and Secretary Boyle was ordered to express "her Majesty's high displeasure" at Lord Mordaunt's conduct, and his attempt to assume authority to which he was not entitled. Indiscretion, however, in so young and gallant an officer of such high rank, and with such powerful interest, was a most venial offence, and we may rest assured that, had the poor fellow lived, it would in no way have prejudiced his future career.

It is pleasing to find that the father and son were on the most cordial terms, and that the former during those intervals of rest, neither very long nor very frequent, which his restless spirit and boundless activity afforded him, used frequently to stay at his daughter-in-law's house in Yorkshire. A poet of the day, named James Oldmixon, in a poem called *Iberia Liberata*—a title which, as it turned out, was

somewhat premature—introduced the following lines regarding Lord Mordaunt :—

“ Early he fought for liberty and Anne,
And grew a hero sooner than a man ;
If in his dawn his glory shines so bright,
What eyes will bear his full meridian light
When his great father's mighty acts enflame
His spirit in the burning chace of fame.”

CHAPTER IV.

THE EVENTS IN SPAIN FROM THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE CAMPAIGN OF 1707 UNTIL THE CONCLUSION OF THE PEACE OF UTRECHT IN 1712.

Peterborough goes to Turin.—Letter to Portuguese Minister.—Events in Spain.—Lord Galway's army.—English regiment surprised.—Marshal Berwick.—Reinforcements from England.—Departure of Archduke.—Galway and Das Minas advance.—Almanza.—Details of battle.—Results.—Galway contrasted with Peterborough.—Macaulay's comparison.—Origin of Galway.—Migrates to England.—Reason for employment.—His services in Ireland.—Selected for command in Portugal.—General Stanhope's opinion of him.—Wishes to resign his command to Peterborough.—His health.—His conduct after Almanza.—Sent to Portugal.—Again in Ireland.—His death.—Folly of Government in superseding Peterborough.—Events in Spain after Almanza.—Allies march on Madrid in 1710.—Retreat on Aragon.—Vendome.—His energy.—Stanhope surprised.—His explanation.—His mistakes and character.—Peterborough's tactics discussed.—Disaster of Starenberg.—Peace of Utrecht.—Mrs. Masham.—Peterborough opposes terms of peace.—Desertion of the Catalans.—Their heroic defence.—Results of war to England.

As soon as he had landed in Italy, Peterborough proceeded to Turin, where he conferred with the Duke of Savoy on the present fortunes and future prospects of the allies in their contest with France. From Turin he wrote several letters, some of which still exist; one of these, addressed to the Portuguese

Minister at the Court of Charles at Valencia, is so characteristic that it appears worthy of being quoted at length, as it not only shows his very just and wise appreciation of the military situation, but also proves that even after his departure he did all in his power to divert the allied generals from the rash and even suicidal resolution, against which he had personally and in vain protested. He writes as follows :—

“TURIN, *April 21, 1707.*

“MY LORD,

“I assure you I am with a particular inclination your servant. I look upon you as my friend and companion in all the miseries and mortification of the Spanish war; in all places I shall be a witness of your conduct and prudence, and of the steadiness you have shown upon so many extraordinary occasions.

“Would to God you were free from uneasiness, when I hope to be in quiet! It seems to me as if storms were threatening Spain, and I am the more concerned, because of the probability of your generals continuing in a disposition of rash measures. It is certain they are only in a condition for a defensive; and that suffices for the publick, since the preparatives against France are so terrible in Italy and in Flanders. You know my opinion in the Councils of War held at Valencia; but the succours which are coming, and the person of the Duke of Orleans, are certain proofs of the great efforts the enemy will make in the beginnings of the next campaign. If we prevent their first impetuosity, whilst haply Naples, Sicily, and Sardinia may be secured, peace will give us all that we can desire.

“But, my Lord, pray consider the consequences

of a lost battle in the spring ; perhaps a disgrace were less fatal in Flanders by its superiority of horse ; such a misfortune may happen to the best foot in the world, which will be cut off entirely in case of a defeat, and all Spain at the same time lost for want of garrisons in the strong places we possess. If we defend well what we have, their great number of horse will consume itself for want of forage, or destroy that part of the country which is ill affected.

“ I justly lay a stress on the great credit you have with everybody, and am well assured that the interest of your country requires measures of the utmost precaution ; since your best troops are in Spain, and a defeat would expose Portugal before succours can arrive, since England has left herself almost unprovided with troops.

“ I told you when I went away that I would send you the measures I had proposed to the King, which to me seemed certain of success ; but any division of the troops would never be listened to, which, however, was the only way possible to secure Madrid. Quick motions were requisite before the succours could arrive from France, and those are never taken with great bodies. My thoughts were to defend the entrance into Valencia with 2,000 horse and 8,000 foot, which were easy with less force ; and with 11,000 foot and 5,000 horse to have gained the head of the Tagus with a stolen march. We might have had as many Aragones as we could desire ; who, for the mountains and defending the passage over that river, would have equalled our best troops, and have been better for long and speedy marches. Thus we might have put the Tagus between us and the enemy, Madrid had been found without defence, and the Duke of Anjou obliged to a second journey towards Burgos. This particularly would have hindered the junction of

any succours from France, the troops left in Valencia would have followed the enemy at a proportionable distance when they marched towards the Tagus; and I assure you such resolutions well pursued would sufficiently have perplexed the enemy. Another time I will explain more distinctly this project to you, in giving you answers to all the objections that might be made.

“At present I have nothing to propose to your Excellency nor to wish but that the troops might not be fatigued in the impossible view of gaining Madrid, half the army being exposed to destruction by diseases and famine, or, in the whole, in a very improper time, by an unequal battle. I will neglect nothing in my power to obtain, in a favourable opportunity, a succour of troops for Spain; that in the after season we may push our affairs. I desire you to assure the King of my inviolable attachment to his interest which nothing can diminish.

“Present my services, &c.,

“PETERBOROUGH.”

Although the part played by our hero in the war of the succession in Spain was at an end, it may be not uninteresting shortly to relate how it fared with his former comrades in arms, whom he left behind him. After their retreat on Valencia, the allies remained in their winter quarters, practically unmolested, until the following spring. In the meantime they were anxiously waiting for the promised reinforcements from England, which landed at Alicant early in February, under the charge of Lord Rivers. During these winter months the army was commanded by Lord Galway, and, so far as can be gathered, the strict discipline and close attention

to duty enforced by Peterborough was not maintained, and hence the general efficiency of the entire force much deteriorated. Captain Carleton relates an incident which thoroughly illustrates this falling off, and should well serve as a warning how the best and most gallant troops may lose their military qualities and suffer disaster when placed under careless or inefficient commanders.

It appears that a regiment of English infantry under the command of Lord Duncannon had been quartered at Alicant, where Captain Carleton was stationed as commanding engineer. Lord Duncannon died, and the regiment was then given to Lord Montandre, but was under the temporary command of Lieut.-Col. Bateman, who received orders to march from Alicant and join Lord Galway's camp, where the army was being concentrated. As has occurred during war, time out of mind, and probably will occur again so long as wars are waged and humanity remains what it is, this march was conducted in the most careless and negligent manner. The colonel himself was in a carriage at the head of the column considerably in front of the men, who straggled after him in single file, their muskets slung over their backs, as they had been accustomed to march when pursuing insurgent Highlanders in the mountains of Scotland. It happened while this careless march was being carried out, that sixty dragoons of Berwick's army arrived in the neighbourhood, having been sent to intercept some money, which they were informed would shortly be sent to Lord Galway's camp from Alicant.

These dragoons missed the convoy of treasure, and were returning back very disconsolate *re infectâ*, when their captain, remarking the careless and disorderly march of the English infantry, determined to surprise them. Accordingly, hiding his party behind a barn in a wood, he suddenly broke in on the centre of the column, and very soon dispersed the whole regiment, capturing their colours, taking the colonel prisoner out of his carriage, besides many other officers. It is added that only two English officers were killed on this occasion—an ensign and the lieutenant of the grenadier company, who succeeded in rallying his men into a house, but was shot while defending it, on which his men surrendered. Captain Carleton states that he heard the details of this incident from the commander of the enemy's cavalry some time afterwards, when he was himself a prisoner. He also learnt from an eyewitness that when the Duke of Berwick was told that a few Spanish dragoons had defeated an entire English regiment, “he turned pale at the relation, and when they offered to bring the colours before him, he would not so much as see them.” It is also added that “a little before the Duke went to supper Bateman himself was brought to him; but the Duke turned away from him without any further notice than coldly saying ‘that he thought he was strangely taken.’” Captain Carleton likewise mentions that the “wags of the army made jest of this officer,” saying that his soldiering was very much like his management of his own affairs, “since two days before the march he had sent his handsome young wife back to England

under the guardianship of the young chaplain of the regiment." Apparently Lieut.-Col. Bateman had more confidence in the honour of ecclesiastics and the faithfulness of his wife than had his brother officers.

It would seem that this anecdote, well authenticated as it undoubtedly is, speaks highly to the credit of Marshal Berwick. Although in the service of a foreign monarch, he could not bear to see English colours disgraced, nor could he welcome with any semblance of civility an officer, who, by neglect of duty, had brought discredit on a gallant army and disaster on gallant men.

Although, as before mentioned, the reinforcements from England reached Alicant in February, Galway made no move until April,¹ thereby allowing two valuable months to pass away, during which time Berwick's army was strengthened and consolidated by as many troops and as much material help as Louis XIV. could afford him. Hence it came to pass that the allies in any case would have been considerably outnumbered, but their weakness was still more increased by an extraordinary resolution of Charles. Contrary to the advice and protestations of all his generals, the Count of Noyelles excepted, who, because he was disappointed in the command of the army, seemed determined, said Stanhope, "that no other general should have any army to command,"

¹ These reinforcements consisted of about 9,300 English and 4,000 Dutch troops; the English contingent was reduced to 7,000 effective men before it reached Spain, so disgracefully were troops neglected in those days on board ships.—LORD GALWAY'S reply in *Impartial Inquiry into War in Spain*, 1712.

the Archduke started off to Barcelona, taking with him twenty-nine squadrons of cavalry, and twelve regiments of infantry. The pretext for this strange freak was that the Catalans required to be kept in order, the real reason, annoyance and disappointed vanity at being debarred from any active share in the military command. Like many weak characters, Charles had an inordinate jealousy of control, and seemed to resent advice, more especially when given by those who had proved themselves to be in every way deserving of attention and respect. This was probably one of the causes of the dislike which he conceived for Peterborough,—a dislike which seemed to increase and grow in proportion as the Earl continued to give fresh proofs of his ability. As his disregard for all the counsel afforded him lost him his crown in the early part of the campaign, so now it lost him his army.

Galway and Das Minas, after slowly collecting their available forces, moved into Murcia in the beginning of April. They then destroyed the enemy's magazines at Yecla and Candete, and laid siege to Villena. Unfortunately they had not followed Peterborough's example in keeping up "a good correspondence with the priests and the ladies;" hence their information was most defective, and they were to a certain extent surprised when they discovered the near presence of Marshal Berwick's forces. Even then they were in entire ignorance of his real strength, and having heard that the Duke of Orleans had been despatched from France at the head of reinforcements, and that he had not yet joined the main army, they imagined

that the fresh troops were likewise absent, the fact being that the Duke, contrary to the Marshal's advice, had made a *détour* by Madrid to see the King and Queen, whereas his men had marched straight to headquarters. Misled by their ignorance and want of information, the allied generals gaily, and with perfect confidence, moved down into the Vega, on the plain of Almanza, to offer battle to an army at least twice as strong as their own, not only as regards numbers, but also in efficiency and composition. This battle, moreover, was to be fought on ground which had been selected by their adversary.

Berwick disposed his forces according to the tactics of the day, with his accustomed skill and judgment. As he was enormously superior in cavalry, he took care to choose a position where this arm could act to the best advantage, and for this reason posted himself in the bare and open plain, where the allied generals were foolish enough to attack him. His army was disposed in two lines in front of the town of Almanza—the French cavalry on the left, the Spanish on the right, under the Duke of Popoli, and the combined infantry under his own immediate command in the centre. Each of his wings had the advantage of being posted on rising ground, and a small ravine protected his right.

The disposition of the allies, on the other hand, appears not to have been in any way so prudent or judicious; to remedy the deficiency of cavalry, on each of the wings there were battalions of infantry disposed alternately with squadrons of horse—an

arrangement calculated effectually to paralyse the action of both arms—and no provision seems to have been made for the possibility of a reverse. The action commenced at 3 P.M. on April 25th, and from the commencement of the day Galway and Das Minas recklessly adopted the offensive, being either ignorant or regardless of the superiority of the forces opposed to them. At first they were somewhat successful. Lord Galway, who commanded the left, made a bold attack on the Spanish right, and succeeded partially in dislodging them, while two regiments of English infantry pierced through both lines of the enemy and reached the very walls of Almanza. This success, however, was only temporary, and was soon reversed by some gallant charges of Spanish cavalry, while Berwick brought up his reserves, and not only repelled the attack on his right, but made a counter-attack in the same direction. For a time it seemed as if the firmness and courage of the English and Dutch infantry would redeem the fortunes of the day. According to Berwick's own account, his horse was repeatedly repulsed by these steady columns of foot. Even when the Spanish and French cavalry were successful on both flanks, the centre was cut through and broken, and the main body of infantry beaten. Galway, however, received two sabre cuts in the face above the eyes, and was disabled from commanding. Das Minas also was severely wounded, but not before he had, according to some, shown prodigies of valour, only rivalled by those of his mistress, who wearing a soldier's dress was killed fighting by his side. It must, however, be added

that according to others he shared the flight, if not the panic, of the Portuguese cavalry, who really lost the day, and did not stop in their headlong retreat until they had reached the Ebro, and found themselves behind the ramparts of Tortosa.

In any case the loss of these two commanders proved fatal, and a repulse soon became a disastrous rout; the allies fled in all directions, leaving behind them 4,000 dead on the field besides twice as many prisoners. They also abandoned as trophies to the victors all their artillery, and one hundred and twenty standards, which bore the arms of almost every nation leagued against France and Spain, besides those of the insurgent provinces of Valencia, Aragon, and Catalonia. It is added so large was the booty that "for days after the battle a horse might be purchased in the camp of Berwick for one dollar, a coat for fifteen French pence, and a musket for five."

This was one of the most complete and decisive victories that was ever won. Strangely enough an Englishman commanded the French, and a Frenchman the English army, so that it became the custom in England, where the disaster caused most deep and bitter shame and indignation, ironically to propose at table "the health of the brave English general who had defeated the French." It is impossible that any patriotic Englishman should look back on the record of a great defeat, in which English troops were involved, without a feeling of mortification and regret. It must however be some slight consolation to remember that this reverse cannot be attributed to the British troops themselves, who fought with the

greatest gallantry, but to the incompetence of their commander, and he was not an Englishman. From all accounts moreover the allies were outnumbered to an extent, which made victory almost an impossibility. The French army was composed of fifty-two battalions and seventy-six squadrons—certainly not less than 25,000 men, of whom more than the ordinary proportion were mounted; whereas their opponents, according to Lord Galway's official returns, had actually in the field barely 12,000 infantry and 5,000 cavalry, while the greater proportion of the latter were Spanish and Portuguese levies of very doubtful value. It may be interesting to mention that at this time there were nearly 16,000 English troops in Spain, but of these only 8,910 were present at the battle of Almanza, of whom 1,147 were cavalry, who were composed of newly raised regiments. The Royal Dragoons, with the exception of a very small detachment, were in garrison at Culera, and nearly 4,000 men in all were similarly occupied, while 1,850 were already prisoners in the hands of the French.¹ This dispersal and waste of reliable and efficient troops seems an additional example of Galway's incompetence, as if it were necessary to hold the various garrisons, the worst and not the best troops should have been used for that purpose.

It always has been, and probably always will be, the custom as long as the world lasts, to heap abuse on an unsuccessful commander; to this rule and custom the

¹ These figures are taken from weekly Return of April 2nd, and are quoted in *An Impartial Inquiry into the Management of the War in Spain by the Ministry at Home*. London, 1712. Appendix, p. 8.

unfortunate De Rouvigny, Lord Galway, proved no exception ; it appears however that he was less deserving of blame than the Ministers who employed him. The mistake they made has not been uncommon in history ; eccentricity has often been considered incompatible with talent, in place of being, as not unfrequently occurs, its constant companion. As remarked by Macaulay, the English Government could not understand Peterborough, and did not give him credit for the judgment and professional knowledge that he actually possessed.

“ One day he took walled towns with dragoons, and then again turned some hundreds of infantry into cavalry at a minute’s notice. He obtained his political intelligence chiefly by means of love affairs, and filled his despatches with epigrams. The Ministers thought that it would be highly impolitic to intrust the conduct of the Spanish war to so romantic and volatile a person.”¹

The great objection to Galway was his physical condition, which was alone quite enough to disqualify him from active employment in the field. The wound which he had received at the siege of Badajos in the previous war had not yet healed, and, although one must admire his determination and pluck in not

¹ At the time of the Crimean war a similar mistake was made. Lord Dundonald on the sea was very much the same as Peterborough on land ; there were no bounds to his ingenuity, no limits to the strangeness of his expedients or to the improbability of his invariable successes. For this very reason he was mistrusted, and one who was deemed a “ safe man ” preferred before him, with results scarcely more successful, though indeed not so disastrous as those which attended the same kind of selection nearly a hundred and fifty years before.

giving up his command, this did not render him on that account the more fit to hold it. But even without this accidental disablement, it would appear that the excellent old French Huguenot was scarcely the man to lead an army when great activity was essential and great hardships had to be endured. Mr. Paul Methuen, the Minister at Lisbon, in writing to Lord Godolphin, says, "You will be much concerned to hear that on the 11th past my poor Lord Galway's zeal carried him to the battery to appease a great disorder, and that a cannon ball carried off his right hand, so that his arm was cut off a little below the elbow. I cannot express to your Lordship my trouble. My Lord's age, ill habit of body, tending to dropsy, and great loss of blood, made me look on him as lost. But he is in the most fair way of recovery, and with the greatest courage and spirit imaginable, like a man *piqué au jeu*, more earnest and more desirous to serve than ever."¹

How different this to the account we hear of Peterborough, whose wiry frame knew no fatigue, and whose ever active mind knew no rest. When we look back at the selections for command made at intervals in the course of the last few hundred years, it is astonishing to find how often this one essential qualification has been ignored—that an officer to direct efficiently an army in the field must be in vigorous health and strength.

Of course there are exceptions, notably the case of Radetzky in the Italian campaign of 1848-49

¹ November 2nd, 1704. British Museum, Add. MSS. 28,056 f 359.

who was in his eighty-second year when he won the battle of Custozza; but, as a rule, the health and energy required for a leader in war are wholly incompatible with advanced age.¹

Lord Macaulay talks of Lord Galway in such a manner as would tend to throw discredit on the study of the art of war, and says, "that he conducted the campaign of 1707 on the most scientific principles," but that "he was in war what Molière's doctors were in medicine, who thought it much more honourable to fail according to rule than to succeed by innovation, and who would have been very much ashamed of himself if he had taken Montjuick by means so strange as those which Peterborough employed." This description is certainly striking and may possibly be correct, but it seems to be derived far more from imagination than from fact. As Lord Galway's career was interwoven with that of the hero of these memoirs, and as it is but little known, it may be interesting to our readers to give a short sketch of his early life, and to explain how it happened that this foreigner played for many years an important part in English history.

Henri de Rouvigny, Earl of Galway, came of an ancient French Huguenot family, one of those who preferred the tenets of their religion to their

¹ Strangely enough Lord Galway is not to be found in any biographical dictionary whatever, even under the name of De Rouvigny; hence we are all the more indebted to the following work, *Henri de Rouvigny, Earl of Galway, a Filial Memoir, with a Life of his Father, Le Marquis de Rouvigny*. By David Agnew. Edinburgh, 1864.

fortunes. His father, the Marquis de Rouvigny, was a friend of Louis XIV. and of the great Turenne, and had a sister Rachel, who married the Earl of Southampton. This lady had a daughter, who married into the Bedford family, thus connecting the Rouvignys with some of the most powerful families of the English nobility. It is probably to this connection, in addition to his own military reputation, that Henri principally owed his employment in the English service; we find that throughout his life he was on intimate terms with the Russells, and there still exists much of his correspondence with his cousin Lady Russell.

According to the register of the temple of Charenton for Parisian Protestants, Henri de Rouvigny was born on April 9th, 1648. It will thus be seen that at the time of the battle of Almanza he must have been just fifty-nine,—an age certainly not incompatible with energy and activity, provided his health had been in other respects satisfactory. Of his youth but little is known, except that he entered the French army at an early age and served under his father's friend Turenne in 1675. The favour of the great Marshal, coupled with his own merit, gave him rapid promotion; at the age of twenty-seven he had already attained high military rank, and was known equally as a good soldier and a highly polished and accomplished man of the world. St. Simon speaks of him as "*bon officier*" and he was employed in various diplomatic missions at various times, and apparently always acquitted himself with credit. His religion however was an effective bar to any further advancement,

and, although his father's friendship with Louis XIV. up to this time had preserved what remained of his estates from confiscation, he felt that in France at least his military career was over. These considerations no doubt induced him in 1691, being then in his forty-third year, to offer his sword to William III. and to throw in his lot with Protestant England, of whom he had been a naturalised subject since 1680.

It is easy to see how it happened that Henri Marquis de Rouvigny took up his abode in England and offered his services to the English King; the persecution of the Huguenots, which drove him from France, and his relationship with leading English families, would alone account for his choice. It is however at first not quite so easy to understand why William should immediately have given him high rank and important commands. As regards this it must be remembered that in those days trained and efficient officers were very rare in the English army, and the few, that there were, owed all they knew to the training they had received abroad. Marlborough served in his early days with the French under Turenne, and then acquired that knowledge of the art of war, which some years afterwards he turned to such good account against the very army, to which he was indebted for his science. As before remarked, there has long been a deeply engrained dislike and suspicion of a standing army in the minds of the British people. At the time of which we write the army was so small that apparently it was deemed unnecessary to give it scientific instruction, and in

fact it is only comparatively of recent years that there have been given to soldiers in England those facilities for the study of their profession, such as have long since existed in foreign countries. It was therefore not choice but necessity, resulting from a lack of efficient officers at home, which made William employ foreigners such as Ginkel the Dutchman, Earl of Athlone, Schomberg and others. It will thus be seen that an offer of service from a trained and distinguished young officer like De Rouvigny was not one to be despised ; it was gladly accepted by William III., who at once despatched his new adherent to turn his military training to account in that hot-bed of all disorders, Ireland.

There is another consideration, which probably weighed seriously with the English King, in thus eagerly accepting the services of the French Huguenot, —at least he was assured of certain fidelity. De Rouvigny was one of those, who, when drawing his sword, had cast the scabbard away, when he crossed the river burnt his boats, and might expect no mercy at the hands of his former master. This is proved by the circumstances that some years afterwards, when a few of Galway's servants were captured on board ship by a French frigate, by the special order of King Louis they were at once sent to the galleys. It may be added that fidelity in those days was a jewel of great price, more especially as William was perfectly aware that his leading statesmen and generals, Marlborough included, were constantly intriguing with the Pretender, and on a turn of the tide would at once throw him over.

De Rouvigny's service in Ireland seems to have been more remarkable for gallantry in action and success in civil administration than for military talent. He was present at the siege and capture of Athlone, and led a charge of cavalry, which it was said mainly conduced to win the battle of Aughrim, but he was supposed to be far inferior in ability to General Mackay, who was appointed to the chief command. However, at the pacification of Ireland, when rewards were distributed, De Rouvigny was created Viscount Galway, and in 1697 he was made Earl of Galway¹ and Baron Portarlington, besides being named one of the Lord Justices, in whom were vested the administration of that country. At the commencement of the last century it was not an uncommon thing for the Lord Lieutenant to be placed in commission; the leading English nobles, such as had sufficient position and wealth to fill the position satisfactorily, regarded Ireland much in the light of a penal settlement, and hence employment there as practical banishment. Thus we find that in the year 1697, the government of that country was vested in Mr. John Methuen, the Lord Chancellor, and in the Earl of Galway, the latter being also named Commander of the Forces, and that these two officials administered affairs for some considerable time. Apparently De Rouvigny did not

¹ In the patent of nobility there seems some confusion between Galway and Galloway, and we find that in many subsequent letters this confusion continued, but there is no doubt that Galway is intended to be his title, and there was an allowance of £20 a year given to keep up the dignity.

share the opinion general among educated Englishmen of that age, that the Emerald Isle was a barbarous country, not fit to live in—on the contrary, he seems to have been not only very successful but also very happy there, and to have appreciated the special productions for which it is famous. We hear of his sending to his friends presents of Irish frieze, and to the Duchess of Mazarin “aromatic usquebaugh.”

It is quite clear that during his period of service in Ireland, Galway not only earned but also merited the esteem and friendship of all those with whom he was connected. He had deservedly the character of being a highly honourable gentleman, a polished courtier, an able diplomatist, and a gallant soldier. Unfortunately, however, for himself and for the country which he served, he was credited with far greater military talent than he possessed, and the promise which he had shown in his early youth was taken as a sufficient guarantee of his powers, without any further evidence in his latter years. When it is added that he had established a great friendship with Lord Godolphin and the Earl of Sunderland, it cannot be a subject of surprise that he was selected for employment in Portugal in 1704, when the younger Schomberg was recalled. The diplomatic part of his duties, no doubt, he was admirably fitted to perform, but as regards his fitness for the position of Commander-in-Chief it was very different. General Stanhope, in a letter to Lord Godolphin the Lord Treasurer, dated from Valencia, October 24th, 1706, gives a very clear idea of the situation as regards Lord Galway. He says :—

"My Lord being very justly uneasy at this management,¹ and tired with eternal struggling against wind and tide, talks and thinks of nothing but retiring, and avoids as much as possible coming near the Court. He is besides infirm, and the many vexations he has, what with the Court and what with the management of the Portuguese, whom I may venture to say no man alive but himself could deal with—these things, I say, together have made him less in love, and I know not whether I might say less fit for business than he used to be. Before these last letters he was fully resolved to resign the troops to my Lord Peterborough when he should have come back from Italy."

It is impossible not to feel great sympathy and compassion for this honourable and gallant old soldier retained in a position for which he knew himself physically unfit, and which he was most eager to resign. More than five months before the battle of Almanza, on November 12th, 1706, Lord Godolphin wrote to Marlborough, saying: "My poor Lord Galway continues so very pressing to retire and come home that I really think it would be great barbarity to refuse him. But what amazes me is that he recommends Lord Peterborough as the properest person to succeed him in the care of the whole."

Among the many bright traits in this old soldier's character an entire absence of any jealousy seems to be pre-eminent—a very rare quality among professional men. Thus we find him specially

¹ Referring to the intrigues of Count de Noyelles to divide the army, and hence get a separate command.

recommending Peterborough to take his place simply because he knew his rival to be the best man. The English Government only partly yielded to Galway's representations; in the face of Charles's formal complaint made against Peterborough through the Count de Gallas, and the trouble which had been caused them by the erratic nobleman, they declined to reappoint him to the supreme charge of the army, but gave Lord Rivers a commission to take over the command on his arrival in Spain with the reinforcements. One would naturally suppose that such a commission would be final and decisive. This, however, was not the case, for we find that the two generals settled between them who was to have the position of Commander-in-Chief; neither of them wanted it, but Lord Galway, apparently animated by a spirit of military honour and punctilio, considered himself bound to accept the post. Accordingly the following agreement was drawn up :

"It being agreed upon by the Earls of Galway and Rivers, Mr. Stanhope being present, that it would be better for her Majesty's service that there should be no more than one general, upon which the Earl of Galway generously offered the command to Earl Rivers, which he refused in consideration of the Earl of Galway's greater experience, more especially in the affairs of Spain and Portugal, and therefore willingly resigned the whole to the Earl of Galway in order to return to England.

"(Signed)

"RIVERS.

"GALWAY."

Thus we find an excellent old invalid, for he was scarcely better, much against his will and

from a mistaken sense of honour, foisted into an extremely arduous and important command, for which he knew himself to be utterly unfitted. Still further to add to his difficulties, the Archduke had conceived a personal dislike to him, would pay no heed to his advice or representations, and took the Count de Noyelles into sole and unlimited favour. Even Peterborough, with his strong will and determination, had found it almost impossible to struggle on against such an influence, and Galway, with his failing health,¹ was entirely suppressed. Hence the inexcusable removal to Barcelona of a large body of troops just when they were most required, with the result, as we have seen, of the defeat of Almanza. That the dispositions of the campaign and the battle alike, so far from being "scientific," were utterly defective, there can be no question whatever. The Duke of Marlborough, in one of his letters to Godolphin, dated June 16th, 1707, remarks on the faulty arrangements, saying: "I had this morning yours of the 30th with the order of battle, by which it appears that the enemy were very much stronger than Lord Galway, which makes it very strange that they should go and attack him in a plain."

After the fight was over and the day hopelessly lost, everything possible seems to have been done to rally and protect the defeated and panic-stricken troops. Galway ably covered the retreat, secured and fortified the bridge of Tortosa, and slowly

¹ In a letter to Lady Russell, written at this time, he mentions, "*J'ai perdu entièrement mon appetit, que Lord Bedford appeloit son meilleur ami.*"

withdrew the remnants of his army into Catalonia. There the Archduke and his Court remained, wholly unable to check the tide of conquest, which immediately spread over the provinces of Valencia and Aragon, and practically nearly three years elapsed before an effort was made to regain the ground lost on the fatal field of Almanza.

As regards the fate of the poor old Huguenot, considering he was the unfortunate victim of a most crushing defeat, it may be said that he was very well treated. He was not recalled in disgrace—far from it. On the contrary, he was retained for some months, but, it must be added, against his own will, at the Court of the Archduke, and he seems in his adversity to have lost neither the sympathy nor the support of the English Ministers, nor even of the great Duke of Marlborough. The latter writes from Meldert to the Earl of Sunderland on June 27th, 1707, and says:—

“Nobody can have a better opinion than I have of Lord Galway, but when I consider the Court and the King of Spain, I think it to be the most barbarous thing in the world to impose on them Lord Galway to stay, for I am very confident he would rather beg his bread—I am sure I would.”

Again, Marlborough writes to the Duchess Sarah on July 4th:—

“As to what Lord Galway says concerning the King of Spain, that nobody will please him that does his duty, I am of his mind, and I have as good an opinion of Lord Galway as I can have, but that is no

argument for Lord Galway's stay, for it will be impossible for those two, Galway and Noyelles, to remain together."

Eventually, as a way out of this difficulty, and to avoid the semblance of a recall in disgrace, for which his enemies in England were clamouring, Galway was sent for a time as ambassador and general-in-chief to Portugal. Even there his evil fortune and want of success did not desert him. Apparently he had been intended to perform rather the duties of an ambassador than those of a general, as his gout and physical infirmities for a long time entirely prevented him from taking the field.

Luttrell, in his diary dated May 15th, 1708, mentions that "two rich coaches and forty horses are being prepared for my Lord Galway, the new ambassador at Lisbon."

In 1709, however, the old and infirm soldier again disregarded his maladies, and went into action, when he was again involved in a crushing defeat on the Caya. There once more he was wounded, had his horse shot under him, and wandering about for a night alone, with difficulty avoided capture, his aide-de-camp, Lord Henry Powlett, and two pages falling into the hands of the enemy. Thus ended his military career—a most disastrous one—from Neerwinden to the Caya a succession of defeats. On the latter occasion the Portuguese, to the cowardice of whose cavalry the disaster was attributed, spoke with the greatest admiration of the old veteran's bravery and military skill, but

it may be added that the admiration was by no means mutual.

At last poor old Galway, a martyr to gout, worn out with vexation, broken in health, and having long applied in vain to be recalled, set sail for England, where he landed in 1710. In January of the following year, as we shall see hereafter, he was summoned to the bar of the House of Lords, and required to give his account of the management of the war in Spain. Even on that occasion he was kindly treated, since, although the vote of the House was overwhelmingly in favour of Peterborough, and hence in condemnation of himself, he does not seem materially to have suffered at the time, or to have been debarred from future employment.

Four years afterwards, in 1718, together with the Duke of Grafton, he was named one of the Lord Justices to govern Ireland, in place of the Earl of Sunderland, who had been appointed Lord Lieutenant, but who, on the score of health and other pretexts, had avoided even embarking to take up his duties. At this time, also, Galway was given a military pension of £500 a year, in addition to a civil one of £1,000 a year that he previously possessed. This certainly does not look as if he were considered to be in disgrace, more especially as he enjoyed these pensions until his death, which took place in 1720.

On looking back, we may conclude that possibly the English Ministry may have had some excuse for not appointing Lord Peterborough in 1707 to the supreme command of the army in Spain. The

objection to him lodged by the Archduke was, of course, a consideration. Still, had there been no doubt whatever about his qualifications, England had so entirely supported the war, that the Government of St. James's had equally the right and power to nominate whomsoever they might select without question or challenge. Had he not been so wild and eccentric, so incomprehensible and irritating, Godolphin and his Cabinet would probably have exercised their right, and could have given Charles the option of losing their support, their troops, and their subsidies, or of cordially accepting their general. Again, had Peterborough shown the tact and self-command which no doubt, under similar circumstances, Marlborough would have exhibited; had he obtained an ascendancy over Charles superior to that of his German Ministers, then it seems likely that all the eccentricities,¹ the epigrams, and the strategic love affairs would have been overlooked, and the battle of Almanza would not have been lost. But whatever excuse the Ministry may have had for *not*

¹ As an illustration of the difficulty of distinguishing between reliable genius and unreliable madness, when both are so frequently combined with eccentricity, one is forcibly reminded of a story told about Lord Chatham and General Wolfe. After the latter had been finally selected for the command in Canada, on the evening before his departure for America, he was invited to dinner by Lord Chatham; Lord Temple, another Minister, being the only other guest. In the course of dinner Wolfe drew his sword, rapped it on the table, and flourishing it round the room, boasted of the mighty deeds he was about to perform. The two Ministers were aghast, and after Wolfe had gone, Lord Chatham, although he had made the selection after the most deliberate and careful consideration, exclaimed, "Good God! to think that I should have intrusted the fate of the country into such hands as these!"

appointing Peterborough, they certainly had none whatsoever for selecting Galway to take his place.

It may perhaps be well to say a few words in explanation as to how this war in the Spanish peninsula, so brilliantly commenced under the auspices of our hero, was brought to a lamentable and disastrous close.

After the departure of Lord Galway to Portugal, General Stanhope, who had remained with Charles throughout the Almanza campaign, was appointed commander of the English troops, who then had dwindled down to a comparatively small contingent. At the same time the Emperor despatched a stiff old tactician, by name Starenberg, from Germany to command the Spaniards. Probably the genius even of a Marlborough, a Napoleon, or a Peterborough would have failed to retrieve the disaster of Almanza, though worse defeats have been inflicted and worse disasters retrieved. The fortunes of William III. at Landen seemed as hopelessly shattered as those of Charles at Almanza, and yet the one was but temporarily checked, while the other was irretrievably ruined. In any case the respectable mediocrities, Stanhope and Starenberg, were not such as to raise a falling cause, now reduced to a desperate plight; still less was Charles, by his example, counsel, or judgment, likely to inspire his followers with ability, or to endow their efforts with success.

In 1708 and 1709 there were some languid attempts at campaigning, remarkable more for hardships than for battles, both armies finding in the words of both commanders "that the greatest

enemy they had to fear was famine." In 1710, however, the allies made a determined, an ill-judged, and a last attempt to conquer Spain. They boldly assumed the offensive, and at first met with considerable success; they defeated the Bourbon troops at Almenara, again at Saragossa, and finally occupied Madrid. But the day was past when the seizure of the capital could have a decisive effect on the result of the war—the golden opportunities on two occasions pointed out by Peterborough, and once by Galway, had gone never to return. Had the allies occupied Madrid in the autumn of 1705 by a rapid march from the sea-coast, had they pushed on at once after the retreat of Tessé's army from before Barcelona, or had the Portuguese listened to Lord Galway's entreaties, and not needlessly delayed after the capture of Alcantara, the entire machinery, by which the government of Spain was administered, would have fallen into the hands of the Austrian Archduke. At that time, moreover, the Spanish people had scarcely made up their minds as to who was their rightful King; even those favourable to the Bourbons would have acquiesced in what appeared to be inevitable, Philip of Anjou would have been a fugitive in France, Charles the King of Spain, and the war in all probability would have been at an end. In 1710, however, the case was very different; by this time Philip had become firmly seated on his throne, and had obtained a deep hold in the hearts of his people. When Charles made his entry into Madrid he found it like a city of the dead, the inhabitants who had been unable to leave it shut

themselves up in their houses, and "left the deserted streets in silence and gloom." A few children, to whom money had been thrown, raised a shrill, faint cry of "*Viva!*" but this was the only welcome which Charles received on his first arrival at the capital of his future kingdom.

The material results of the occupation were equally vain and disappointing. The tribunals, the Government offices, the treasury, had all been removed to Valladolid; the nobles, the leading prelates of the Church, and 30,000 of the principal inhabitants had departed, and still worse, the country people and peasantry were bitterly hostile to the allies, and as General Stanhope said in a letter to Lord Dartmouth, "we are not masters in Castile of more than the ground we encamp on." Yet further to increase the difficulties and dangers of Charles and his generals and his army, the Portuguese, who with thirty battalions of foot and 3,000 horse, had promised to come to their assistance, as perhaps was to be expected, entirely failed them. At last the situation became impossible, supplies became daily scarcer, and the danger more pressing. Finally, after a two months' sojourn in Madrid, from September to the end of November, 1710, preparations were made for retreat, and the allied army moved towards Aragon; the Archduke himself having departed for Catalonia under an escort of 2,000 horsemen some short time previously.

In the meantime Philip of Anjou had received a reinforcement far more valuable than another army; namely, an able and efficient general. Affairs in

Spain looked so alarming that Louis thought it wise to send to his grandson's assistance the best man he could find, and selected the Duke of Vendôme, who perhaps was one of the most remarkable characters of this remarkable age. An illegitimate grandson of Henry IV., he seemed to inherit all the vices, and some of the virtues of his illustrious ancestor. He was addicted to gluttony¹ and sensuality of the worst kind; he was filthy in his person, loathsome in his habits, and frequently lay in bed till four in the afternoon; but he was perfectly conversant with the art of war, and when once roused he displayed an energy, a determination, and a skill, such as have hardly ever been exceeded by any general recorded in history. The effect of his presence soon made itself felt on the movements of the Franco-Spanish troops; he instilled a life into them equally foreign to their nature and repugnant to their habits. The allies, in their retreat, were pursued with a speed and a persistency, which at such a season and in such a country were perfectly prodigious. At the head of his cavalry Vendôme swam the Henarez, and very soon overtook, surprised, and surrounded the left wing of the allied army at Brihuega. This wing, as bad luck would have it, was the English detachment, under

¹ The fondness of this man for good living eventually cost him his life. In June, 1712, he had gone to Vinaros, a small town on the coast, especially to eat fish, of which he was extremely fond, but overeating himself, he died actually at dinner, his head falling into his plate. He was given a funeral more in character with his military achievements than the circumstances of his death, and was buried with great splendour in the Pantheon of the Escorial.

General Stanhope, consisting of about 5,500 men. No surprise could have been more complete and few have ever been more disastrous. Stanhope was separated from the rest of the army without the chance of succour; he had no artillery, had but little ammunition, and was surrounded by a force at least fourfold of his own. Under these circumstances, having had the misfortune, and, it may be added, the folly, to get into such a scrape, there is no doubt that the English general did all that a gallant officer should do to maintain the honour of the flag under which he served. The village of Brihuega was placed in a state of defence as efficiently as the time permitted, while the troops fought bravely until their ammunition was exhausted, and the position became so hopeless that any further attempt at resistance would have been a useless and inexcusable squandering of life. Then, and not till then, was a capitulation arranged on most honourable terms, which, it must be added, were afterwards shamefully violated.

It is impossible to avoid asking who was to blame for this great disaster. General Stanhope himself acknowledged that he had not the most remote idea that the enemy was near him, and says in a letter to Lord Dartmouth :—

“Our misfortune is owing to the incredible diligence which their army made; for having, as we since learnt, decamped from Talavera the 1st December, they arrived at Brihuega the 8th, which is forty-five long leagues; and such was the disposition of the country—so favourable to themselves and so adverse

to us—that during the eight days they marched, no manner of advice came to us of it.”

Lord Stanhope, the historian, makes the following remarks regarding the part played by his ancestor in this lamentable episode. He says :—

“Such was the capitulation of Brihuega, of which I can sincerely say, that the most minute researches and most impartial intentions, have not enabled me to discover any error or neglect in General Stanhope, unless it be his failing at first to place outposts on the neighbouring hills ; and this, for the reason I have stated, I believe to have been a necessary and unavoidable omission. In all the rest he clearly appears to me unfortunate, not blamable. Any further fault of his I may have wanted the judgment to discern, but not I hope the candour to avow.”

While giving the distinguished historian every credit for candour, and for a desire to preserve impartiality, even in recording the deeds of an ancestor, it is impossible not to take strong exception to his conclusions. As a fact, General Stanhope was out-manceuvred and out-marched, surprised and surrounded by Vendôme. To be out-manceuvred may be the fate of any general when opposed to one more able than himself ; to be out-marched may be the force of circumstances, the result of insufficient transport, of exhaustion on the part of the troops ; but to be surprised is one of those military crimes which no explanation can excuse, and no excuse can palliate. General Stanhope's statement is his own worst condemnation. The ignorance which he

admits of the enemy's movements is inexcusable in any leader of armies ; while the solitary error or neglect discovered by his descendant " of failing to place outposts on the neighbouring hill " was the one error which nothing can condone, and which in this instance caused the loss of the army. The very fact that the population were hostile and would give no information, although it may explain the surprise, renders the absence of the precautions which made it possible, all the more culpable. General Stanhope, in his own despatch announcing his surrender, seems fully to realise his situation, as he says, " if after this misfortune I should ever be intrusted with troops." We may add that while this report clearly discovers his fault as a commander, it gives a charming impression of his character as a modest and honourable gentleman.¹

It seems a strange and even unaccountable phenomenon that scarcely a war is ever waged or a campaign ever conducted without there being instances of utterly inexcusable surprises. The more highly civilised the army, the more inclined, so it would seem, are they to be neglectful. The manœuvre performed by Vendôme was much the same as that practised a hundred and sixty years afterwards on a larger scale by the German armies before Sedan. The French were then similarly out-manœuvred, out-marched, surprised, and surrounded ; there was precisely the same ignorance of the enemy's movements, with precisely the same result—a humiliating capitulation. Scarcely within the memory of the present

¹ *Vide* Appendix D.

generation has any disaster occurred to the British arms that cannot be attributed to this one cause—neglect of proper precaution—neglect of obtaining proper information regarding the enemy's movements.

Perhaps we may venture to hope if any English officers at some future time should chance to read these pages, that they will take this lesson to heart, and will remember that, in war more especially, history repeats itself. It has been stated, and apparently with a show of reason, that there is something in the character of British soldiers which renders them more than those of any other nation liable to be taken by surprise. The same confidence, the same inbred courage, which stands them in such good stead before an enemy, leads them to disregard danger when it is unseen, and to neglect precautions the necessity of which is not immediately evident. Hence it is all the more incumbent on the officers to take warning by disasters that have gone before, even those that occurred nearly a hundred and eighty years ago.

It would be difficult to find a contrast more marked than that which existed between the tactics and the achievements of Peterborough, and those of the two generals who succeeded him in command. While the former had always the most perfect information regarding the movements, the strength, and even the intentions of his enemies, the latter seemed to be lamentably ignorant of circumstances which practically were vital, not only to their success, but to the absolute safety of the armies under their charge. Thus Galway knew nothing of the reinforcements which Berwick had received before Almanza, while

Stanhope did not become aware of the presence of Vendôme's army at Brihuega until he had been already surrounded and was without means of escape.

Similarly, while Peterborough, thanks to his good information, could out-march and out-manceuvre his opponents, on two occasions driving before him armies three times more numerous than his own—while he never failed in a single serious enterprise or received a single check—Lord Galway suffered one of the most disastrous defeats, and Stanhope had to sign one of the most humiliating capitulations that have been recorded in history.

The moral is evident: obtain information at all hazards, whether it be through spies, *ruses*, and love-affairs, or by reconnoitring and the more authorised methods of war, it matters little; information however, must be procured at all hazards and at all risks, since in war, more than in any other condition of life, "knowledge is power."

The disaster of Brihuega was on the next day, December 10th, followed by another at Villa Viciosa, with results not perhaps so humiliating, but equally fatal to the cause of the allies. Starenberg heard of Stanhope's danger on the evening of the 8th, and although he was only at the distance of a five hours' march, the vanguard of his troops did not appear in sight of Brihuega until the morning of the 10th, when of course they were too late. Although no doubt the country was difficult and mountainous, it certainly seems hard to believe that the German commander used sufficient diligence in coming to the

assistance of his ally. Once however in the presence of the enemy he disposed his troops with great skill, led them with great gallantry, and made an excellent fight, remaining in possession not only of the battle-field, but of his enemy's artillery, while strange to say he lost the greater part of his own standards.¹ But while he had many of the honours of victory, he had all the disadvantages of defeat; he was forced to steal off before daybreak on the following morning, and to spike and leave behind him all his cannon. In his retreat he was much harassed and suffered great loss; eventually he arrived in Barcelona in the month of February, 1711, with less than 7,000 men, the miserable remnant of the proud army which only nine months previously sallied forth in all confidence to conquer Spain.

After the crowning misfortune of Brihuega and Villa Viciosa it seems improbable that under any circumstances the crown of Spain could ever have fallen to the imperial house of Austria. Philip of Anjou by this time had obtained a firm hold on the sympathies and feelings of nearly all the Spanish provinces; he had become identified with the nation as the national king. Hence, although his kingdom might have been overrun, as had happened very frequently, it could scarcely have been conquered. Nor indeed does it seem likely that the English nation would have submitted very much longer to

¹ On the night after the battle Philip of Anjou was without a bed, the royal baggage not having come up, on which Vendôme said, "You shall have the most glorious bed that ever monarch slept on," and directed the captured standards to be formed into a royal couch.

those sacrifices that for years past it had endured, not indeed without murmuring, but without obtaining any visible or tangible result. Millions of treasure had been wasted, much precious blood had been shed, but not a whit nearer was the crown of Spain than it had been seven years previously when the first expedition set sail from the southern shores of England.

In the year 1711 there occurred events which entirely changed the aspect of politics throughout the continent of Europe; these were, first, the succession of the Archduke Charles to the imperial crown of Austria, and, secondly, a change of Ministry at the Court of St. James's, consequent on the fall of the Duchess of Marlborough, and the elevation of Mrs. Masham in her place of favour with her royal mistress. Hallam, the historian, writes regarding this: "It seems rather a humiliating proof of the sway, which the feeblest prince enjoys, even in a limited monarchy, that the fortunes of Europe should have been changed by nothing more noble than the insolence of one waiting-woman and the cunning of another. It is true that this was effected by throwing the weight of the crown into the scale of a powerful faction. Yet the House of Bourbon would not have reigned beyond the Pyrenees but for Sarah and Abigail at Queen Anne's toilet." Similarly Lord Stanhope says: "A glass of water thrown by the Duchess on the gown of Mrs. Masham changed the destinies of Europe." Very probably this may be so, but, with all deference, we cannot but think, for the reasons already stated,

that, no matter what might have been the result of a continuance of the war in other parts of Europe, after the events which occurred in the Peninsula between 1704 and 1711, no other dynasty but that of the Bourbons would have been accepted by the Spanish people.

The Peace of Utrecht was practically settled in the spring of the year 1712, but was not formally ratified until April 28th, 1713.

Although its conditions were not so favourable either to England, to her allies, or to Europe, as those which might, or indeed ought, to have been extracted from France; although it is impossible to defend the manner in which it was negotiated, still there can be no doubt whatsoever that those who brought about this peace conferred an inestimable boon alike on their country and on the world. Macaulay finds it difficult to approve of anything that was the work of a Tory Ministry, but he fully approves of the Peace of Utrecht for reasons which he gives in detail, and which seem perfectly conclusive.

It is scarcely our province here to discuss, or even to explain, the conditions of this great treaty, but any reference to it would be incomplete as regards the war in Spain were no mention made of the desertion of the Catalans. We have seen that this brave people were the constant and faithful allies of the House of Austria and of England; they had fought, they had suffered, and they had bled; good fortune and adversity had alike failed to influence their loyalty and their devotion. Before,

however, they had elected to throw in their lot with the allies they had made a special compact that their ancient liberties or *fueros* should be preserved to them. This promise was made to them by Lord Peterborough in the name of Queen Anne, and was fully ratified by the English Government in the most formal and solemn manner. When it was found desirable to bring to an end the ruinous war in the Spanish peninsula, involving the withdrawal of our troops, our first bounden duty was to secure the safety of our allies, to fulfil our promises towards them, and to assure ourselves that they did not suffer from their loyalty and constancy to us. It is indeed an indelible stain on the memory of the English Ministers of the year 1713, and a disgraceful episode in the annals of England, that this duty was neglected. There would have been no difficulty in making the freedom of Catalonia, so far as demanded by and promised to the inhabitants, an essential element in the treaty. In place of this, a hope was merely expressed that the ancient *fueros* would be maintained. It is needless to add that no attention whatever was paid to this mild wish when the power of enforcing it had departed. In fact, the clause in the treaty of Utrecht which stipulated that they should enjoy the same rights as the Castilians, practically declared the abolition of their own, which alone they valued. Philip utterly disregarded all the prayers and entreaties of the Catalans, and when they resisted by force of arms, proceeded at once to reduce them to subjection and to besiege Barcelona.

They fought with their usual bravery, so much so that Philip actually applied to the English Ministry for the assistance of the British fleet to aid him by blockading the town. It will be scarcely credited that, although the written promise of Queen Anne to preserve the ancient *fueros* had been placed on the high altar of the Barcelona Cathedral, orders were positively given to the British admiral, Sir James Wishart, to sail for the Spanish coast, and aid the armies of Philip in reducing those civil rights which we had solemnly bound ourselves to maintain. At the last moment, however, the House of Lords stepped in, and prevented this crowning act of humiliation and disgrace; a petition and address were numerously signed and presented to her Majesty, protesting against the action of the Ministry, and the orders to the fleet were countermanded.

It need scarcely be added that Peterborough was one of the most active and eager of these dissentients, and we may confidently believe that had he been in England when the terms of peace were framed, it would have fared very differently with the Catalans. We know that he was bitterly opposed to the Peace of Utrecht altogether, and that he returned home in December, 1712, to oppose it, using such haste that he brought on a spitting of blood, which nearly cost him his life. He was, however, peculiarly situated. Having broken with his own party, the Whigs, he could scarcely also declare war with the Tories, who were then employing him, unless he wished to entirely abandon political life. It is therefore much to his honour that he risked alike the loss of his

political friends and his employment by his open and declared opposition to a treaty, the conditions of which he most rightly disapproved.

But what, we may ask, happened to the Catalans? It may be supposed that the efforts of the inhabitants of one town could be of little avail against the combined forces of France and Spain. No matter how great the bravery, how great the devotion, or indeed the fanaticism, of these poor people, their death-warrant was signed beyond hope of remission. They fought, indeed, with desperation, not unmixed with fanaticism. All classes joined—monks, priests, women flew to arms, but as often occurs in moments of great enthusiasm and great danger, the ordinary rules of justice, religion, and morality were disregarded. An organised band of ruffians, termed “Matadors,” were commissioned to shoot any one, even a priest in his pulpit, whom they considered a “Philipene.” These very ecclesiastics seem to have partaken of the general demoralisation as, “lamenting the havoc of war and the decrease in a population so loyal and courageous, they urged it as a most sacred duty upon their female congregations to replenish by any means these failing numbers, and it is positively asserted that nearly five hundred young ladies obeyed the injunction of “*ces sermons si charnels*.”¹

However, even such desperation and fanaticism were of no avail when opposed to 40,000 of the best troops of France and Spain, commanded by Marshal

¹ Stanhope's *War of the Succession in Spain*, p. 381. *Révolte des Catalans*, p. 126.

Berwick. From the 7th May till the 12th September, 1714, the besiegers were kept at bay. Then the end came, and with it departed for ever the independent rights of Catalonia. The losses on both sides were enormous. Berwick acknowledged to 10,000 men, and the brave defenders can scarcely have suffered less. It is indeed sad to think that all these lives might have been spared, that these miseries might never have occurred, had the English Ministers of the day acted with even moderate courage and honesty.¹

In conclusion, it has been often, and may indeed be well asked again, what did England gain by this long protracted and ruinous war of Spanish succession, which laid the foundation of our national debt, and which cost her many thousands of lives and many millions of treasure?²

¹ This desertion of the Catalans has been unanimously depicted by historians of the period as one of the most disgraceful and indefensible acts ever perpetrated by any nation. So, probably, the students of history will not fail to describe it, but it is not without a parallel in our own day. The abandonment of our allies, the native tribes of the Transvaal, to their enemies the Boers after the most solemn assurances of protection, was an act equally treacherous, and still more cowardly—and such, we may rest assured, in future years those who write the chronicles of the British Empire will describe it.

The Peace of Majuba Hill, like that of Utrecht, may well be described as “a blot on the bright annals of England,” and will equally merit the description of Lord Chatham as “the indelible blot of the last generation.”

² Figures give but a faint idea of the sacrifices of both men and money that were made by Great Britain in the wretched Spanish campaigns, which were alone redeemed by Marlborough's succession of magnificent triumphs in another part of Europe. Perhaps, however, it may be interesting to mention that in the seven years beginning with 1705 England furnished about 58,000 men to support the Archduke in the Spanish peninsula, and that comparatively few of these ever again

To this it may be replied, that to this war and to this war almost alone, besides material acquisitions of territory such as Gibraltar, we owe the establishment of a Protestant dynasty in England; to it we owe the decline of the power of France, and the foundation of the British Empire on its ruins. It may also be added that while at the commencement of the war England was a second or third-rate power, at its conclusion she was arbiter of the destinies of Europe. Lastly, there is another benefit—if indeed a benefit it can be called—which we must not omit to mention, and which we owe to this contest in the Peninsula, no less than the establishment of port-wine drinking in England. According to some, we are indebted for much of our pugnacity and stamina—according to others, for much of our gout—to this liquid. Be this as it may, the fact remains that our estrangement with France and our connection with Portugal substituted for many years port in place of claret as our favourite wine. Recently, the removal of the claret duties by Mr. Gladstone, and the fashions of doctors, have done much to weaken the predilection for port-wine in the tastes of Englishmen. Our gout

saw their native shores. A subsidy was also voted to the Emperor for the support of thirteen battalions of foot and thirteen squadrons of cavalry in addition to a large subsidy, the amount of which is not exactly known, which was given to the Portuguese. The expenditure on the fleet sent to watch the Spanish coast was over 6,000,000*l.*, the charge for transports was 1,336,719*l.* 10*s.* 11*d.*, that of victualling the land forces 583,770*l.* 3*s.* 6*d.*, and that of contingencies and miscellaneous expenditure 1,840,353*l.*—in all about 10,000,000*l.* besides subsidies, and this at a time when money in war certainly went three times farther than it does at present, and when it was a far greater tax on the resources of the country than it would be at the present day.

has certainly not decreased, and it is to be hoped that our national spirit has remained equally constant.

We must now turn back from this digression to follow the career of the man whose individual memoirs it is our task to write.

CHAPTER V.

FROM THE TIME WHEN LORD PETERBOROUGH QUITTED
SPAIN IN 1707, UNTIL THE FINAL INQUIRY INTO
HIS CONDUCT IN 1710.

Peterborough in Italy.—Complaints of Mr. Chetwynd.—Letter from Wratislaw to Marlborough.—Besenval's letter.—Charles of Sweden.—Peterborough's letter to Marlborough.—The Duke warns Count Maffey and De Quiros.—Peterborough at Hanover.—Letter of Marlborough to Godolphin.—To Duchess Sarah.—The Duke's caution.—Irritation of English Ministry.—Peterborough at home.—His treatment.—Defended by Dr. Freind.—Panegyric by Dean Swift.—Verses in Peterborough's honour.—His popularity.—War in Spain discussed in Parliament.—Ministry censured.—Opposition support Peterborough.—He makes amusing speeches.—Lord Charlemont.—Peterborough loses his sons.—Remains in seclusion.—Loses his wife.—Change of Ministry.—Swift and Peterborough.

WE left our hero just as he had landed in Italy in April, 1707, after narrowly escaping capture at the hands of the French squadron, with which the *Resolution* had made so gallant a fight. As soon as he had assured himself of the safety of his son, Peterborough at once proceeded to Turin, where he assumed the character of an unofficial envoy to the Duke of Savoy, with whom he proposed certain measures for an expedition against Toulon, and for making a diversion into Roussillon. The Duke,

however, although treating him with great kindness and consideration, was scarcely content to receive him in the capacity he assumed, being perfectly well aware that the gallant Earl was much in disgrace with the Ministry at home, and had been recalled from his command.

Mr. Chetwynd also, the authorised diplomatic agent, seems to have by no means relished this interference with his privileges, and, as will be seen by the following letter, certainly did not encourage the Duke to listen to Peterborough's proposals and suggestions. Eventually the latter decided to travel home by Vienna, Saxony, and the Netherlands, partly it would seem on account of his health, which the hardships and anxieties of recent campaigns had seriously affected, partly because such journeyings suited his erratic character, and partly, no doubt, because he was desirous that matters should have time to develop in Spain, as thereby he would have the best possible answer to any charges that his enemies might bring against him. Subsequent events proved the wisdom of his calculations.

Letter from MR. CHETWYND, British Envoy, Turin, to LORD SUNDERLAND.

“TURIN, May 4, 1707.

“As soon as his Lordship had left this place, his Royal Highness was pleased to send for me, to inform me of all that had passed between them, which he did with great confidence, showing, through all his discourse, a great respect for the Queen. His Royal Highness told me, that his

Lordship, after having communicated to him a sort of credential from the King of Spain, began to expose his commission, which was a project for penetrating into Roussillon, &c., which, his Royal Highness perceiving, did not give him time to conclude, but told him that the projects of the campaign being already settled with the Queen and the rest of the allies, he would not enter into any new measures which might be contrary to those projects. And further, that he would not treat with his Lordship as a subject of the Queen, till he had justified himself in England of what he seems to be accused; and then advised him, as a friend, to lay aside all thoughts of anything else, but making the best haste he could, to lay himself at the Queen's feet; which, after a great deal of reasoning, all which tended to his Lordship's justification, he promised his Royal Highness that he would do as he advised him. He went from hence in that resolution, which, I hope, for his own sake, he will put in execution."¹

Whatever the Earl's intentions may have been on leaving Turin, he certainly changed them, as we find that he did not land in England till August 20th, 1707, and, even making every allowance for the slow travelling of the day, four months was not required for the journey from Turin to London. The time, however, thus spent on the Continent was by no means wasted; wherever our hero went he made his mark, and letters appear in various correspondence all indicating the interest he excited in his progress, besides the annoyance and disquietude which his movements caused to the Ministry at home. The following letter from Wratislaw to the Duke of

¹ Coxe's *Life of Marlborough*, vol. ii. p. 79.

Marlborough is peculiarly interesting, as showing the sound view that this foreign Minister took, not only of Peterborough's own character, but also of the state of feeling in England at the time. In the days, however, of which we write, no matter what the verdict of public opinion, so long as the Government of the day retained the favour of the sovereign and the Court, it was extremely difficult to get rid of them. The intrigues of Mrs. Masham had far more to do with the fall of the Whig Ministry than their blunders in the Spanish war, the defeat of Almanza, or their support of the general whom the nation held answerable for the disaster.

COUNT WRATISLAW *to the* DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

“VIENNA, July 2, 1707.

“I am very much vexed to observe in the printed account that the English are inclined to support Lord Galway. To you I can speak with freedom ; and if I know anything of affairs in England, believe me the Lord Treasurer will be ruined if he supports Lord Galway, and it will afford fine sport for Lord Rochester and his party should the Ministry of England impute to the King of Spain the loss of that fatal battle. It is more natural to confess the truth, and to allow that Lord Galway and Das Minas, either from incapacity or some other reason, are the cause of the misfortune ; for otherwise it will appear inconsistent to support in England a French general at the head of an English army, who is become the abomination of the King and the Spaniards.

“Lord Peterborough is on the eve of his departure to visit you. He has shown himself sufficiently humble, although his ardour has occasionally transported him beyond the limits of moderation.

I have persuaded him not to publish his manifesto before he converses with you ; and if the Court does not persecute him, he will not do it. I believe it will be dangerous to offend him, as he is an Englishman, and has been supplanted by a Frenchman who has been the cause of this irreparable loss. When you have spoken to him you will probably be more satisfied with him than you imagine ; for Prince Eugene has written to me that his Lordship thinks like a general, although he does not always express himself with propriety ; and it is likewise true, that he predicted the misfortunes which have come to pass. Moreover, attempts have been made to persuade me that you are no longer the same friend to me as you used to be. I am convinced I have nothing to reproach myself with on your account, and I am inclined to serve you with the same attachment. Difference of opinion on the affairs of the world ought not to affect our personal regard, and time will best decide which of us is in the right. You know my disinterestedness, and that I do not desire anything for myself, but I protest that I shall always feel a sensible pleasure in giving you proofs of my esteem and veneration."

From Vienna Peterborough proceeded to visit King Charles of Sweden, from whom he felt assured that he would have a reception as favourable as that which he had been accorded by the Emperor. In this, however, he was disappointed. "The Hero of the North," as he was termed, was by no means of an effusive nature, and—as will be seen from the following letter, which appears in some of the intercepted communications of Besenval, the French agent at Leipsic—it required all the Earl's art even to obtain an interview.

His adventure is thus described :—

“My Lord Peterborough departed last week to return to England. Some days after his arrival, having come to Leipsic in a carriage, to the quarters of the Chancery, to pay his respects to the King of Sweden, they would not suffer him to enter the apartment, where the Prince had shut himself up with Count Piper. He did not conceal his chagrin at this disappointment; and while he amused himself with conversing in a parlour, he was informed that the King of Sweden was going out. He ran to present himself to that Prince, but found him gone; and mounting the horse of a groom, he made so much diligence, that joining him as he was going out of the village, he told him he was come to have the honour of paying his respects to him, and that his design had been to follow him for that purpose to his headquarters of Alt Ranstadt. ‘The weakness of my horse,’ he added, ‘obliged me to take the liberty of requesting your Majesty not to go so fast; a liberty I would not have taken if I were mounted on the smallest of the horses with which your Majesty’s stables are filled.’ The King laughed, and listened to him afterwards all the way to Alt Ranstadt, as he understood enough of French to comprehend what his Lordship said.

“M. Hermelin told me that my Lord Peterborough not being content with explaining his ideas in discourse had written them down, and given them in the form of a memorial to the Chancery. He added, that they were contrary to those of the English and Dutch Ministers, because they intended to engage the King of Sweden to intermeddle in the affairs of Europe in quality of arbitrator, by the facility which he would find in it from all quarters; the English being so little in a condition to support the war, they would be obliged the ensuing year to solicit peace,

if France could preserve the advantages which she had gained in this campaign.

“This Lord, who is bold, and has been treated as a madman by those among the Swedish Ministers who are suspected of being pensioners of England, has sought opportunities of speaking to the King, their master, and has found one, as you may have seen by what goes above; and I hope he has not failed to profit by it. I do not know, however, whether his too great vivacity, and the ill offices of some Swedish Ministers, may not have discredited his opinions.”

From the Swedish camp we find a long and singular letter written by Lord Peterborough to the Duke of Marlborough:—

“RANSTADT, NEAR LEIPSIK, *July 22, 1707.*

“However unfit for a journey, I was resolved to make the utmost diligence to your Grace; but hearing upon the road that her Majesty had resolved upon my Lord Rivers’s return with the forces appointed for the service of his Catholic Majesty, I concluded that general had given the Queen and the Ministers sufficient information as to the affairs of Spain.

“Not knowing that your Grace had sent passports for me to Cologne, as I have since been informed, I take the road by Bohemia, Dresden, and Hanover, the persons and circumstances in those countries giving sufficient curiosity; believing I might inform myself, so as to be able to give your Grace fuller accounts than letters can afford, all accesses being cut off from the Germans. Count Wratislaw was desirous of what lights I could get in a Court where private persons have the advantage of Ministers, especially if they will put on a blue coat and a black cravat.

“Mr. Robinson, at Leipsic, has all the good qualities

a Minister can have, and is a man of great integrity. I fear he is apt to confide too much upon the least favourable appearances; and therefore, at present, seems persuaded that the Swedes will pass Silesia without halting, in order to pursue a regular war with the Muscovites; having accepted the Queen's mediation relating to the disputes with the Emperor. It is somewhat strange the King will not admit Count Wratislaw into his presence, which makes me doubt a longer stay in Silesia than some imagine. From Hanover, I shall wait on your Grace in the army.

"To what relates to myself, I am sure I shall give your Grace satisfaction as to all my actions, and show how little I deserve any hardships. I have always depended upon your impartiality, but demonstration is the best security. If I have not done my duty, I desire no favour; if I have served well, I hope I may meet with a suitable protection, at least justification, as to all absurdities raised to my prejudice. I should be glad to have it from the Queen, and I have waited with great patience to that end. If not, my Lord, I can give it myself at any time; and cannot doubt but that the Queen will permit me to employ myself elsewhere, if her Majesty has no occasion for my services.

"I cannot but think Mr. Stanhope's politics have proved very fatal, having produced our misfortunes, and prevented the greatest successes. If my poor thoughts had taken place, her Majesty's fleet had had the honour of the conquest of Naples, instead of complaining of the attempt, which could not but succeed; and that force which has now prevailed, had been employed against France. The addition of my Lord Rivers's forces at Valencia did not procure our defeat, which was certain in the measures they took. I hope our good fortune is but delayed, and heartily wish your Grace may finish this war with the same glory with which you have maintained it."

As a commentary to the above letter are the following from the Duke of Marlborough; one in May giving Peterborough a warm invitation to pay him a visit as he passed by on the way back to England; and two others, written to Count Maffey and to M. de Quiros respectively, warning the one to be careful in his conversation with the Earl, and expressing to the other considerable dissatisfaction with Peterborough's conduct. In truth it is evident that, no matter how great their outward courtesy, there was but little real cordiality between these two great English generals of the reign of Queen Anne:—

To the EARL OF PETERBOROUGH.

“BRUSSELS, *May* 15, 1707.

“MY LORD,

“Being obliged by the Queen's commands, upon my arrival in this country, to hasten to the King of Sweden in Saxony, I did not receive the honour of your Lordship's letter of the 25th of February from Valencia till my return, and understanding at the same time by Mr. Stanyan that you were expected soon in Switzerland, coming this way in your return to England, I am willing to flatter myself that your curiosity of seeing this army, as well as your friendship to me, will give me the pleasure of seeing you very quickly; and that you may run no risk, I have sent for a French pass for you and your attendants, which you will find with M. Bilderbecy, the Dutch resident at Cologne.

“I am, my Lord, &c.,

“M.”

To COMTE MAFFEY.

“À BRUXELLES, *ce 19 Mai, 1707.*

“MONSIEUR,

“ Je suis bien aise de savoir le discours que S. A. R. a tenu avec my Lord Peterborough. Elle ne pouvait lui donner de meilleur avis. S’il passe par l’armée, je le conseillerai en véritable ami ; mais il faut, en lui parlant, le faire avec un peu de précaution, puisqu’il serait capable d’élargir et de donner tout un autre tour à ce qu’on lui voudrait dire ; et c’est ce que vous pouvez, s’il vous plait, insinuer au Comte de Briançon. . . ”

To M. DE QUIROS.

“AU CAMP DE MELDERT, *ce 30 Juillet, 1707.*

“MONSIEUR,

“J’ai reçu l’honneur de votre lettre du 26 de ce mois, où vous me marquez ce que vous avez appris des ménages de my Lord Peterborough depuis son arrivée en Italie. Il s’en garde de ne m’en dire le moindre mot, et j’ose vous assurer qu’une telle démarche ne sera jamais approuvée de la Reine ni de ses ministres, de sorte qu’il me semble que cela ne doit vous donner aucune inquiétude ; aussi je ne crois pas qu’il ait entamé cette affaire à la cour de Vienna, puisque selon les lettres que j’en reçois, on parait assez content de sa conduite. . . . ”

It must, however, be mentioned that before visiting Marlborough at the allied camp, Peterborough went to Hanover, where he was received with the greatest civility by the Electress Sophia, the mother of our race of kings, whose great ambition was never realised—that on her tomb there should be placed the inscription, “Here lies Sophia, Queen of Great Britain.”

This old lady, it appears, lent our hero a court carriage and six horses to take him to the palace of Herrenhausen, where he dined and supped every day.¹

He did not however stay there very long, as we find that on August 15th Marlborough writes to Godolphin from Soignies, saying:—

“My Lord Peterborough has been here ever since last Friday, and I believe thinks of staying some days longer, he assures me that he shall be able to convince yourself and Lord Sunderland that many stories have been made of him in which there is no truth, and he hopes to justify himself in every particular to the Queen’s satisfaction; and his intentions are to be employed by the Queen as she shall judge best; and that if she does not make use of him, that he may have her leave to serve elsewhere. He has very obliging letters from the King of Spain, and the Duke of Savoy has a kindness for him.”

On the same date he writes to the Duchess Sarah as follows, evidently showing great signs of boredom:—

“Since my last we have had one continued rain, so that neither the enemy nor we can stir out of our camps. I have at this time my winter clothes and a fire in my chamber; but, what is worse, the ill weather hinders me from going abroad, so that my Lord Peterborough has the opportunity of very long conversations; what is said one day the next destroys; so that I have desired him to put his thoughts in writing. My Lord Peterborough has

¹ Robethon to Cardonel, August 2nd, 1707. Coxe’s *Life of Marlborough*, vol. ii. p. 124.

shown me several obliging letters of the King of Spain to himself, which I can't but wonder at after what he has writ against him. He does also assure me that he is some thousand pounds the worse for the service, having lost his equipages; upon the whole he swears, and I believe, his estate is very much in debt."

A few days afterwards, on the 18th, Marlborough writes in despair to Lord Godolphin, much in the tone of a host who in an unwary moment has given a general invitation to a chance acquaintance, and, much to his disgust, has been taken at his word. He remarks, "Lord Peterborough has said all that is possible to me, but says nothing of leaving the army." Four days later he writes, "Lord Peterborough left us on Saturday. I have endeavoured to let him see that for his own sake he ought to clear up the objections against him, in order to which I have given him a letter for yourself; and he has promised that he will acquaint you and Lord Sunderland with all he has to say."

This so-called letter of recommendation seems to have been given more with the idea of getting rid of his visitor than for any other purpose; it was as follows:—

"SOIGNIES, *August 20.*

"MY LORD,

"As I have had the favour of Lord Peterborough's company ten days, he has not only shown me, but left with me the copies of several letters, and resolutions of Councils of War, to demonstrate the falsity of several facts maliciously reported of him. He has given me the enclosed paper of what

he hears is reported against him. My having been so constantly abroad makes me ignorant, not only as to this paper, but also what other facts may be laid to his charge; but as he is resolved to acquaint you and Lord Sunderland with everything, in order the Queen may have a true information, I shall say no more, but that, as far as I am capable of judging, I verily think he has acted with great zeal.

"I am, my Lord,

"Your most obedient humble servant,

"MARLBOROUGH."

The cautious and guarded expression of this letter appears worthy of remark, and is thoroughly characteristic of the writer, who throughout life took good care to set his sail so as to catch the wind, whichever way it might chance to blow. He bound himself practically to nothing, and might with equal consistency have subsequently declared Peterborough the most ill-used or the least deserving of mortals. That the Earl's visit had inspired Marlborough with more apprehension than regard is proved by a letter written to the Duchess Sarah two or three days after the departure of his guest. In this he says, "If Lord Peterborough should, when he comes to England, at any time write to you, pray be careful what answer you make, for sooner or later it will be in print."

Now that we have an opportunity of taking a glance behind the scenes and of finding out what all the leading public men of the time thought and wrote in their confidential letters, it is difficult to know whether the feeling of amusement or disgust

ought to predominate, as their insincerity was only equalled by their want of moral courage. We now know that Harley, afterwards Earl of Oxford, and Peterborough's devoted ally, actually suggested that the latter should be "committed"¹ on his landing from Germany. It need scarcely be said that no such course was adopted, but, on the contrary, soon after our hero's return he not only thoroughly vindicated his character, but became one of the most popular and influential men in the kingdom.

We have seen that Peterborough was already in great disgrace with those in power, and it is scarcely surprising that his unauthorised progress round the European capitals, where he had been airing his grievances, by no means tended to lessen the irritation of the Ministry. He seems, however, to have troubled himself but little as to what the Government thought of him, and to have paid about the same attention to their anger as he had to their repeated letters ordering him to return with all haste to England. Confident in the justice of his cause, and relying on his popularity with the public at large, he was aggressive, voluble, and even insolent. He treated Godolphin, Sunderland, and latterly even the great Duke of Marlborough, with the most utter defiance, and as soon as he saw the attitude of the Whigs, at once cut himself adrift from the party with which he had been associated all his life. Swift remarks in one of his letters written at this period, "It is a perfect jest to see my Lord Peterborough, reputed as great a Whig as any in

¹ Coxe's *Life of Marlborough*, vol. ii. p. 137.

England, abhorred by his own party and caressed by the Tories.”¹

It would seem that Peterborough on his arrival abstained from paying his respects to the Queen. In a letter² written by Mr. Addison to Lord Manchester it is mentioned that “Lord Peterborough has been in town a fortnight, but has not yet waited on her Majesty.” Also, “His Lordship says that, being struck out of the Privy Council, he thinks it improper to go to Court until he is sent for.” Similarly in a letter from Marlborough to Godolphin, dated September 12th, Helchin, there is the following passage:—

“By the letter I have just received from Mr. Secretary Harley, as well as by what you say of Lord Peterborough, I find he has not been with the Queen or any one in her service, which I wonder at; for he told me he would in the first place wait upon you and Lord Sunderland. He is very capable of pushing his animosities so far as to hurt himself and give a good deal of trouble to others, which were to be wished might have been avoided, especially this winter.”

According to Archdeacon Coxe,³ when, some little time after his return to England, he demanded an audience of Queen Anne, he was informed by Lord Sunderland, the Secretary of State, that this would

¹ Swift's *Letters*, xv. p. 293.

² *The Court and Society from Elizabeth to Anne*. Edited by the Duke of Manchester.

³ Coxe's *Life of Marlborough*, vol. ii. p. 178.

not be granted him until he gave an explanation of the three following points: "First, why he did not in the preceding campaign march to Madrid with the army under his command; secondly, why he did not fulfil his instructions, in advancing to the King of Spain the supplies intrusted to his disposition; and thirdly, why he retired to Italy without orders, and borrowed large sums of money on disadvantageous terms." Very probably Queen Anne, prompted by Lord Sunderland, did make this reply, but undoubtedly very soon afterwards she entirely changed her attitude, and treated Peterborough with as much favour and consideration as she did his enemies with coldness, and, in some instances, with undisguised hostility.

There can be no better instance of the ups and downs of political and public life than this episode. We find the successful general return to his native land, after years of absence, and meet with a reception which could scarcely have been less cordial had he been the unfortunate victim of twenty defeats. Not only this, the man of spotless integrity, who had wasted his own private fortune in the service of his country, and who in a most corrupt age, when bribes, commissions, and such like were regarded as the fair perquisites of a commander, had absolutely declined all such emoluments, with an honesty which, in any case chivalrous, was then almost quixotic—we find that this man was seriously called to account for the manner in which he raised money, and the uses to which it was applied.

In point of fact, at that time news was very slowly diffused through the country, and people neither thought so quickly, decided so quickly, nor forgot so quickly as they do now ; hence it was some time before the magnitude of the defeat of Almanza was fully appreciated, or real indignation was excited against those to whose mismanagement this disaster was due. Meanwhile the Ministry supported Lord Galway, partly from private friendship and partly to excuse themselves, as he was distinctly their general, while Peterborough was the general whom they had recalled. It thus happened that the quarrel as to the rival merits of the commanders became very much political, and was not finally settled until three years afterwards, when our hero and his conduct were triumphantly vindicated.

It was, however, by no means in accordance with Peterborough's character that he should sit still under misrepresentation or tamely submit to injustice ; fortunately for himself, although erratic and casual in other ways, he was in many respects a careful man of business, and had retained copies of all his correspondence, orders, and proceedings of Councils of War, while in Spain ; as he said, "I have overcome all my enemies except lies, and those I have papers enough with me to defeat." ¹

Immediately on his return these papers were handed over to his admirer and physician, Dr. Freind, and were published in his vindication ; the documents in this work have been frequently quoted

¹ *Account of the Earl of Peterborough's Conduct in Spain.* London, 1707.

in these pages. Similarly various pamphlets and poems were issued at the time in the same sense, praising in the most fulsome terms the new popular hero, all the more popular from his having been ill treated by an unpopular Ministry. Some of these panegyrics seem worthy of quotation. The following is extracted from a pamphlet, price one penny, which was published in London in 1707, and was entitled *Impartial Remarks on the Earl of Peterborough's Conduct in Spain*, written by a gentleman who was an eye-witness of his Lordship's transactions in that kingdom. It begins as follows, by quoting the first paragraph from Dr. Freind's book:—

“It was the constant fate of the great men of Rome and Athens, who had been eminently serviceable to their country, to meet with very unsuitable returns, and to find their best actions abroad traduced and set in false lights by malicious and ungrateful men at home who reaped the benefit of them. This has been remarkably the case of the Earl of Peterborough, whose important services in Spain, for which he deserved a statue from the publick, have been in a most barbarous manner misrepresented, and consequently misunderstood here in England.”

On the above the author says:—

“In remarking this paragraph I cannot but take notice, that as the deepest hate is that which springs from the most violent love, so the greatest discourtesies often arise from the largest favours. . . . The Earl of Peterborough's signal services, slighted by a never-satisfied people, is a great

instance of this nature, and experience has proved that Tacitus wrote truth, '*Beneficia usque adeo læta sunt, dum videntur posse exsolvis, ubi multum anteverere pro gratiâ, odium redditur.*' . . . His Lordship's conduct in Spain has apparently proved his honour to be endued with the three excellent qualities belonging to a general, viz., wisdom, valour, and experience. And as Cicero reports to the eternal honour of Cæsar that in all his commands in the field there was not found an *Ite* but a *Veni*, as if he scorned in all his onsets to be anything but still a leader, so by the sequel you shall find that his Lordship always taught by the strongest authority his own forwardness, his own examples."

And again—

"Though the weapons of war differ much from ancient times, and I believe the invention of ordnance hath mightily saved the lives of men, because they command at such a distance and are so irresistible, that men come not to the shock of battle, as in former ages, yet so unparalleled was the bravery and courage and valour of the Earl of Peterborough in this memorable siege of [Barcelona], that the dangers he exposed his person to were not inferior to the most eminent perils of those eternised generals and commanders, Alexander, Scipio, and Hannibal, the terror of whose arms struck an universal awe over three parts of the world."

We fear it can scarcely be said that the contents of this pamphlet bore out the claim to impartiality stated in its title.

The poets and the divines of the time equally combined to sound the praises of the great Earl.

Thus we find that a sermon was preached in St. Paul's Cathedral before the Queen, especially in his honour, and by her command was afterwards published. In it there occurs the following passage :—

“Then did his auspicious influence shine out more brightly upon the confederate arms, under the command of a genius peculiarly adapted to such an undertaking. His activity, and vigour, and noble fire pressed on apace, and quickly rendered him a sanctuary to the friends and a terror to the enemies of his cause. To these we, in a great measure, owe the swift reduction first, and afterwards the seasonable relief, of a city to whose fate that of the Spanish monarchy was thought so closely allied : that prize, so honourably disputed (together with the impressions made in other provinces of the kingdom, by a commander of unquestioned gallantry and zeal), is now, we hope, a firm establishment of glory and dominion to him whose royal presence was both its honour and preservation.”

Similarly Dean Swift, who although a great friend, and hence not impartial, had considerable influence and many followers, wrote as follows :—

“The only general, who, by a course of conduct and fortune almost miraculous, had nearly put us into possession of the kingdom of Spain, was left wholly unsupported, exposed to the envy of his rivals, disappointed by the caprices of a young and inexperienced Prince under the guidance of a rapacious German minister, and at last called home in discontent.”

The same admirer some time afterwards composed the following doggerel rhymes, which have been

quoted in subsequent histories and biographies almost whenever any account has been given of the life and exploits of the celebrated Earl of Peterborough. Apparently they were composed some time after his return from Spain, and refer to the various diplomatic missions on which he was engaged. It is said that they much pleased him,—more than any of the other many compositions, prose and verse, that were written in his honour.

“Mordanto fills the trump of fame,
The Christian world his deeds proclaim,
And prints are crowded with his name.

“In journeys he outrides the post,
Sits up till midnight with his host,
Talks politics, and gives the toast.

“Knows every prince in Europe’s face,
Flies like a squib from place to place,
And travels not, but runs a race.

“From Paris gazette *à la main*
This day arrived, without his train,
Mordanto in a week from Spain !

“A messenger comes all a-reek,
Mordanto at Madrid to seek ;
He left the town above a week.

“Next day the post-boy winds his horn,
And rides through Dover in the morn :
Mordanto’s landed from Leghorn !

“Mordanto gallops on alone,
The roads are with his followers strown,
This breaks a girth, and that a bone :

“His body active as his mind,
Returning sound in limb and wind,
Except some leather lost behind.

“A skeleton in outward figure,
His meagre corps, though full of vigour,
Would halt behind him were it bigger.

“So wonderful his expedition,
When you have not the least suspicion
He’s with you like an apparition.

“Shines in all climates like a star
In senates bold, and fierce in war,
A land commander, and a tar.

“Heroic actions early bred in,
Ne’er to be matched in modern reading
But by his namesake Charles, of Sweden.”

Perhaps it may cause surprise to find a notorious freethinker so popular with divines and priests. It must, however, be remembered that Peterborough in his religious views was never aggressive; in a letter to Pope he remarks that he has been to “hear Penn preach, for ’tis my way to be civil to all religions.” Thus in an extremely bigoted age it must have been rather refreshing to find a man who was always civil, unprejudiced, and impartial, on matters regarding which the rest of the world were as a rule excited, prejudiced, and impracticable, either on one side or on the other. In point of fact so much freedom of thought and latitude of principles are now voluntarily conceded to many who would be the last to repudiate the main tenets of Christianity, and who in their lives, so far as humanity goes, are above reproach, that very probably had Peterborough lived at the present day, he would have been considered an enlightened man with by no means unorthodox views.

Although the final inquiry into the management of the war in Spain did not take place till three years later, there were in the winter of 1707-8 some discussions on the subject in Parliament, and in all these, it need scarcely be said that our hero took a

leading and lively part. The matter was first brought up on December 15th, 1707, when the Earl of Rochester, supported by Lords Nottingham and Haversham, called attention to the case of the Earl of Peterborough, "who had been employed in most important posts, and had neither been thanked nor censured." After some discussion—in which Peterborough himself spoke with great good taste and modesty, but urging his claim to an inquiry—an order was made for papers and instruction relative to the case, as well as a statement of the sums of money and the manner in which they had been spent. Some days afterwards the subject was again opened in connection with an address which was presented to the Queen, urging the prosecution of the war in Spain. On this occasion Peterborough spoke vehemently, saying, "we ought to give the Queen nineteen shillings in the pound rather than make peace on any other terms than placing King Charles on his throne;" he added, "if necessary I will return to Spain and even serve under the Earl of Galway." He was followed by Lord Rochester, who attacked the policy of an offensive war in the Netherlands, saying, "I cannot forget the saying of the old Duke of Schönberg, 'that to attack France in the Netherlands is to take a bull by the horns.'" Similarly the Earl of Nottingham urged that a defensive attitude should be maintained in Flanders, but a vigorous offensive assumed in Catalonia. Against these proposals the Duke of Marlborough spoke "with some warmth," and it must be added with undoubted justice. He pointed out the danger of such an undigested counsel

and the necessity of augmenting rather than "diminishing our force in Flanders," and gave the special military reasons for his decision. On this the Earl of Rochester said, "he wondered that noble peer, who had ever been conspicuous for his calmness and moderation should now be out of his temper;" adding, "that there being an absolute necessity to succour Spain, his Grace would oblige their Lordships, if he would let them know where they might get the troops to send thither, and the more because the Earl of Peterborough had that very day assured them that he had heard Prince Eugene say that the German soldiers had rather be decimated than sent to Spain."¹

The Duke of Marlborough excused himself for having shown some warmth, by saying, "The thing was of too great importance to be spoken of without concernment; and as for the question proposed by the Earl," he added, "that although it was improper to disclose secret projects in so great an assembly (to which that day many strangers had been admitted), because the enemy would not fail being informed of them, yet to gratify their Lordships, he might assure them that measures had been already concerted with the Emperor for the forming an army of 40,000 men under the command of the Duke of Savoy, and for sending powerful succours to King Charles;" adding, "it was to be hoped that Prince Eugene might be prevailed with to go and command in Spain, in which case the Germans would gladly follow him."

¹ *History and Proceedings of the House of Lords from 1697—1714*, p. 184.

After some further remarks of the Duke of Marlborough, the debate ended ; on which their Lordships resolved, “ that no peace could be safe or honourable to her Majesty or her allies, if Spain and the Spanish West Indies were suffered to continue in the power of Bourbon.” They also agreed upon an address to her Majesty, “ that she should use pressing instances to the Emperor to send powerful succours to Spain, and to use his utmost power and interest for strengthening the army on the Rhine, which was now happily not under the command of the Elector of Hanover.” The Commons joined in this address, and the Queen answered on December 23rd, 1707, as follows: “ She was fully of their opinion, that no peace could be honourable or safe for them, or for their allies, till the entire monarchy of Spain be restored to the house of Austria.”

There can be no doubt that this was a decided victory over the Ministry and the Duke of Marlborough, although it was entirely a fruitless one. Notwithstanding this formal resolution, no immediate steps were taken to support Charles in Catalonia, while, on the other hand, every nerve was strained to strengthen the army in Flanders. Still further, when the Peace of Utrecht was finally ratified, one of its conditions was the surrender of the crown of Spain to the Bourbons ; and the political party which had specially denounced such a condition as being incompatible with a safe and honourable peace was mainly instrumental in negotiating the treaty. In truth, political consistency appears to have been as rare a virtue in those days as it is now.

Still this victory, barren as it was, encouraged our hero and his friends to bring on his case before both Houses of Parliament, for the double purpose of obtaining some recognition of his services and of damaging the Ministry: hence, as before mentioned, the matter became in a great measure political. The Opposition took up the cause of Peterborough more with a view of making light of the services of Marlborough in Flanders, than from any love of their new ally, who was opposed to both parties in the State—to the Tories by personal convictions, and to the Whigs by the force of circumstances. Still, those who supported him argued, with much justice, “It has always been usual, when a great man returns from an important enterprise, he should either receive thanks or be blamed for his conduct.” Similarly, Lord Halifax in reply, while acknowledging Peterborough’s great services, urged that as exception had been taken to part of his conduct, before any formal vote of thanks could be passed there should be an inquiry, and that he should be called upon to justify his action. This inquiry was the very thing that he most earnestly desired, and what the Government, for their own sake, were most unwilling to grant him, as inevitably their own shortcomings must have come to light, more especially the deficiency of the number of men actually put in the field as compared with those voted by the House of Commons.

Eventually the inquiry came on, and ended in a drawn battle, all charges against Peterborough fell to the ground, but on the other hand he received no

thanks and no rewards. At this time the power of Godolphin, Sunderland, Marlborough, and the Whigs, was far too great to allow of any mark of favour being shown to their avowed enemy and opponent. The accounts that we have received of the debate and inquiry represent it to have been highly amusing and even ludicrous. It lasted for more than two days, until the patience of both Houses was absolutely worn out, the tables groaned beneath the weight of evidence, the witnesses seemed to be innumerable, and the speeches, especially those of the noble Lord himself, whose conduct was being discussed, seemed interminable. At last the whole matter collapsed, and Peterborough, although devoid of the outward trophies, carried off all the real fruits of victory, in the form of a thoroughly re-established position and immense popularity.

In a letter¹ to Archbishop King, dated London, February 5th, 1708, Dean Swift remarks, "The two Houses are still busy on Lord Peterborough's affair, which seems to be little more than an amusement, which it is conceived at this time might be spared, considering how slow we are said to be in our preparations." Again in another letter to the same, dated on February 12th, he says, "My Lord Peterborough's affair is still upon the anvil, and what they will beat it into no man can tell." That there were various side issues, however, is evident, as Swift also remarks, "The great question whether the number of men in Spain and Portugal at the time of the battle of Almanza was but 8,600 men, when there ought to

¹ Swift's *Letters*, xv. p. 294.

have been 29,600, was carried on Tuesday in the affirmative."

In a like manner Mr. T. Addison¹ in a letter to Lord Manchester dated January 16th, 1708, mentions that—

"The House of Lords has been occupied for two days on Lord Peterborough's affair," and adds, "The first article, which my Lord spoke to, was taking up money at so great an interest, and the going into Italy without any commission from her Majesty. His Lordship has been extremely long in his speeches on that occasion, and shows a more than ordinary gaiety in his behaviour both in the House and out of it, ever since this affair has been in agitation. I don't hear that any of the Lords have yet declared their opinion against his Lordship's proceedings in the House, though enough has passed to show that the Duke of Normandy, Lord Rochester and others are well wishers to his Lordship's cause."

Similarly Mr. Edwin in a letter to Lord Manchester dated February 4th, 1708, says :—

"Lord Peterborough bids open defiance, and fires very thick at the Ministry, and sometimes with a great deal of wit, that people often attend it as they do a play—for amusement. I remember particularly his arguments for carrying on the war. He proved the necessity of it, because at the time we cannot get a good peace it is more honourable for a nation to perish fighting than submitting."

After this somewhat unsatisfactory and fruitless debate in the House of Lords, it is stated that our

¹ *Court and Society from Elizabeth to Anne.* Edited by the Duke of Manchester.

hero was involved in an inquiry of a very painful nature. It may be remembered that according to Captain Carleton and General Richards, who were present at the time, Lord Charlemont had by no means distinguished himself at the attack on Montjuick. To punish him for his conduct, Peterborough had not only broken up his regiment, but in other ways had shown his displeasure and disgust. The command of a regiment in those days was not only a position of honour and distinction, but one of considerable pecuniary advantage in many ways. Colonels fingered the pay and provided the clothing of their men, and even disposed of commissions to officers. It is therefore not surprising that Lord Charlemont and his friends demanded an inquiry with a view of alike re-establishing his character and filling his pocket. A board of general officers was appointed to inquire into the matter, but gave an open verdict—they decided that no one was to blame, but from all accounts Lord Charlemont was not reinstated in his regiment.

In the year 1709 Peterborough only once took any part in public affairs, and that was in connection with a bill brought into the House of Lords for improving the union with Scotland. On this occasion he opposed the Ministry, but without avail, as the bill passed by a large majority. After this, some time seems to have been spent in strict seclusion, for which there was a very mournful cause. As already mentioned, in one year the Earl lost not only his wife, but his two gallant sons, under most painful

circumstances. Of our hero's domestic life, unfortunately, we can learn but little. His eldest son did not accompany him in his campaigns, but, as before mentioned, it appears that they were on the best possible terms. It is also stated that he was much attached to his younger son, the brave and promising sailor. As regards Lady Peterborough, we know not whether they corresponded seldom or often, but certainly for many a long year the wife saw but little of her erratic husband, and from all accounts, when absent, fidelity does not appear to have been one of his most striking virtues. If the reports of contemporary writers are to be credited, she deserved far better treatment. Oldmixon addressed to her the following lines :—

“Beauty and wit and every charming grace,
Which brighten and adorn the mind and face,
The power creating as in you exprest.

“Beauty is wit's, and wit is beauty's friend,
But when with virtue, as in you they shine,
The transport is eternal and divine.”

We must believe and hope that, when the subject of these lines died of a “squinzey” and was laid in the family vault of Turvey, her husband felt many pangs of remorse.

In the following year, 1710, there occurred some great changes in the political world, and consequently a great change in the position and prospects of Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough. In August, Godolphin, the Lord High Treasurer, who had ruled the destinies of England so long, and on

the whole so brilliantly, received his dismissal; the Whig Ministry fell, and the Tories reigned in their stead. Harley, afterwards Earl of Oxford, and St. John, more widely known as Viscount Bolingbroke, were the leading spirits in the new Government. They were both very able men, and both were utterly unscrupulous. One of their first acts was to secure the support of Peterborough, knowing well that he was far too able and far too dangerous to be neglected. Mr. Harley, in his remarks regarding the possibility of forming an administration, says, "In the House of Lords, where the Whig faction have most of their strength and most of their able men, they will attempt to unite themselves at the first by some vote; therefore, no time should be lost in securing those who are to be had before they are so far engaged in the other way—such as Lord Peterborough." The way of securing this new ally was by sending him on a special mission to Vienna, to arrange the difficulties that had arisen between the Empress and the Duke of Savoy. This appointment was highly judicious, and answered the purpose for which it was made. Peterborough was not only muzzled, but converted into an active supporter by the compliment. On the other hand, Harley was very careful to limit the powers of his zealous and impulsive representative. He gave the Earl no real power, and actually at the very time when the latter was nominally urging an energetic prosecution of the war, the English Ministry behind his back were busy in secretly negotiating peace.

Dean Swift in one of his letters,¹ dated 3rd January, 1711, writes as follows:—

“Lord Peterborough yesterday called me into a barber’s shop, and there we talked deep politics. He desired me to dine with him to-day at the Globe, in the Strand. He said he would show me very clearly how to get Spain; that I could not possibly doubt it. I went to-day accordingly, and saw him among half a dozen lawyers and attorneys and hangdogs, signing deeds and stuff before his journey, for he goes to-morrow to Vienna. I sat among that scurvy company till after four, but heard nothing of Spain, only I find by what he told me that he fears he shall do no good by his present journey. We are to be mighty correspondents, so I took my leave of him.”

It must not be supposed from this that the Dean sat up till four in the morning; our ancestors were early in their habits and dined in the middle of the day, so we may rest assured that four in the afternoon is the hour named.

This journey to Vienna was, however, temporarily postponed by an unexpected incident in our hero’s life, as remarkable as it was satisfactory—no less than the inquiry into his conduct, which he had so long courted, and which resulted in his triumphant vindication. The account of this we must reserve for another chapter.

¹ Swift’s *Letters*, vol. ii. p. 138.

CHAPTER VI.

THE INQUIRY INTO THE CONDUCT OF THE WAR IN SPAIN, THE CAUSES WHICH LED TO ITS TAKING PLACE, AND ITS RESULT.

Peterborough receives no rewards.—Influence of the Marlboroughs.—Characteristics of the Duke himself.—His sweet temper.—His military talent.—His prudence.—Instances of his command of temper.—His moral character.—The reverse to the picture.—His treason.—His corruption and meanness.—Anecdotes of his meanness.—Sarah, Duchess.—Her arrogance and temper.—Violence to Dr. Mead.—Influence of Mrs. Masham.—Government turned out of office.—Marlborough comes to England.—Fails to reinstate his wife in favour.—Inquiry moved into Peterborough's conduct in Spain.—Debates on the matter.—Galway arraigned.—Questions put to Peterborough.—His replies.—Attacks the late Ministry.—Blames Lord Galway.—Resolution favourable to Peterborough carried.—Speeches by Peterborough and Marlborough.—Unanimous vote of thanks to Peterborough voted by Lords.—Harcourt's eulogistic speech.—Peterborough's reply.—Vote of censure on Galway.—His treatment considered.—Marlborough receives no thanks.—His equanimity and self-control.

As we have already seen, the conduct of Peterborough in Spain had already been the subject of a protracted inquiry in both Houses of Parliament and, although the discussion lasted for more than ten days, the result was a drawn battle. All charges against the gallant Earl fell to the ground; his character for scrupulous honesty, his military genius, and his

entire disinterestedness were fully established ; but, on the other hand, a vote of thanks to him for his services was defeated, and he remained without either material or honorary rewards. Under the peculiar circumstances of the English Court and Ministry at the time this was almost certain to be the result. It might indeed be difficult to convict an innocent man, more especially one who was so perfectly capable of defending himself as Peterborough, but honours and rewards were a different matter ; no one could hope to be given these who did not enjoy the favour of his Grace the Duke of Marlborough, and of Sarah, his powerful virago of a wife.

Sunderland, the principal Secretary of State, had married one of Marlborough's beautiful daughters ; the eldest son of Godolphin, the Lord High Treasurer, had married another. The Duchess absolutely ruled Queen Anne, who for many years in her intercourse and correspondence with her favourite had insisted on calling herself Mrs. Morley, and the Duchess Mrs. Freman, so as to indicate their entire equality. In fact the Court and Government was more or less a family party, with the great Duke at its head—he who, like Bacon, was termed “the greatest and meanest of mankind,” and who besides being the most powerful Englishman, had at one time perhaps more influence over the destinies of the civilised world than any man of the century.

Had it not been for the fall of Marlborough it is probable that the conduct of our hero would never have been publicly vindicated, that he would have

lived during the remainder of his life in comparative retirement, and that his countrymen would never have shown that—no matter what his failings or his foibles—at least for his many brilliant achievements they were not ungrateful. Although to a certain extent only indirectly connected with these memoirs, it is necessary to explain shortly how the fall of the great Duke, and still more that of the great Duchess, occurred.

As Marlborough owed many of his opportunities for distinction to the influence of his wife, so to her he mainly owed the occasion of his fall. As he was perhaps the best tempered man, so perhaps she was the worst tempered woman in the whole of Christendom. It is difficult to say how much during the course of his brilliant career he was not indebted for his success to this charming equanimity, to this sweetness of temperament, but most certainly the terrible infirmity of his beloved Sarah caused her rupture with Queen Anne, and eventually the disgrace and downfall of them both.

From all accounts, John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, must have been one of the most highly gifted among men; strikingly handsome, he had a charm of manner, a polish of address, which few men could resist, and none could gainsay. It was said that “he refused more gracefully than other people could grant, and that those who retired dissatisfied from his presence, were half compensated for their disappointment by the flattering manner of his denial. Though utterly devoid of vanity, he was nevertheless

conscious of the proud position in which he was placed, and that consciousness is said to have lent a dignity to his demeanour in his later years, which was only exceeded by the charming gracefulness of his youth." To this it may be added that he was possessed of most remarkable personal bravery, by which on several occasions in his early career he had been greatly distinguished; that he had military genius, of which it is only necessary to say that "he gained every battle which he fought; that he out-manceuvred every general who was opposed to him; and that he obtained possession of every town that he besieged."¹

Moreover, as remarked by Adam Smith, it is a characteristic of the great Duke of Marlborough that ten years of such uninterrupted and splendid successes as scarce any other general could boast of, never betrayed him into a single rash action—scarcely into a rash word or expression.

Of his charming temper many anecdotes are told, the following are generally credited, *se non è vero è ben trovato*. It is said that he was riding one day with Commissary Marriot, when a shower of rain coming on, he desired his servant to bring him his cloak. The man occupying a considerable time in unbuckling the straps, and the rain descending with great violence, the Duke again called out to the servant and inquired what could possibly delay him so long. "You must wait, Sir," grumbled the fellow, "till I can get at it, if it rains cats and dogs." The Duke turned round to Marriot and merely

¹ Jesse's *Memoirs of the Court of England from 1688—1760*.

remarked, "Now I would not be of that fellow's temper for all the world."

As an instance of his perfect self-command and prudence it is said that at another time he positively refused to give battle to the French, although there seemed every chance of success. Prince Eugene, his colleague, having in open council urged him to fight, and meeting with a refusal, heaped abusive epithets on him, even called his personal courage in question, and finally sent him a challenge, which was politely declined. On the following morning, the Duke suddenly appeared in the Prince's tent and requested him at once to rise and make ready for battle. He explained that the reason why he had refused to fight on the day previously was the presence in the council of a traitor, who would have betrayed their plans to the enemy, but now he added "After we have won the battle, I will give you whatever satisfaction you please." This satisfaction, it need scarcely be added, was never claimed.

Among his other virtues, it may be mentioned that the moral character of this great man as regards fidelity to his wife, was almost without reproach. In his early days there seems no doubt that he yielded to the temptations which his own handsome person, and the admiration of the ladies of a most dissolute court, threw in his way, but "with the hey-day of youth also expired the taste for criminal gratification, and from the hour of his marriage, not envy, nor even political hatred, dared to couple libertinism with his name."¹ In the camp, as well as the drawing-

¹ Jesse's *Memoirs of the Court of England from 1688—1760*.

room, he set an example of piety and decorum, was most strict in all his religious duties, and would permit no oath or profane expression to be uttered in his presence. In the senate he was as wise as in the field he was brilliant—a Nestor in council, an Achilles in battle. In short, as Bolingbroke in one of his latest letters described him, he was not only the greatest general, but also the greatest minister that our country, or any other, has ever produced.

There was, however, a reverse to the picture. No man honoured by his country has ever been accused, and apparently accused justly, of more political crimes, of more corruption, or of more unscrupulous treachery. He betrayed his great benefactor James II. to William III. ; and again, when serving the latter he was constantly engaged in treacherous correspondence with the former, even so far as to give notice to the enemy of the projected attack on Brest, which caused it disgracefully to fail. Dalrymple, in his memoirs, confirms this story on the authority of the Principal of the Scotch College at Paris, who informed him that, at the close of the reign of Queen Anne, Harley, Earl of Oxford, Marlborough's great political enemy, on the pretence of acting on behalf of the exiled family, of whom he was nominally a supporter, got possession of the original letter addressed by Marlborough to King James. This story seems supported by the circumstance that the Duke suddenly left England in 1712 after a private interview with Harley, and that when the latter was committed to the Tower and impeached after the accession of

George I., the trial was suddenly stopped by some mysterious influence.

There is a tradition that this influence was as follows:—It is said that Mr. Auditor Harley waited on the Duchess of Marlborough, when his brother was in prison, and showed her a letter written by her husband, which proved that he had been in treasonable correspondence with the Pretender. Mr. Harley, having read the letter, threatened that it should be produced at his trial unless all proceedings against his brother were immediately stopped. The Duchess, on this, suddenly managed to snatch the letter out of his hand, threw it in the fire, and then bid him defiance. On this he said, “Madam, I knew your Grace too well! The letter you burnt is only a copy; the original is safe in my possession.”

Of Marlborough’s corruption and meanness many stories are told. It is said that he received an annual present of £5,000 or £6,000 from the contractors of bread for the army; and he was also charged with deducting and appropriating to himself two and a half per cent. of the pay of the foreign troops maintained by England. It is true that in those days many such bribes were regarded as fair perquisites, or, at least, as far less dishonourable than they are now; and also that the Duke explained how all such money received was devoted by him to obtain intelligence regarding the enemy’s movements. Still, there must be some ground for the statement that, even for the reign of Queen Anne, Marlborough’s greed and his appropriation of perquisites exceeded all limits; otherwise he would not have on that account been

disgraced and turned out of all his employments, nor at his death would his fortune have been so gigantic—out of all proportion to what could have been acquired by really fair dealing. It is also said that one of the reasons why he retired from England in 1712 was that the Government had evidence that he had committed a most heinous offence, no less than having entered into a secret negotiation with the French Court in 1706, and having stipulated that he should receive a sum of 2,000,000 crowns provided he succeeded in effecting a peace between his own country and France. It is also related in the memoirs of the Marquis de Torcy, that Louis XIV. had, in 1709, offered Marlborough 4,000,000 livres on the condition that he would exert his personal influence to conclude a peace favourable to France, the terms of which were named. What a most convincing example alike of the enormous influence and the unscrupulous character of the great commander! As remarked by Swift, he was “as avaricious as hell, and as ambitious as the prince of it.”

Some anecdotes are related of his meanness and of his generosity which are too good to be omitted. It is stated that when he was drinking the waters of Bath, not very long before his death, he had a game of picquet with Dean Jones for sixpence a game, and after playing for some time got up the winner of one game. The Dean had no change, but being continually importuned by the Duke, who said he wanted sixpence to pay his chair home, at last changed a guinea and handed his debt over

to Marlborough, who after all walked home to save the sixpence.¹ At another time, on the eve of a battle, when Prince Eugene came to consult with him, the Duke scolded his servant for having lighted four candles in his tent in place of two.

There is also an amusing story told of Peterborough, which illustrates equally well his own character and the notoriety of the Duke's meanness. It would seem as if this anecdote were fairly well authenticated, as it is quoted by almost every biographer and historian who mentions the name of our hero. It appears that one day the Earl was riding in the streets of London and was mistaken for the Duke of Marlborough, the uniform of their ranks being much alike. The mob pursued with shouts of rage, threatening to pull Peterborough off his horse and to tear him in pieces. It may be remarked that just at that moment Marlborough was in equal disgrace with the Court, the Government, and the populace, his personal failings being peculiarly obnoxious to the latter. The Earl, however, was not dismayed; he turned round and coolly faced the howling mob. "Gentlemen," he said, "I have two means of proving to you that I am not the Duke of Marlborough. In the first place, I have only five guineas in my pocket; and secondly, here they are, entirely at your service." It is said that he then rode away, followed by the deafening cheers of his former enemies.

It must, however, be added that there are also anecdotes told of Marlborough's generosity. It is

¹ Spence's *Anecdotes of Men and Books*, p. 161.

said that he once advanced £1,000 to a young officer who could not purchase his promotion, and also that he made a present of £10,000 to the Earl of Mar in 1715; this latter story, however, is most apocryphal. Still, although anecdotes to his discredit would under any circumstances have been related about so great a man, it is extremely doubtful whether his corruption or his other misdeeds would have come to light had he remained in office, or had he retained the favour of the Queen; for his fall there can be no doubt that he was mainly indebted to the temper and wilfulness of his wife.

As before mentioned, this lady for many years enjoyed the most perfect favour and affection of Queen Anne. As a girl she had been a playfellow of the young Princess, and when the Princess became Queen, Sarah still remained her constant companion and friend in after life, their intercourse being conducted on terms of perfect equality. At last, however, the temper of the Duchess became perfectly unbearable, and, like many old servants who have been spoilt and pampered, she presumed on her position, and seemed to have lost that tact, prudence, and discretion which in her early days had been the foundation of her fortunes. It is said that when it was her duty to hand the Queen either her fan or her gloves, she used insolently to turn her head away, as if her mistress had some offensive smell.¹ The Earl of Dartmouth also relates the following:—

¹ Walpole's *Reminiscences*, p. 68.



PRINTED BY THE AUTOMATIC ENGRAVING CO., LIMITED

SARAH JENNINGS, DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

“After the battle of Blenheim,” he says, “the Duchess of Marlborough thought her foundation so broad that she treated the Queen with the utmost insolence and contempt. The last free conference she had with her was at Windsor, where Mrs. Danvers, who was then in waiting, told me that the Duchess reproached her for about an hour with her own and her family’s services, in so loud and shrill a voice that the footman at the bottom of the back stairs could hear her; and all this storm was raised for the Queen having ordered a bottle of wine a day to be allowed her laundress, without having acquainted her Grace of it. The Queen seeing her so outrageous, got up to have gone out of the room; the Duchess clapped her back against the door, and told her she should hear her out, for that was the last favour she could do her, in return for having set or kept the crown upon her head. As soon as she had done raging, she flounced out of the room, and said she did not care if she never saw her more, to which the Queen replied very calmly, that she thought the seldomer the better. She used to entertain her *confidantes* with telling them what a praying godly idiot the Queen was, and was wise enough to think that they would keep such a secret for her.”

There are many similar anecdotes of this lady’s violence and meanness; it is even said that at her husband’s last illness she so far forgot herself at some imaginary slight on the part of Dr. Mead,¹ the

¹ Dr. Mead was one of the most celebrated and fashionable doctors of the reign of Queen Anne, when physicians and quacks were almost as

eminent physician, who was attending him, that she rushed at the unfortunate doctor, swore at him, abused him most violently, and actually attempted to tear the "periwig" off his head. Also after her breach with Queen Anne it is stated that there was no degradation of meanness and petty spite to which she did not descend, even to casting away her Majesty's portrait, presented to her in memory of the battle of Blenheim, and carrying off the slabs from the chimney-pieces in her apartments at the palace, where in virtue of her former office she had been permitted to reside. The Queen was so irritated by this conduct that she took steps to suspend the works on Blenheim, which was then being built at the expense of the nation.¹

The Duke of Marlborough, unfortunately for

numerous and as hostile to each other as at the present day. It is related that one Woodward not only attacked Dr. Mead violently in a pamphlet, entitled the *State of Physick and Diseases*, but also insulted him in public. At last Dr. Mead lost his temper, drew his sword, and, disarming Woodward, who drew also, told him to beg for his life. "Never," was the reply, "till I am your patient." In the end, however, Woodward ceased his annoyance, and Dr. Mead lived in peace.

¹ The violence of the feelings and the language of "old Sarah," as she used to be termed in her latter years, is well exemplified by the following extract from one of her letters, in which she speaks of two men who at one time were both her devoted friends, and who in fact owed their selection for command to her favour. She says—"The one was Lord Rivers, a man scandalous and vile in his character to a very low degree, of no better reputation than a common pickpocket, having robbed his own father, and gone under the name of Tyburn Dick for many a long day. The other was Lord Peterborough, a man who, to the same villainess of soul, had joined a sort of knight-errantry that made up a very odd sort of composition, one who had wasted a fortune and worn out his credit, and had nothing left him but so much resolution and so little honour as made him capable of anything they had put upon him."—MARLBOROUGH'S *Correspondence*, vol. ii. p. 137.

himself, could not get rid of his wife—he remained henpecked and uxorious to the last; but it does not seem in any way surprising that Queen Anne should have willingly relieved herself from the domination of such a harridan, and should have fallen an easy victim to the influence of one, who had not indeed the Duke of Marlborough for a husband, but who was far cleverer, far pleasanter, and ten times more discreet than the renowned Sarah even in her best days. Mrs. Masham was indeed a remarkable person, one of the comparatively few women in the course of the world's history who have risen from a most humble position to control sovereigns, to turn out ministries, and to change the destinies of nations. Her maiden name was Abigail Hill, the daughter of Mr. Hill, a Turkey merchant, and a poor relation of the Duchess of Marlborough, through whose good offices she was made a waiting maid in the royal household. When in this position she married a Mr. Masham, one of the gentlemen of the bed-chamber to Prince George of Denmark, and she then gradually insinuated herself into the favour of Queen Anne till at last she entirely supplanted her former patroness, upset the Whig Ministry, and thereby no doubt indirectly influenced the history of the world.

As already stated, Godolphin, Sunderland, and the Whigs, were turned out of power in August, 1710, while the Peace of Utrecht was not finally ratified until April, 1713. During that period, although his party were out of power and his wife in disgrace with the Queen, Marlborough retained

command of the allied armies, and, if he possessed far less influence among his own countrymen than in days gone by, he still retained the respect and esteem of foreign powers, and cannot be said yet to have fallen from his high position.

In December, 1710, he was in the Netherlands, as before, in chief command, but finding that military affairs did not require his presence there, while in his own interests and in those of his wife he was much needed in England, he embarked in Holland on the 23rd instant, and after encountering contrary winds, landed at Solebay on the 26th. Immediately on his arrival he exerted himself, but entirely without success, to reinstate the Duchess in the favour and service of the Queen. He then had various interviews with the Tory Ministers, but found that for once in his life his powers of diplomacy and arts of conciliation failed him. He could in no way secure their friendship or even soften their hostility; and very soon after his return he was subjected at their hands not only to an indirect slight, but to a positive and deliberate insult.

It will be remembered that the surrender of Brihuega and the final disasters in Spain had just occurred. The public opinion of Englishmen was much excited at this lamentable end and result of all their great sacrifices, and, as the Queen in her speech referred to these misfortunes, both Houses of Parliament were only too glad of the opportunity for instituting an inquiry into the conduct of the war, with the double purpose of satisfying the public and of conveying a censure on the late Ministry.

As this inquiry was to extend not only to the recent campaign but also to the operations of the war in Spain from the very commencement, it was moved by the Duke of Beaufort, and carried, that the departure of Peterborough for Vienna, where he had just been appointed ambassador, should be stopped, and that he, together with some of the principal actors in the various campaigns, should be summoned to the bar of the House. Our hero's servants had already got as far as Greenwich, but they were suddenly recalled; and their master at once most eagerly and joyously commenced to prepare alike his own defence and a violent arraignment of the former Whig Government.

The debate commenced on January 5th, 1711; and, from the reports¹ that have been handed down to us, was most protracted, animated and exhaustive. Lord Galway and Lord Tyrawley, formerly known as Sir Charles O'Hara, were summoned to the bar of the House to give an account of their conduct. The former, by reason of his infirmities, was accommodated with a chair, and on being told to state all he knew with reference to the war in the peninsula, stated that he would satisfy their demand so far as his imperfect knowledge of English permitted. The latter on the other hand assumed rather a defiant attitude; it is said that "he stood on the reserve, and said that when he was in the army he kept no register, and carried neither pen nor ink about him, but only a sword, which he used the best he could upon occasion; and that all he

¹ *History of the Proceedings of the House of Lords, 1707-8.*

knew in general was that they always acted according to the resolutions of the Council of War." The Duke of Marlborough after this rose, and with warmth said, "It was somewhat strange that generals, who had acted to the best of their understandings and had lost their limbs in the service, should be examined like offenders about insignificant trifles." And again rising, he said, "That he could not perceive the tendency of such an inquiry; but if they designed to censure persons who had acted to the best of their understanding, they would have nobody to serve them."

The time was when a protest like this from the great Duke would have sufficed to stifle all further inquiry, but a very different spirit animated the august assembly, which then met at St. Stephen's. In truth, it seemed rather hard to arraign the infirm old warrior, disfigured by wounds and broken in health, who now sat before them. Unfortunate he had certainly been on many occasions, but his gallantry, honesty, and fidelity no one could attempt to gainsay. It is satisfactory to learn that their Lordships appeared to be well satisfied with his narrative, which seems to be the plain unvarnished tale that an honourable brave soldier would give; but this statement, although it thoroughly vindicates his honour, and proves that the errors he committed were in many instances the result of the decisions of Councils of War, cannot but leave the same impression of his abilities as a commander, which would be naturally gathered from his continual defeats. Lord Tyrawley was let down very lightly,

his gallant conduct before Guadalaxara was not forgotten. Peterborough, like all great commanders, was ever mindful of conduct worthy of commendation; while, as in the case of Lord Charlemont, he never forgave anything which he considered to be the reverse.

Five questions were then put to Peterborough, with a view apparently of drawing him out and giving him a chance equally of showing his own great services, and of attacking his opponents. In this they were eminently successful. The first question was as follows:—

“That the Earl of Peterborough be desired to acquaint the Committee how he was supported with men and money during the time he commanded in Spain; and what application he made for either, and to whom.”

To this was given a long answer, in which were the following characteristic passages:—

“That the management of the war in Spain, when under the conduct of other generals, was not only supported by great numbers of men and vast sums of money, but also with notorious falsehoods published in their favour to excuse their repeated disgraces; whereas his Lordship was not supported as the service required with either men or money; but his conduct traduced, notwithstanding his constant successes, by multitudes of representations and suggestions to his prejudice; all of them detected

to be false before your Lordships on the evidence lying before the House, or in his hands to prove them so, whenever his Lordship should be allowed the opportunity."

It will be seen that the gallant Earl at once assumed a bold offensive, as was his custom, and fortune favoured him now, just as much as she did when he assaulted Montjuick. He then proceeded most violently to attack the former Ministers and their *protégé* Lord Galway, making some specific statements, which were uncontradicted, and afforded a curious commentary alike on the difficulties which he had to surmount, and on the manner in which war was carried on at the time.

In the first place he stated that Stanhope only brought out reinforcements of 5,000, although in the London gazettes they were announced to be 25,000, and that "no one regiment was provided with the least equipage, no mule nor horse, no carriage for the troops, nor any beast of draught for the artillery, nor magazines for provisions on the march;" "that he was not allowed for baggage money, forage-money or the train of artillery till just about the time when the command of the forces was put into other hands," and that he had "to shift as well as he could with what money he had of his own, or could pick up and down in the world, and was rewarded for his pains and services with having his bills protested." In fact, he drew a lamentable picture of the way in which the Ministry at home had conducted the war, thus proving that mistakes

and blundering in organisation are not peculiar to the War Office of the present generation.

The four other questions were directed to clear up the following points:—

“1st. The halt of Lord Galway at Madrid in the autumn of 1706 and his subsequent retreat to Valencia; 2nd. What information Lord Galway had sent Peterborough of his presence at Madrid, and the reasons which induced Charles to go by Aragon in place of by Valencia; 3rd. The Council of War in Valencia in January, 1707, at which the plan of operations for the next campaign was framed. Lastly, what motives the Archduke had for leaving the army when it was resolved to march towards Madrid and against the enemy.”

To all these questions Peterborough replied in his usual incisive and pointed style, directly and indirectly casting great blame on Lord Galway, while he exonerated himself, as it would seem, with great ability and perfect success. To these replies Lord Galway was allowed a rejoinder, and then the sense of the House was taken, after a most lengthened debate, on the various points at issue.

It would be tedious to quote a tenth of the speeches delivered on this occasion, even as they are given in the condensed form of the Parliamentary reports,¹ which are the only records that have been handed down to us; suffice to say that all the leading peers of the realm took part in it, that the

¹ *Proceedings of the House of Lords, 1707-8.*

Queen herself was present, and that there was a violence and party feeling displayed such as are not unknown, but fortunately are extremely rare, in these days. Eventually Earl Ferrers moved a resolution that "the Earl of Peterborough has given a very faithful, just, and honourable account of this Council of War at Valencia." This motion was carried only by a majority of twelve, namely fifty-seven to forty-five, but two days afterwards the debate was continued with redoubled vigour and earnestness. Peterborough opened it with the following remarks :

"Having had the Queen's orders to leave, I hope your Lordships will give me an opportunity of clearing some heads that have been made against me by the Secretary of State. My going out of Spain for Italy was to concert measures for the siege of Toulon, according to my instructions: being empowered to treat and negotiate with the Duke of Savoy particularly about that siege, of which I have already given an account in writing. I had several conferences with the Duke of Savoy and Prince Eugene; but, although acting according to my instructions, I was recalled by the Earl of Sunderland in a letter dated 23rd of September, 1706, for negotiating matters of so high a nature without the Queen's authority." He added, "I proposed to get 5,000 men from Lord Galway to assist in the siege of Toulon, and that he should act defensively. I returned to Spain from Turin for this purpose. Lord Galway refused these men; he refused to act defensively, and he lost the battle of Almanza."

Lords Cowper and Godolphin and the Duke of Marlborough replied in the defence of Galway ; the Duke, after other remarks controverting Peterborough's statements, remarked, "My Lord Galway and everybody in Spain have done their duty, and though I must own that my Lord has been unhappy, and that he had no positive orders for a battle, yet I must do him the justice to say that the whole Council of War were of his opinion, to fight the enemy before the coming up of the Duke of Orleans with a reinforcement of 9,000 or 10,000 men. On the other hand I confess I do not understand how the separation of the army would have favoured the siege of Toulon." Further on he said, "The situation of the army could not be preparatory to a defensive, but to an offensive war, which in my opinion was the best war to make a diversion and thereby hinder the French from relieving Toulon. But after all, that unhappy battle had no other effect than to reduce us to the defensive ; for the French troops that were detached from Spain never came before Toulon."

Lord Cowper also vindicated the resolution of undertaking an offensive war, saying that "he advocated it with the best intentions to serve his country." To this Peterborough replied with his accustomed sarcasm. He said, "One would be apt to think that the Ministry were for a defensive war, when they suffered me to want men, money, and all necessaries ; and, although I had instructions to treat about the siege of Toulon, I had letters of revocation sent to me of a sudden, which, however, I sent back unopened. When I came home, I was

coldly received and disregarded; but I preserved myself not only by my integrity and little service, but also by caution and prudence."

In this manner the debate went on, but in the end the well-known saying that "facts are stubborn things" was as usual shown to be wholly incontrovertible. They might talk and argue as they liked, but the fact remained that Peterborough, when he had the command, never met a single check, and achieved marvellous successes; also that before he left Spain, contrary to his usual custom and natural instincts he advocated a defensive strategy, that he was overruled, and that in consequence there followed not one, but a succession of crushing disasters. The result of the vote when the sense of the House was taken cannot be regarded as surprising. A resolution was passed to the effect that "The late Ministers were justly to be blamed, for contributing to all our disasters in Spain, and the consequent disappointment of the expedition against Toulon, by carrying on an offensive war." It was also added "That the Earl of Peterborough performed many great and eminent services, and, had his opinion in the Council of War at Valencia been followed, it might very probably have prevented the subsequent misfortunes." The above resolution was passed by a substantial majority. Then there followed a vote of thanks to Peterborough, all the more triumphant and satisfactory, as in a full House, containing, it need scarcely be said, many personal and political enemies, it was unanimous.

The Duke of Argyll moved a "compliment to

him," and the Duke of Buckingham proposed that a vote of thanks should be recorded; both of these motions were agreed to without a single dissentient. The Lord Keeper, Harcourt, accordingly with due solemnity conveyed to the gallant and long-neglected Earl the formal thanks of the House in terms which are too eulogistic and remarkable to be omitted. He said—

“My Lord, the thanks of this illustrious assembly are an honour which has been rarely paid to any subject, but never after a stricter inquiry into the nature of any service, upon a more mature deliberation, or with greater justice than at this time to your Lordship. Such is your Lordship’s known generosity and truly noble temper, that I assure myself the present I am now offering to your Lordship is the more acceptable as it comes pure and unmixed, and is unattended by any other reward which your Lordship might think might be an alloy to it. My Lord, had more days been allowed to me than I have minutes, to call to mind the wonderful and amazing success which perpetually attended your Lordship in Spain (the effect of your Lordship’s personal bravery and conduct), I would not attempt the enumerating your particular services, since I should offend your Lordship by the mention of such as I could recollect, and give a just occasion of offence to this honourable House by my involuntary omission of the far greater part of them.”

To these extravagant compliments and profuse thanks Peterborough replied with that tact and

grace, of which, both in his speeches and letters, he was, when he liked, such a thorough master. He said—

“My Lords, for the great honour and favour I have received from your Lordships, I return my most humble thanks, with a heart full of the greatest respect and gratitude. No services can deserve such a reward ; it is more than a sufficient recompense for any past hardships, and to which nothing can give an addition. I cannot reproach myself with any want of zeal for the public service ; but your Lordships’ approbation of what I was able to do towards serving my Queen and country gives me new life ; and I shall endeavour, in all my future actions, not to appear unworthy of the unmerited favour I have received this day from this great assembly.”

Not content with this commendation on their hero, the Lords passed a vote of censure on Lord Galway for giving precedence to the Portuguese—they could not censure him for fighting in accordance with the decision of a Council of War, but they directed the author of the reply which was written to Dr. Freind’s account of Lord Peterborough’s conduct to be taken into custody. They also voted an address to the Queen, in which they fully recapitulated all their commendations of Lord Peterborough, and their censures of Lord Galway. Thus ended this great inquiry, perhaps the most memorable and certainly the most exciting that occurred in the reign of Queen Anne.

What happened, we may ask, to the principal actors of this remarkable drama, and how did they comport themselves after the curtain had fallen and the audience had departed?

Peterborough, so we are told by Lord Lansdowne, drove off in his carriage from the splendid scene, and as he passed a poulterer's shop dismounted and selected a fat chicken for his dinner. He then went home, no doubt thoroughly enjoyed his meal, and then, with his usual energy, started off the next morning for Vienna.

Poor old Galway also went home, but it must be feared in a very different frame of mind; but after all, much as we may pity the gallant refugee with his gout and infirmities, it seems impossible to think, as some historians have suggested, that he was hardly treated. Any general who has been even partially unsuccessful must expect meagre courtesy; and when we consider the Huguenot's persistent and unvarying bad fortune, although his apologists adopted the motto—“*Careat successibus opto. Quisquis ab eventu pacta notanda putet,*”¹ it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that, all things considered, he was treated not only with forbearance, but with absolute generosity.

Lastly, as regards the great Duke of Marlborough. The result of the inquiry and the subsequent resolution were indirect but very pointed censures on himself. The vote of thanks, which he had every reason to expect for his services in the recent campaign in Flanders, had not been accorded him;

¹ Ovid, *Epistles*, ii.

whereas his rival and open antagonist had been commended in terms of most profuse and extravagant laudation. But what was a still greater slight, in this vote of thanks there had been a sarcastic reference to his great rewards, so pointed that it amounted to a studied personal insult. It had been especially said that the present offered to Peterborough was "pure and unmixed without alloy."

Ordinary men under such circumstances would have shown pique and temper, and thereby have played into their enemies' hands, but Marlborough was not one of these. It may be supposed that he did not unnecessarily prolong his stay in England. Having remained long enough to ascertain that he could not reinstate his wife, or conciliate the Tories, he soon found that his presence was urgently required with the army in the Netherlands. It is however stated that, notwithstanding the coldness with which he had been treated by the Queen, he took leave of her with every testimony of respect and duty; and that, apparently oblivious of his treatment by the Ministers of the day, he bid them farewell with every external mark of equanimity and courtesy. One cannot but admire such extraordinary self-control, more especially as it is seldom combined with talent and genius. In this marvellous complacency how superior he was to Peterborough!

CHAPTER VII.

FROM THE VINDICATION OF LORD PETERBOROUGH'S
CONDUCT IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS IN 1710-11
UNTIL HIS FINAL RETIREMENT FROM PUBLIC LIFE
IN 1714-15.

Interesting part of Peterborough's public career at an end.—Progress made in England during his life.—Growth of London.—London in 1708.—London in 1740-9.—Peterborough House.—Peterborough goes to Vienna.—Letter to Dean Swift.—Proceeds to Turin.—The Duke of Argyle.—Remonstrances from Government at home.—Peterborough rushes home.—Swift's account of his journey.—Duplicity of Ministers.—Complaints of Bolingbroke.—Letter of Swift.—Peterborough's schemes.—Death of German Emperor alters the situation.—Peterborough had no hand in the peace.—Rushes off to Italy.—His instructions.—The Prince of Saxony.—Deception practised by Bolingbroke.—Peterborough cajoled.—Swift's account of him.—Peterborough receives new honours.—Speaks on union with Scotland.—Again on asylum being granted to the Pretender.—Appointed Minister to Sicily.—Appointed Governor of Minorca.—Change of Ministry.—Harley, Earl of Oxford.—St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke.—Peterborough's position after accession of George I.

WITH the public and triumphant vindication of his conduct in Spain, the main interest of Peterborough's life may be said to cease. It is true that he was subsequently employed in several offices of trust and distinction, that he was made a Knight of the Garter, and reaped many of the rewards, which accompany the close of a great and distinguished public career,

but the striking incidents and features of his life were over. It now only remains to give an account of his various missions and desultory speeches; to relate such anecdotes as have filtered down to us through the correspondence of contemporaries; to quote a few letters, some indeed written when the frailties of age seem to have overtaken him without replacing many of the follies of youth—and from these materials to draw a picture of how this strange mortal spent his latter years and finally sank to his rest.

To appreciate, and indeed to understand, many of the incidents described and the letters quoted, it is necessary to have some idea of the customs and habits of the age. Those who are led to form their ideas of life and manners in the reign of Queen Anne from the recollections of the present or even the past generation, will be egregiously in error. At the same time it must also be remembered that, although, thanks to railways and other inventions, there has been a greater change in the condition of England during the last fifty years than during the same time at any other period, still the social alterations which occurred between the youth and old age of Peterborough were, if less marked, not less important. England made great strides between the reign of Charles II. and the accession of the House of Hanover; hence the sketch drawn in the second chapter of this work of the condition of our ancestors in the time of Peterborough's boyhood and youth, is by no means applicable to the early part of the eighteenth century.

There can scarcely be a better illustration of the changes that occurred during the period of which we write than the growth of London during those seventy odd years; in the same manner, we cannot obtain a better idea of England as it was then, as compared with England as it is now, than by placing side by side a map of London in 1707¹ and that of the present capital as it now exists. As it happens we have ample material for our research. There was a book published in 1708 entitled, *A New View of London; or, an Ample Account of that City*. In this work all the streets, churches, and public buildings are minutely described; two plans are also attached, one of London at the time of Queen Elizabeth, and another of London at the date in question; attention is also specially called to its marvellous growth between the two periods.

The increase certainly was most remarkable; but the contrast between the capital of Queen Victoria and that of Queen Anne is still more surprising. Thus, we find that, whereas about the period of the Plague, London scarcely exceeded the limits of the City proper, in 1708 it had extended westward as far as Clarges Street, Piccadilly, or rather, where that street now stands. Buckingham "House" was then in the fields, and Piccadilly—or rather, Portugal Street, as the greater part of that thoroughfare was then called—became the "road to Exeter" after it passed to the west of St. James's Street. Berkeley

¹ "A new map of the cities of London and Westminster and the Burrough of Southwark, together with the suburbs as they are now standing. Anno Dom. 1707." British Museum.

House then stood on the site now occupied by Devonshire House, but Berkeley Square did not exist, and of Grosvenor Square there is no trace whatever. "Hide" Park was absolutely in the country; and it need scarcely be added that all the various suburbs, such as Kensington, Clapham, Chelsea, Fulham, Paddington, were then villages not included in the map of London. In the plans of Middlesex, however, we find the hamlets of Chelsea, Brompton, Paddington, St. Mary-le-bone, Marylebone Farm, Tottenham Court; also Knights' Bridge, marked as the bridge over a stream which fell into the Thames near Chelsea.

St. James's Park had apparently very much its present form. In the northern part there was a canal, and in the southern a decoy—the same as that where Charles II. used to amuse himself to the delight of his loyal subjects by feeding the ducks.

North of Oxford Street, then called "the road to Oxford and Worcester," there seem to have been scarcely any houses whatever. The city of Westminster existed, but did not extend further west or south than the space that would be bounded by two lines meeting at right angles, one drawn through the centre of St. James's Park, and the other through Lambeth Palace.

On the south bank of the Thames there were very few buildings, but apparently a narrow line of wharfs or warehouses extended from opposite Whitehall to near London Bridge, where there was the small borough of Southwark. This bridge was then the only per-

manent means of crossing the river, although there were ferries, which correspond in a great measure as regards position to the bridges as they now stand. Below Southwark there were houses about 600 yards in depth, until nearly opposite Wapping; thence, for some distance, there was nothing but a range of warehouses, succeeded by hamlets and cottages, gradually becoming fewer and more scattered until the country was reached at Rotherhithe.

At the east end of London the change has been just as great as in the west. Even in a map which cannot have been printed before 1720, we see that Ratcliff is the extreme eastern suburb on the river bank; and that northward, on the "road to Harwich," the town does not extend much beyond Whitechapel. On the north-east we find Hoxton the extreme limit; while Charterhouse, now buried in the centre of the town, was then on its edge. Similarly, to the north-west, Bloomsbury Square and Montague House, where Montague Square now stands, are the *ultima thulæ*; to the north of these there being fields and country. The "Fleet" river, so called from the rapidity of its current, is very clearly marked and was then uncovered. Of course, the Tower, St. Paul's Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, and Whitehall stand out in strong relief; while the principal spaces, beginning from the west, are Golden Square, St. James's Square, "Liester" Square, Covent Garden, Lincoln's Inn Fields, Artillery Ground, Moorfields, Goodman's Fields nearly due north of the Tower, and a large space called Garden Grounds just north of Wapping stairs.

In a map apparently published between 1740 and 1749¹ we find considerable changes in the town; Westminster Bridge for the first time appears, in addition to London Bridge, and also the block of buildings and streets of which Cavendish Square and Hanover Square are the centre, are now marked on the map. Grosvenor Square and the streets immediately on its east and south side seem to have been designed and partly built, but all Mayfair, as it now exists, is represented as "Barkleys fields," while of Berkeley Square there is no trace or sign.

Peterborough himself had no permanent town house, but lived at a charming villa at Parson's Green, Fulham, where his pleasure grounds and gardens were celebrated. Swift in one of his letters, dated September 1st, 1711, mentions that he dined at Parson's Green in Lord Peterborough's absence, and adds, "It is the finest fruit garden I have ever seen about this town, and abundance of hot walls for grapes, which are ripening fast." At the present day those who pass through Parson's Green on their way to Putney, to Hurlingham Club, or some of the popular resorts in that neighbourhood, will see "Peterborough House" on their left. A portion of the house is apparently the same as it was in the days of its distinguished owner, the main portion having evidently been built about two hundred years ago, while no doubt wings and offices have been pulled down and rebuilt perhaps on successive occasions. There are still large grounds attached to the villa, far more extensive than are

¹ Jean Corens et Corneille Mortier. Amsterdam. British Museum.

usual with suburban houses at the present day, even although a considerable portion of the former pleasure grounds have been let off as market-gardens, or diverted for building and other purposes. It need scarcely be said that the property has changed hands many times, its owners in some instances having never read, perhaps never even heard, of the great Earl, who gave the house its name, whose last days were spent under its shelter, and of whom this name painted on the outer wall is now the only relic.

We must now turn back to our hero himself, whom we left just starting for Vienna, whither he dashed off with an energy, which had derived additional vigour from his triumphant success in Parliament. For the next two years he was occupied as a diplomatist, rushing hither and thither, negotiating, intriguing, protesting, being censured and complimented by turns; in truth giving no end of trouble to the Ministry who employed him, but on the whole doing very excellent service. In this instance he stopped at the Hague to explain the nature of his mission to the Dutch, and then hurried on to the court of the German Emperor, whom he was commissioned to reconcile with the Duke of Savoy. The quarrels of these two potentates had now been of some duration and had proved of the greatest embarrassment as regards the conduct of the war; it was therefore felt in the interest of the allied cause that no pains should be spared to remove their differences. Unfortunately but few papers or despatches now exist, giving the secret history of this period and, as before mentioned, nearly all

Peterborough's private papers were destroyed shortly after his death ; the following letter therefore, written at this time from Vienna and addressed to his friend Dean Swift is of special interest.

"For the REV. DR. SWIFT, Bishop of or Dean of —

"SIR,

"I have often reflected upon the glorious possibilities of the English Constitution ; but must I apply to politics a French expression appropriated by them to beauty ? There is a *Je ne sçai quoi* amongst us which makes us troublesome with our learning, disagreeable with our wit, poor with our wealth, insignificant with our power.

"I could never despise any body for what they have not, and am only provoked when they make not the slightest use of what they have. This is the greatest mortification to know the advantages we have by art and nature, and see them disappointed by self-conceit and faction.

"I have with great uneasiness received imperfect accounts of disagreements amongst ourselves. The party we have to struggle with has strength enough to require our united endeavours. We should not attack their firm body like Hussars. Let the victory be secure before we quarrel for the spoils ; let it be considered whether their yoke be easy or their burden light. What ! must there ever be in St. Stephen's Chapel a majority either of knaves or fools ?

"But seriously I have long apprehended the effects of that universal corruption, which has been improved with so much care, and has so fitted us for the tyranny designed, that we are grown, I fear, insensible of slavery, and almost unworthy of liberty.

"The gentlemen who give you no other satisfac-

tion in politics than the appearances of ease and mirth, I wish I could partake with them in their good humour; but Tokay itself has no effect on me while I see affairs so unsettled, faction so strong, and credit so weak; and all services abroad under the truest difficulties from past miscarriages, and present want of money; but we are told here, that in the midst of victory orders are given to sound a parley, I will not say retreat.

"I have rid the resty horse, you say they gave me, in ploughed lands till I have made him tame. I wish they managed the dull jades as well at home, and get them forward either with whip or spur. I depend much on the three you mention; if they remember me with kindness I am theirs by the two strongest ties; I love them, and hate their enemies.

"Yet you seem to wish me other work. It is time that statesmen employ me in my own trade not theirs. If they have nothing else for me to subdue let me command against this rank, whiggish, puppet-show. Those junta pygmies, if not destroyed, will grow up to giants. Tell St. John he must find me work in the old world or the new.

"I find Mr. Harley forgets to make mention of the most important part of my letter to him, which was to let him know that I expected immediately for one Dean Swift a lean bishopric or a fat deanery. If you happen to meet that gentleman at dinner, tell him that he has a friend out of the way of doing him good, but that he would if he could, whose name is

"PETERBOROUGH."

It will be seen that a tone of dissatisfaction, almost of complaint, runs through this letter; he by no means relishes his duties, nor appreciates the

manner in which he is supported by his employers. "The resty horse" is, no doubt, the Emperor of Austria, and "the dull jades at home" the English Ministry. So far, however, as he himself says, success crowned his efforts. He extracted a certain amount of concessions and promises from the Court at Vienna, and armed with them was able to start off to Turin, with considerable powers of negotiation. Travelling thither in all haste, he used his best powers of persuasion with his old friend the Duke of Saxony, and to such good purpose that the latter placed himself at the head of his own troops, collected as many auxiliaries as he could muster, and with these penetrated into France as far as the banks of the Rhone, thereby much aiding the main operations of the allied armies.

In this mission our hero was doubtless on the whole successful, but his success by no means excited the unalloyed satisfaction usually attendant on successful missions. It was said that he exceeded his instructions and used rather too much "whip and spur" to move "the dull jades at home." In fact, that to induce the Duke of Saxony to take action he held out more advantages than either the Emperor or the English Ministers had the slightest intention of granting, or had authorised him to promise. Be that as it may, the fact remains that he attained his end rapidly and completely, while any complications which might have resulted from his zealous action were removed by the sudden death of the Emperor, which entirely changed the whole situation.

As soon as Peterborough had effected his object at the Court of Turin, he hurried off to Geneva to meet the Duke of Argyll, who had just been made the Commander-in-chief in Spain. With the Duke he settled that he should at once proceed to Catalonia, for the double purpose of giving the new comer the benefit of his advice and experience, and also of getting rid of the Archduke Charles, whose presence in Spain was just as undesirable as it was needed at Vienna. However, before these plans could be carried out, he quarrelled with the Duke of Argyll and gave up the proposed Spanish trip. Thereupon he at once posted back to Turin, with what in those days was considered almost incredible speed, and, arriving there on May 29th, he again, on the 31st, started off for Vienna. At this latter town he found despatches awaiting him, written on the receipt of the news of his various unauthorised negotiations and promises; but apparently his movements were only accelerated by the receipt of these unpleasant letters—these indignant remonstrances—as he remained but three days at the German capital and then set out for England, rushing on with the same headlong speed as before. Alighting as it were for a moment at Hanover and Hague, he finally reached the shores of England near Yarmouth on June 23rd, having performed what was then an astonishing feat of travelling, and no doubt represented a very great amount of exertion and fatigue. Swift says, speaking of this journey, “Lord Peterborough is returned from Vienna without one servant. He left them scattered in several

towns of Germany. I had a letter from him four days ago from Hanover, where he desired I would immediately send him an answer to his house at Parson's Green. I wondered what he meant till I heard he was come. He sent expresses and got here before them. He is over fifty, and as active as one of twenty-five."

On arriving in England, Peterborough used just as much expedition in the transaction of business, as he had in reaching his destination; on the morning after he appeared off Yarmouth he had a conference with Count Maffey, the Minister of the Duke of Savoy to the Court of St. James's, and in the evening delivered an account of his mission to the Queen in person. Her Majesty received the eccentric Earl far more graciously than did her Ministers, for it appears that he had ignored his instructions, and negotiated according to his own ideas in place of according to the orders he received. The real fact was that Harley, St. John, and the Ministers of the day, were far from sincere in their professions; while they simulated an eager desire to carry on the war with all vigour, they were secretly seeking some loophole for peace. One cannot blame them for wishing to put an end to such a contest, but their conduct towards Peterborough was not the less unjust and inexcusable; they gave him instructions, which they did not wish him to carry out, and hampered him with restrictions which they hoped would render all his efforts to secure a vigorous prosecution of the war vain and wasted. They had, however, made a bad choice of their

instrument ; he was not the man who would be content to play such a *rôle*. They ordered him not to leave Vienna, he at once went to Turin ; they ordered him not to negotiate with the Duke of Savoy, he immediately did so ; in fact, they were severely punished for not taking their ambassador into their confidence, and for playing a double game behind his back.

In the correspondence of the day we find ample proof of the vexation of the Ministers at Peterborough's action. St. John, Lord Bolingbroke, even, writing to his political enemy, the Duke of Marlborough, complains of his envoy's disobedience, and declares that his head "is extremely hot and confused with various undigested schemes," adding "Peterborough's projects are vast, and suppose nothing less than the restoring of all the troops which belong to the Spanish war to their established number of 52,000 men, besides taking 5,000 Swiss and 8,000 Imperialists into the Queen's pay. You know, my Lord, how little able we are to enter into such an increase of charge, and will therefore easily believe that these papers [Peterborough's despatches] are already grown dusty on the office shelves."

Swift, in a letter to Archbishop King, dated July 12th, 1711, writes as follows regarding Peterborough's relations with the Ministers and position at this time. He says :—

"My Lord Peterborough has been some time returned, and I have had a good deal of talk with him, or rather he has talked a good deal to me

He is mightily discontented with what I writ to him, and which he finds to be true, that there seems a general disposition among us towards a peace. He thinks that his successful negotiations with the Emperor and the Duke of Savoy have put us in a better condition than ever to continue the war, and will engage to convince me that Spain is yet to be had if we take the proper measures. Your Grace knows that he is a person of great talents, but dashed with something restless and capricious in his nature. He told me he had come over without being recalled and without one servant, having scattered them in several parts of Germany. I doubt he will not have credit enough with the Ministers to make them follow his plans, and he is such a sort of person which may give good advice, which wise men may reasonably refuse to follow."

Notwithstanding, however, the dissatisfaction which his independent action had caused, our hero's talent was so undoubted and the prestige of his name so great, that he was appointed Ambassador Extraordinary to represent Great Britain at the great Congress assembled at Frankfort, after the death of Joseph, to select his successor. On this occasion also he seems to have somewhat exceeded his instructions, and to have urged his own views rather than those of his Government, as he endeavoured to secure the succession to the throne of Spain for his friend the Duke of Savoy, in the event of the Archduke Charles dying without a male heir, and also suggested that the Elector of Saxony should be made King of the Romans. Neither of these propositions were, or indeed could be

accepted, and on October 12th, 1711, Charles, termed King of Spain, was unanimously elected Emperor of Germany and King of the Romans, being given the title of Charles VI.¹

As soon as this event occurred, the situation in Europe became entirely changed, and nearly all the reasons, which induced both England and Holland to engage in the war of Spanish succession, passed away. Louis XIV. was weakened, humbled, and almost powerless for harm and aggression against his neighbours ;—the Spanish monarchy, though still formidable, was shattered and crippled, and it seemed improbable that the accession of Philip of Anjou to its throne would materially add to the power of France. On the other hand, the death of the Emperor Joseph and the accession of the Archduke Charles to the Imperial Crown rendered it extremely undesirable that the latter should also reign at Madrid. If such came to pass it was impossible that a due balance of power could be maintained throughout Europe, and all the dangers and evils, which they have been fighting so hard to ward off in the case of France, would be reproduced as regards Germany. Lastly, the losses and exhaustion entailed on both the British and the

¹ A curious incident is related in connection with the mission of Peterborough to Frankfort. It appears that Count Gallas, who, it will be remembered, was attached to Charles's Court in Spain, and was at this time his credited envoy, despatched an Italian to Frankfort before Peterborough arrived, and directed him to insinuate himself into the Earl's service, and take copies of his letters. The intrigue, however, was discovered, and the Count was afterwards forbidden the Court of Queen Anne.—SWIFT, vol. v. p. 90.

Dutch nations by this long protracted war was beginning to tell very severely, not only on their material prosperity, but also on their population. Now looking back, it seems to us a perfect marvel that either nation submitted so long to the huge strain and many sacrifices thus for years inflicted on them.

It was therefore with good reason that at the close of the year 1711, negotiations for peace were actively set on foot by the Cabinet of St. James's. Previously, the moment had seemed unpropitious for any such proposals, fortune had then appeared to be especially smiling on the arms of the allies in the Netherlands, Marlborough had not yet closed his career of victory, and the complete humiliation of the French King, coupled probably with the occupation of Paris, seemed imminent. Later in the year the military situation changed and with it the ideas and aims of diplomats; Marshal Villars succeeded in driving back the allied army under Prince Eugene over the frontier, hence France, although really in the last extremity of exhaustion, was able to negotiate on terms of comparative equality, and the result was the Peace of Utrecht.

In the negotiation of this peace the Earl of Peterborough, although at the time in high diplomatic office, had no hand whatever. During his stay in England, after his rapid return from Vienna, he had a severe carriage accident, which nearly cost him his life, and caused him to spit blood. When scarcely yet recovered from the effects of this mishap, he started off for Frankfort, and although the news of

his death was almost hourly expected, he "outrode or outdrank" his ailments, and was soon as fresh, active, and full of mischief as he had ever been. As no strangers were allowed to be present at the installation of the new Emperor, Peterborough darted off to see Prince Eugene at the headquarters of the army near Spire, and then went on to Italy on an errand which, if all accounts are true, was more connected with love than diplomacy.

About this time we find that he was intrusted with a commission direct from Queen Anne which, from some reason or other not explained, he entirely ignored and disregarded. The following were his instructions :—

"That you are to join the Prince of Saxony before his arrival in Rome, but in such a manner that your doing so may appear accidental. Endeavour to insinuate yourself in his good opinion, and use the strongest arguments for his continuing in the Protestant religion. If his doing so would endanger him, concert measures for bringing him in safety into our dominions, or those of some other Protestant prince or state. The nature of this service is such that we can neither enjoin you to correspond with either of our Secretaries of State, or limit the time of your return. We therefore leave it to your discretion and prudence to come back to Turin, when you shall judge your attendance on the Prince of no further use.

"A. R."

It appears that Queen Anne had received some private information to the effect that the Prince of Saxony was desirous of marrying the Archduchess,

and with that object was about to proceed to Rome in order to be formally received by the Pope into the Roman Catholic Church. She was extremely unwilling that so important a person should be lost to Protestantism, and therefore intrusted Peterborough with the delicate task of preventing such a misfortune. It has been suggested that he considered such a mission as beneath his dignity, and hence did not perform it. This seems by no means improbable. In any case, however, it is evident that at this time he must have been high in her favour and confidence, and that, whatever mistrust his vagaries may have caused in the minds of her Ministers, they had produced but little effect on Queen Anne herself.

As before mentioned, Peterborough had no share whatever in the negotiations which preceded the Peace of Utrecht, otherwise it would probably have fared very differently with the Catalans. Harley and St. John were only too glad that so troublesome a censor, so candid a friend, should be out of the country, while they kept him occupied with despatches which told him nothing, and with missions which were absolutely of no importance. Early in 1712 we find St. John writing to Peterborough as follows:—"I will give you the full state of our affairs. I write only to yourself, not as a minister, but as a friend," and then, after indulging in many phrases, which absolutely conveyed no information, he concludes by saying, "I make no scruple of giving this account to your Lordship thus plainly, because I know you not to be discouraged by difficulties."

A few months later, in May, we find another letter from the same writer much in the same strain. Peterborough had apparently been sending remonstrances regarding the terms of peace, and complaints regarding his own treatment ; to quiet him down St. John writes, "Do not doubt my friendship, and that I and the rest of the Ministry are exerting ourselves to promote your interests. You never passed through such a scene of confusion and difficulty as this last winter has afforded us. To these causes, and to others of a near resemblance, be pleased, my Lord, to attribute the state of darkness and uncertainty you complain of having been left in. The Queen has, from week to week, expected the moment when her affairs and the great business now in agitation would require the employment of you in a post worthy of your talents, and I believe agreeable to your wishes ; that moment is not far off." Then with reference to the secret instructions relative to the Prince of Saxony, he says, "A commission which, I perceive, you do not very much relish," and finally concludes his letter by the assurance, "No man loves or honours you more than I do." A short time afterwards St. John, now Viscount Bolingbroke, writes again in a still more cordial strain. He says, "I visit Parson's Green very often, and have indulged myself in all those pleasures which shady walks and cool retreats inspire. There wanted nothing but the master to make me willing to continue ever there."

These soft speeches and flatteries seem to have produced the desired effect of keeping the trouble-

some Earl quiet, and of preventing his reappearance in England at an awkward and inconvenient time. It seems, however, that at last his apprehensions were excited, and towards the end of December, 1712, he started home in all haste, on purpose to oppose the terms of the settlement with France. As before mentioned, he on this occasion travelled so rapidly that he brought back the spitting of blood, which had in the first instance resulted from his carriage accident. This ailment, however, does not appear to have affected his activity, as immediately after his arrival in London, on January 10th, 1713, he went to the house of Harley, Lord Oxford, the Secretary of State, getting there at 7 P.M. on a Saturday evening.

It was the custom at that time for the nobility and gentry to dine about four o'clock, the hour for the middle classes being two o'clock. So probably the guests, who, as it was Saturday—a non-business night—included Bolingbroke, the Duke of Ormond, Dean Swift, and many other distinguished men among their number, were sitting over their wine.

The incident is described as follows in a letter of Swift's, dated January 10th, 1713 :—

“At seven this evening, as we were sitting after dinner at the Lord Treasurer's, a servant said Lord Peterborough was at the door. The Lord Treasurer and Lord Bolingbroke went out to meet him, and brought him in. He was just returned from abroad, where he had been about a year. As soon as he saw me, he left the Duke of Ormond and other lords, and

ran and kissed me before he spoke to them, but chid me terribly for not writing to him, which I never did this last time he was abroad, not knowing where he was, and he changed places so often it was impossible a letter should overtake him. He left England with a bruise, by his coach overturning, that made him spit blood, and was so ill we expected every post to hear of his death ; but he outrode it, or outdrank it, or something, and is come home lustier than ever. He is at least sixty, and has more spirits than any young man I know of in England. He has got the old Oxford Regiment of Horse, and I believe will have a garter. I love the hang-dog dearly."

As regards the correspondence with his friend, Swift writes on April 20th in the same year, "A letter from Lord Peterborough has come in ; he writes so well that I have no mind to answer him, and so kind that I must answer him."

The Dean was right in his predictions, the Ministry—no doubt, partly as a reward for his services and partly to soften his opposition to their schemes—gave Peterborough the command of the Oxford Regiment of Horse, now the Horse Guards Blue, which had just then become vacant from the death of its former Colonel, the Earl of Rivers. Later in the year, also, in August, the Order of the Garter was added to his former honours, and our hero was appointed Ambassador Extraordinary to the King of Sicily and to the other Italian Princes.

If only as a guide to appreciate his character, it would be interesting to know how far these honours

and rewards affected Peterborough's action regarding the Peace of Utrecht. That he highly disapproved of it, or rather of its conditions, there is ample evidence to show, but it is also quite clear that subsequent to his return to England in January, 1713, as described by Dean Swift, until his departure for Italy in the autumn of the year, he took no prominent part in public affairs. During these months it is true that his health was affected, but not so seriously as to account for his most unusual tranquillity, as on several occasions he joined in debates in the House of Lords; we may therefore not unfairly conclude that his personal friendship for the Ministers themselves, coupled with gratitude for their recognition of his services, made him abstain from engaging in any opposition against them.

In April this year, 1713, we find that he took part in the debate on the address in reply to the Queen's speech, which contained the terms of the Peace of Utrecht. The Whigs, supported by Lord Nottingham, opposed the address, and especially animadverted on the conditions of the treaty. On this occasion, however, they were not supported by their former ally, who confined himself to defending himself against a personal attack made by Lord Halifax. In doing this he retorted on Lord Halifax's friend, the Duke of Marlborough, then in Germany, whom, with unfortunately too good reason, he accused of being personally and pecuniarily interested in advising a continuance of the war.

Somewhat later in the year, in the month of May, he again spoke in Parliament, then, as usual, giving

utterance to one of those pointed and witty sayings which are habitually associated with his name. It was on the occasion of a motion for the repeal of the union with Scotland, brought forward by the Earl of Findlater. The Ministry of course resisted the motion, and were supported by Peterborough in the following terms:—

“It is impossible,” he said, “to dissolve this Union. I have heard it compared to a marriage; according to that notion, since it is made it cannot be broken, being made by the greatest power on earth. Though sometimes there happens a difference between man and wife, yet it does not presently break the marriage; so in like manner, though England, who in this national marriage must be supposed to be the husband, might in some instances have been unkind to the lady, yet she ought not presently to sue for a divorce, the rather because she has very much mended her fortunes by this match. The Union is a contract, than which nothing can be more binding.” On Lord Islay remarking that the Union stood on quite a different footing from marriage, as the latter was an ordinance of God, Peterborough retorted, “I cannot tell you how it [the Union] could have been more solemn than it is, except you expect it should have come down from Heaven, like the Ten Commandments.” He further added, “The Scots can never be satisfied; they would have all the advantages of being united with England, but would pay nothing by their good will; and they have had more money from England than the

value of all their estates in their own country put together.”¹

In the latter part of the year we find Peterborough again engaged in heated discussions in the House of Lords. On this occasion his deep-rooted and implacable hostility to the Stuarts seems to have made him forget his usual liberality and largeness of view. A motion was brought forward in Parliament by Lord Wharton that an address should be presented to the Crown requesting “That her Majesty should use her utmost endeavours with the Duke of Lorraine and with all other princes and states at amity with her, that they would not receive or suffer the Pretender to her Crown to continue in any part of their dominions.” It will appear strange to our present ideas, when an asylum is cheerfully given in every country, more especially in our own to dethroned sovereigns, that this address commanded almost unanimous support, except from one or two peers who were avowed adherents of the exiled Jacobites. One of these, Lord North, argued, as it would seem to us very pertinently, “Where would you have that person reside, since most if not all the powers of Europe are in amity with the Queen?” To this Peterborough replied with much bitterness, “As the Pretender began his studies in

¹ Some of these remarks relative to the Union with Scotland would seem not inappropriate at the present day to Ireland, and might with advantage be taken to heart by those Irishmen who, like the discontented and misguided Scotchmen at the beginning of the last century, wish to forego the great advantage their country derives from forming part of the united Empire.

Paris the fittest place for him to improve himself is Rome."

After this incident it does not appear that our hero again made his voice heard in public affairs until his appointment to the special mission in Sicily, previous to which he had been created a Knight of the Garter.

Of this Sicilian mission we know but little beyond the fact that the Ministry were extremely uneasy as to his possible action. In a letter from Lord Bolingbroke to Mr. Secretary Bromley there is the following passage:—"You will be so good as to observe to the Queen that it is (I humbly think) more for her Majesty's service to tie his Lordship down by instructions to the points, he shall meddle with in his passage through France, than to leave him at liberty to entertain the French Ministers and himself with a variety of schemes, which at best would make them imagine our councils here very uncertain, and which might perhaps start some new proposition not agreeable to the Queen or easy to evade." And later, when speaking of the disposal of the island of Sardinia, to which the Elector of Bavaria was putting forward claims, he said, "I avoided touching upon this point in my Lord Peterborough's instructions, not knowing how far the pleasure of giving away kingdoms might transport his lordship." The first feeling that naturally occurs to us, on seeing the mistrust and apprehension, which the vagaries of this eccentric ambassador inspired, is astonishment that he was ever employed in that capacity. Surely there were plenty of safe men then in England of sufficient

rank and position to occupy the post, and who could be trusted not "to give away kingdoms." The only explanation of this anomaly is the supposition that Peterborough's talents and other qualifications were deemed so great as entirely to counterbalance his failings, and also perhaps, as has been suggested, that his presence at home was by no means regarded as an advantage.

While engaged abroad on this mission, during which Berkeley, afterwards the well-known Bishop, acted as his chaplain and secretary, the erratic Earl as usual had some adventures. He wandered about without his retinue, preceded his formal entry into Sicily by an incognito visit in a small boat, and doubtless was guilty of many other strange freaks, of which no account has been preserved to us. We learn, however, that in the year 1714 he was appointed Governor of Minorca, but did not himself visit the island, although he interfered in a troublesome manner with the administration of the Acting-Governor, Colonel Kane. These diplomatic and public duties were, however, brought to an abrupt termination by the death of Queen Anne, which occurred on August 1st, 1714. Immediately on the accession of George I. to the throne, the Tories went out of office, and the Whigs reigned in their stead. As was not an unusual course of action at the time, no sooner did the new Ministers come into power than they moved articles of impeachment against the leading members of the former Ministry, and it need scarcely be said that they at once recalled Peterborough. Perhaps of all the public

men of the day there was no one more thoroughly obnoxious to the Whigs than their former ally and associate, who had turned against them in consequence of their failing to support him in the affair of the Spanish war, and since then had been the supporter and intimate friend of their rivals.

A change of Ministry, and the transfer of official papers from one public officer to another, coupled with the accession of a new sovereign, almost always bring to light many circumstances in public affairs, hitherto known only to the principal actors, while indeed not unfrequently State secrets are divulged and political iniquities are laid bare. This was especially the case at the time of the accession of George I., and it may be added, that what came to light by no means added to the reputation and character of Harley Earl of Oxford, or St. John Viscount Bolingbroke. Among other matters the secret negotiations in connection with the Peace of Utrecht were disclosed, and Peterborough soon discovered with how much want of confidence and dissimulation he had been treated. It has been suggested that he fully deserved the treatment he received, and that no Ministers, who desired a peace and had the real welfare of their country at heart, could have acted towards their troublesome and highly independent plenipotentiary in any other manner. Probably there may be some truth in this, but the fact that he had himself been also wrong in no way diminished, possibly rather increased, his indignation. It is related that on his way home between Paris and Calais he met Bolingbroke, who

at this juncture had prudently retired to France, and that he cut the ex-Minister dead.

Perhaps it may not be without interest here to relate what was the end of these two distinguished statesmen, Harley Earl of Oxford, and St. John Viscount Bolingbroke, whose names have been so often mentioned in connection with the hero of these pages—men who played so important a part in the history of England at the commencement of the eighteenth century.

Harley, having commenced his career with comparatively few advantages, beyond those which gentle birth and a good education afforded him, in the year 1711 attained the position of Lord High Treasurer of Great Britain, and about the same time was created Baron Harley of Wigmore, in the county of Hereford, besides Earl of Oxford and Earl of Mortimer. In 1712, he was elected a Knight of the Garter, and remained in the highest office, wielding immense power and dispensing enormous patronage, until 1714, when, on the death of Queen Anne, there came the fall of the Tory Government.

Party feeling and political passion ran as high in those days as it does now, while old scores could be paid out and revenge could be gratified with far greater facility. The Whigs were not slow to seize their opportunity. As remarked by Macaulay, the unjust severity with which the Tories had treated Marlborough and Walpole was more than retaliated. Bolingbroke and Harley were both impeached; the former fled, the latter stood his ground, was arrested, and thrown into the Tower on June 16th, 1715. To

our ideas it will appear more than strange that this distinguished prisoner remained actually two years in confinement without trial, that is, until July 1st, 1717, when he was publicly acquitted by the House of Lords. After this acquittal, he lived in comparative retirement, and died on May 21st, 1724, aged sixty-four.

“Oxford,” says Archdeacon Coxe, “was unimpeachable in his private character, never offending against morality either in conversation or action; a tender husband, and a good father, highly disinterested and generous. He prided himself on his high descent, was stiff and formal in his deportment, and forbidding in his manner. He was learned and pedantic, embarrassed and inelegant, both in speaking and writing. He was equally an enemy to pleasure and business; extremely dilatory and fond of procrastination, timid in public affairs, yet intrepid when his own person was concerned; jealous of power; indefatigable in promoting petty intrigues of the Court, but negligent in things of importance; a Whig in his heart, and a Tory from ambition, too ready for temporary convenience to adopt measures he disapproved, yet unwilling to sacrifice his real sentiments to interest and party, affecting the most profound secrecy in all political transactions, and mysterious in the most trifling occurrences. He was liberal in making promises, yet breaking them without scruple, a defect which arose more from facility of temper than from design. He corresponded with the dethroned family and the House of Hanover, and was therefore neither trusted nor

respected by either party. The only point in which he and his colleague Bolingbroke agreed, was the love of literature and the patronage of learned men, which rendered their administration eminently illustrious."

Let us now turn to St. John Viscount Bolingbroke. This most brilliant statesman and writer started in life with the fairest promise and the brightest smiles of fortune. Born in 1678, and descended from an ancient and noble family, he was educated at Eton and Christchurch, and had already achieved a name before he was twenty-two; at which youthful age he married an heiress and obtained a seat in Parliament. His brilliancy and talent soon gained for him a reputation, which his negligence and extravagance could scarcely impair, and, having chosen to follow the fortunes of Mr. Harley, he attained the position of Secretary of State in 1710. In 1714 he was created Viscount Bolingbroke; and, as we have seen, he was the main negotiator of the Peace of Utrecht, as well as the principal object of the odium bestowed on those answerable for its conditions. His own remarks on this treaty, made in his latter years, appear worth quoting:—"Though it was a duty," said he, "that we owed to our country, to deliver her from the necessity of bearing any longer so unequal a part in so unnecessary a war, yet was there some degree of merit in performing it. I think so strongly in this matter—I am so incorrigible—that, if I could be placed in the same circumstances again, I would take the same resolution, and act the same part. Age and experience might enable me to act with more ability

and greater skill ; but all I have suffered since the death of the Queen should not hinder me from acting. Notwithstanding this I shall not be surprised if you think that the Peace of Utrecht was not answerable to the success of the war, nor to the efforts made in it. I think so myself, and have always owned—even when it was making and made—that I thought so. Since we had committed a successful folly, we ought to have reaped more advantage from it than we did.”¹

On the fall of the Tories, as we have seen, Bolingbroke was impeached and fled the country, taking up his quarters in France, where he commenced a desultory intrigue with the Pretender, eventually showing such lukewarmness in this new departure, that he found himself not less obnoxious to the Court at St. Germain than he was to that at St. James’s.

In 1723, having for some years been doing his best to propitiate the English Government, he obtained a free pardon and afterwards had his family inheritance restored to him, but was still excluded from the House of Peers. For ten years he indemnified himself for this forced exclusion from public life by redoubled activity with the pen, which he wielded with great ability but indifferent success against the Ministry. In 1735 he again retired to France, and only returned to England on succeeding to the ancient family seat, where he spent his latter years, and died in 1751. He left a mass of able writings behind him, which were much appreciated

¹ *Life of Henry Viscount Bolingbroke.* By Thomas Macknight. London, 1863.

in their day, and also the apparently well-deserved reputation of being one of the most brilliant of failures.

In truth it would seem as if Macaulay's character of these two statesmen, Harley and St. John, were not less true than striking. The former he said was "a solemn trifler," the latter "a brilliant knave."

From the accession of George I. Peterborough remained as it were a political outcast until his death; he had quarrelled with the Whigs, whose political opinions in the main he shared, he was at bitter enmity with the Tories, whose views were in direct opposition to his own, quite apart from the personal differences with their chiefs, to which we have already alluded. As a result he was never employed again, a circumstance no doubt which must have been a great source of heart-burning to one with such an active mind, and with such great ambition.

However much we may see and regret the failings which produced such isolation, and deprived his country of the services of so remarkable a genius, we must nevertheless bear this tribute to his honour, that there is no trace of his having attempted to win the favour of those in power by abnegation of principles or by servility of courtship.

As was customary in such cases, Peterborough presented himself at Court on the day following his arrival in England. His reception, however, was of the most chilling description, and he subsequently received an order through the medium of Lord Townshend that he was not to appear at all. On this he betook

himself to his house at Parson's Green, where for some time he lived in quietude and retirement, devoting himself to literature and the society of friends—society, we fear it must be added, not unmixed with dissipation.

During the next year, 1715, there occurred the first Stuart risings in Scotland, but we do not find Peterborough's name mentioned in connection with any of these events. Considering his restless and impatient spirit, such an omission would at first sight occasion remark and even surprise, but it is easy of explanation. Our hero was too hostile to the Stuarts ever to take part in any movement on their behalf, and he was now so thoroughly out of favour that he was not likely to receive employment from the Government of King George. So far he was fortunate; he escaped the disagreeable duty of taking up arms against his own countrymen and of engaging in a bitter civil war. Had he been at the time acceptable to the Ministry and the Court, his astonishing military talents and recognised ability would probably have secured him the offer of a command; and then no doubt he would have acted against the unfortunate Highlanders with the same vigour as he displayed when opposed to the French armies in Spain. Perhaps even his name might have been handed down in the Scottish Highlands with the same execration and disgust as that which has been associated with the name of the Duke of Cumberland ever since the battle of Culloden.

This fate, however, was spared him, and we only find him taking part in public affairs by engaging

in the debate on the Septennial Bill, when he spoke with his accustomed aggressive incisiveness. This bill, which had so great an influence on the system of our Parliamentary procedure, was introduced by the Ministry of the day, and received the full support of the Whig party. In some respects, however, it was most certainly opposed to the ordinary principles which the Whigs professed, and hence was assailed with much vigour by Peterborough, who was only too glad to have a chance of attacking the Ministry which had dismissed him from employment. The debate is worthy of notice as containing a reference to this dismissal. Lord Islay, when defending the administration of patronage as exercised by the King's present advisers remarked, "I have noticed that if hurts are incurred since the King's accession, it is chiefly because some persons who have a great opinion of their own merit are not in office." He then referred to the rewards given to those "who in the worst of times had shown zeal for his succession, and during the late rebellion had ventured their lives for his Majesty's service." To this personal attack Peterborough made a vigorous reply. He said, "Whether in employment or no, I have still an entire affection for the King, and I wish I could vote for this bill, but I cannot vote for a remedy that may cause a greater evil. As to what has been suggested in favour of those who ventured their lives to serve the Government, men who do not fight for a cause cannot die for it." As regards the duration of the Parliament, he turned to the bench of Bishops, and begging their pardon for

adopting the simile, said, " If this present Parliament continue beyond the time for which they are chosen I know not how to express the manner of their existence, unless they had recourse to the distinction used in the Athanasian Creed, for they would be 'neither made, nor created, but proceeding.' " Eventually the bill passed by a large majority, only twenty peers recording a protest against it, and among these the name of Peterborough for some unexplained reason is not to be found.

The remainder of these memoirs will almost exclusively be devoted to Lord Peterborough's private life, or rather to those portions of which we have any record preserved to us. It is true that in his later years he not unfrequently spoke in Parliament, and was always listened to with curiosity and treated with respect, that he also wrote on several subjects with ability and success ; but his public career was definitely closed, and with it all that entitles him to a place in history or indeed to be remembered by succeeding generations.

CHAPTER VIII.

PETERBOROUGH'S SECOND MARRIAGE AND HIS LIFE UP TO THE END OF THE REIGN OF GEORGE I.

Miss Anastasia Robinson.—Her origin.—Her musical talents.—Her success.—Her dislike to the stage.—Peterborough's attentions.—Their marriage.—His vanity.—Its results.—Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.—Peterborough's threatened duel with Stanhope.—Anastasia leaves the stage.—Bath.—Peterborough arrested in Italy.—Insult redressed.—Peterborough's pamphlet.—His advanced views.—His remarks on reform.—His eccentricities.—He frequents coffee-houses.—These popular resorts.—Political coffee-houses.—The Kit-cat Club.—Thackeray on coffee-houses.—Peterborough's hospitality. Snuff-taking.—Speaks in the House of Lords.—His liberality in religious matters.—Persecution of Atterbury.—Marlborough's funeral.—Peterborough speaks on defence of Hanover.—Death of George I.

“O soothe me with some soft Italian air,
Let harmony compose my tortured ear;
When Anastasia's voice commands the strain
The melting warble thrills through every vein,
Thought stands suspended, silence pleased attends,
While in her notes the heavenly choir descends.”

THE above lines were addressed by Gay to Miss Anastasia Robinson, the celebrated singer, a lady who exercised a very powerful influence over the remainder of Peterborough's life. His was not one of the characters that ever was, or ever could have been, entirely under the control of another. He



PRINTED BY THE AUTOMATIC ENGRAVING CO., LIMITED.

ANASTASIA ROBINSON, SECOND COUNTESS OF PETERBOROUGH.

was too self-willed, too erratic and flighty to allow even the tie of great affection and respect to control him ; but, so far as it was possible, there is no doubt that the influence of this amiable and charming lady was the sheet anchor of his latter years.

Captain Warburton has compiled the following interesting account of her origin, characteristics, and early life. He says, "On the 27th January, 1714, Miss Anastasia Robinson first appeared as a dramatic singer in the Opera of *Creso*. She was about the middle height ; her figure was graceful, and even elegant. Without any pretensions to beauty, there was a winning softness in her face, and a gentle modesty in her large blue eyes, which left a deep impression, where the flash of the most brilliant beauty had often perhaps merely dazzled for a moment. She was neither highly intellectual, nor was she gifted with remarkable wit ; but her mind was well balanced and carefully cultivated. Her manner was singularly engaging and free from affectation ; she excited admiration in many and enmity in none. The purity of her life defied scandal, and instead of descending to the level of stage-life, her excellence of character tended to raise the tone of her calling.

"Her father was a portrait painter, who had come of a good family in Leicestershire. Soon after an early marriage he went to Italy to study his art, and remained there for a considerable period, acquiring a knowledge of the language and the music of the country at the same time. His wife had died in the meanwhile, leaving an only daughter,

Anastasia. He then married Miss Lane, a Roman Catholic, who bore him another daughter, and both were brought up in the Romish faith. Anastasia, as she grew up, discovered an exquisite taste for music and a promising voice. At that time the portrait painters' industry, aided by a small annuity of his wife's, enabled him to have his daughter instructed in singing as an accomplishment; and on her return to England she took lessons from Dr. Croft, then an eminent teacher. The young lady added a worthy industry to her natural gifts, she studied carefully to master her art, and at the same time, with her father's assistance, she acquired an excellent knowledge of the Italian language.

"While yet very young untoward circumstances pushed her accomplishments into practical use; the prosperous portrait painter was seized with a disorder in his eyes, which rendered him completely helpless. There was nothing to save him and his family from poverty but the possibility of making available his daughter Anastasia's musical talent. In those days, perhaps even more than now, there were grave objections, obvious to the mind of an attached father, against the stage as a calling for a young and attractive girl; but the stern necessity of the case overcame the hesitations which arose in the poor blind portrait painter's mind, and with an anxious hope that her life would fulfil the goodly promise of her childhood, he resolved that Anastasia should appear in public, as soon as she was qualified by instruction.

"Sandoni, at that time the most eminent singing-

master in England, was chosen to add the refinements of high art to the musical talent, with which nature had gifted her, and which her own industry had improved. An opera singer, called the Baroness, was her instructress in the dramatic branch of her studies. She devoted herself with great and successful diligence to the cultivation of these advantages, and from her first effort, took her place in the front rank of the musical world. For a long time she confined her performances to concerts at the York Buildings, and other principal places, where she usually accompanied herself upon the harpsichord. Her voice was originally a soprano, but it sank after a fit of sickness to a settled contralto; its compass was extensive but a slight inaccuracy of tone was occasionally perceptible. Her shake was somewhat incorrect, and remained so, despite her efforts to improve it."

When to all the above attractions it is added that this lady, in a dissolute and licentious age, was pure and virtuous, that her conduct was not only exemplary but prudent and decorous, so much so that the foul tongues of scandalmongers left her name untarnished, we may appreciate the estimation in which she then was held in England. So far as can be learned, the only great musical artist who ever occupied the same position as Anastasia Robinson was the celebrated Jenny Lind. Very soon her talents and her success raised her family from poverty to affluence. Her father took a house in Golden Square, then one of the most favoured and fashionable regions of the West End, and used to

give weekly concerts and assemblies, which were attended by all the best of London Society—in fact by all those “who had any pretension to politeness and good taste.”

Having become celebrated in semi-private concerts, Anastasia was at last induced to go on the stage, and it is said that after only two performances, in the latter of which she played the part of Ismina in the opera of *Arminio*, she obtained the position of Prima Donna, “a rank which she held almost undisputed for ten years.” It is said that notwithstanding this great success and the homage which fell to the lot of a lady endowed with such great gifts, the position was entirely distasteful to her, and that she only retained it as a means of supporting her family. Her disposition was naturally shy and retiring, and she disliked equally the public display of her talents and the persecution, which many admirers very soon lavished upon her.

Among these admirers there numbered the celebrated, but by no means too reputable, Earl of Peterborough. It seems that from the very first the attentions of this extremely witty old gentleman attracted the fancy of the innocent girl. His rivals were treated with coldness and indifference; among them as it happened was General Hamilton, a contemporary of Peterborough's sons, whose age was hence fairly suitable, and who possessed both an ample fortune and an excellent position. This gentleman's suit was favoured by Anastasia's parents, but was rejected by the girl herself, who far preferred his less youthful but far more entertaining rival.

We know not whether Peterborough had ever cherished designs, which were not entirely honourable—if he ever did, most certainly they were never disclosed, and were altogether abandoned. For years he worshipped at the shrine of this talented and estimable girl, giving her what there yet remained of his battered old heart, and paying her an attention marked with respect, which was all the more flattering, as it was in his case entirely unusual. In the end such devotion had its reward:—at last he won the heart of the charming lady who long since had possessed what remained of his own. But alas! his miserable vanity marred his happiness, and rendered what otherwise would have been the comfort and support of his declining years his bane and misery.

Anastasia accepted his offer of marriage, but also weakly consented to their wedding being private and their union a secret. Lady Oxford, daughter-in-law of the former Lord Treasurer, was almost the only one present at the ceremony, which was not announced in the world till many years afterwards. Although no excuse can be made for such an excess of vanity, such a want of moral courage, still Peterborough's conduct is capable of easy explanation. Marriages with singers and actresses were less common in those days than they are now, and the alliance of so great and so distinguished a man as the Earl of Peterborough, Knight of the Garter, with only a singer, even one so highly respected as Miss Robinson, would have been deemed a *mésalliance* of the most flagrant description. Perhaps also there may not have been wanting a fear of that ridicule

and banter which invariably assails an elderly and amorous lover, who mates a young wife beneath him in rank and position. The truth of the saying, "that there is no fool like an old fool" in this case was fully exemplified.

The vanity of Peterborough in concealing his marriage met with a severe and well-merited punishment. It was impossible that the relations between them could be entirely unremarked; and as no marriage had been announced, it was not unnatural that the world should assign to Anastasia a position incompatible with a fair fame and reputation for virtue. It was, therefore, almost to be expected that she should be subjected to slights and annoyances, which were just as keenly felt by her husband as by the poor lady herself. An instance of this occurred in 1723, up to which time Anastasia remained on the stage.

It appears that Senesimo, a contralto singer with whom Miss Robinson was acting, presuming on her doubtful position, forgot himself, and, as she thought, insulted her. She complained of his behaviour to Peterborough, who happened to be in attendance on her; thereupon, without further talk or ceremony, the Earl at once dragged the miserable Italian behind the scenes, publicly caned him until both were exhausted, and then compelled him on his knees to beg the lady's pardon. It may be imagined how much sensation this incident caused in society, and how the tongue of the ill-natured wagged incessantly for some time to come—all the more as both Anastasia and her champion were public characters. The following letter from Lady Mary Wortley Montagu

to her sister, the Countess of Mar, gives a good idea of the view taken of the matter by an ill-natured woman of the world in those days:—

“Would any one believe that Miss Robinson is at the same time a prude and a kept mistress? She has engaged half the town in arms, from the nicety of her virtue, which was not able to bear the too near approach of Senesimo in the opera; and her condescension of accepting of Lord Peterborough for a champion, who has signalised both his love and his courage upon this occasion in as many instances as ever Don Quixote did for Dulcinea. Poor Senesimo, like a vanquished giant, was forced to confess upon his knees that Anastasia was a nonpareil of virtue and beauty. Lord Stanhope, as dwarf to the said giant, joked on his side, and was challenged for his pains. Lord Delawar was Lord Peterborough’s second; my Lady miscarried—the whole town divided into two parties on this important point. Innumerable have been the disorders between the two sexes on so great an account, besides half the House of Peers being put under arrest. By the providence of Heaven, and the wise cares of His Majesty, no bloodshed ensued. However, things are now tolerably accommodated, and the fair lady rides through the town in triumph, in the shining Merlin of her hero, not to reckon the more solid advantage of £100 a month, which ’tis said he allows her.”¹

It has been suggested, from the tone of the above, that Lady Mary owed Lord Peterborough a special grudge, and that she vented her spite in these ill-natured remarks. There appears, however, to be no special ground for this belief. The letter would seem

¹ Lady M. W. Montagu’s *Letters*, vol. ii. p. 167.

to be merely the natural effusion of an ill-disposed and gossiping woman who busies herself with her neighbours' affairs. Eleven years afterwards, it is true, our hero had some correspondence with this lady, but not such as to cause a difference. Thus we find a very curious MSS. letter, dated 1734, and addressed by him to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. It appears that she had called on him as a friend of Mr. Pope, to protest against some satirical verses which the latter had published, and which she deemed referred to herself. With reference to this interview, he writes, that immediately after she had left him Mr. Pope himself came in and repudiated all intention to cast any reflection on her; and that "he named four remarkable poetesses and scribblers, ladies indeed famous in their generation, and some of them esteemed to have given very unfortunate favours to their friends, assuring me that such only were ye objects of his satire." He concludes the letter as follows:—"I hope this assurance will prevent your further mistake and any ill consequences upon so old a subject. I have nothing further to add."¹

It will be seen that Lady Mary Montagu refers to a duel, or rather a threatened duel, between Lord Peterborough and his former friend General, now Lord, Stanhope. These two men unfortunately quarrelled in Spain, as will be remembered, on a matter which events afterwards proved that Peterborough was perfectly right, and during the remainder of their life they never made up their differences. Had there been a chance of their doing so, Stanhope's

¹ MSS. British Museum.

unfortunate remarks about the "old Don Quixote" were quite enough to make a reconciliation impossible. It is fortunate that the duel was stopped in time, and that these dear friends of days gone by had not a chance of shooting each other.

As may be supposed, this incident was a source of deep mortification both to Miss Robinson, as she was still called, and to Peterborough, and one would have supposed that, as a result, she would have been immediately acknowledged as his wife, but unhappily his sense of justice had not yet mastered his pride and vanity. Miss Robinson, it is true, left the stage for ever, but she remained to the outside world Miss Robinson still. Shortly after this her father died, on which she moved with her mother to Fulham, where she lived in a house near Parson's Green, which had been taken for her by Peterborough. It will thus be seen that they did not occupy the same roof, and this arrangement continued until shortly before his death, when, as will be related hereafter, the poor lady was recognised as his wife in a most melodramatic and formal manner.

So far as can be gathered, this incident in connection with Senesimo the singer occurred at Bath, where the fashionable world of London were in the habit of migrating, and where they were followed by the principal opera companies and singers of the day. The following advertisement of the period is a curious relic:—

"Her Majesty's servants of the Theatre Royal being returned from Bath, do intend to-morrow, being Wednesday, the sixth of this instant October, to act a

comedy called *Love makes a man; or, the Fop Fortune*,¹ with singing and dancing. And whereas the audiences have been incommoded by the play usually beginning too late, the company of the said theatre do, therefore, give notice that they will constantly begin at five o'clock without fail, and continue the same hour all the winter."

The Theatre Royal here referred to was Drury Lane, which was built originally by Killigrew in 1663, at a cost of £1,500. The actors then were called Her Majesty's servants, and had the right to dress in scarlet, the royal livery.² As a rule the drama was fairly supported in the reign of this Queen and in the two following reigns, but there was nothing very striking either as regards the plays or in those who acted them.

We have, however, been anticipating, and have left out some occurrences in our hero's life which appear worth narrating.

In the summer of 1717, Peterborough being in bad health, probably very much the result of want of employment, determined to go abroad in accordance with the advice of his physicians. His favourite Italy was his goal, and off he started, going through France, but on this occasion not travelling at his usual rate of speed. All went smoothly until he reached Bologna, where, to his utter amazement and disgust, he was suddenly arrested by two Irish officers under orders of the Pope, and was confined

¹ By Colley Cibber.

² *Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne*, by John Ashton, vol. ii. p. 5.

a close prisoner in Fort Urbano. Still further to add to his rage, all his papers were seized and searched, while he himself was strictly cross-examined as to the object and aim of his journey. The reason of this summary action was solicitude for the life of the Pretender on the part of Clement XI. He had received information which, it may be added, was utterly false, that there was a Protestant plot to take the life of the Roman Catholic claimant to the throne of England, who was then residing at Urbano, near Bologna. Accordingly strict orders were given to arrest all suspicious characters, more especially Englishmen, and to subject them to a very rigid examination. Our hero was one of the first victims of this excess of zeal, and some days elapsed before he could prove to his captors that he was not a dangerous conspirator and could induce them to set him at liberty.

It may be imagined what a commotion was made about this unwarrantable insult offered to an English peer, and one so distinguished as Peterborough. There still exist a number of MSS. letters, written in his clear, precise hand, exposing his wrongs and demanding reparation in not very measured language; and no sooner did he obtain his release than, casting all considerations of health to the winds, he started home at once to thoroughly ventilate his grievances and to push his claims for a redress. It may be added that this most congenial occupation and excitement, combined possibly with the change of the trip to the Continent, had the effect of thoroughly establishing his health, and when he reappeared in

England he was as lively and troublesome as ever.

It cannot be said that Peterborough was much loved either by George I. or by his Ministers, but the insult offered to an Englishman could not be overlooked. Immediate satisfaction was at once demanded from the Government of the Papal States, and, as the reply was not considered to have been sufficiently prompt or satisfactory, the British fleet in the Mediterranean was at once ordered up to Italy to demand reparation from the Holy Father at the cannon's mouth. The Pope was fully alive to the force of such arguments, and at once wrote to an ally of Great Britain, in his own handwriting, entirely repudiating the conduct of his Cardinal Legate at Bologna, stating that he had acted "violently, unjustly, and without his knowledge." The Cardinal made haste to eat as much "humble pie" as was deemed necessary; he also wrote to the English admiral, saying that he had already sued the Holy Father for pardon, and that now he sued the King of England "for having inconsiderately arrested a peer of Great Britain while travelling." These apologies were deemed sufficient, and thus the affair ended.

Not very long after this occurrence, it appears that Peterborough thoroughly recovered his health, and somewhat emerged from his retirement. The occasion was in 1719, when a Bill was introduced by Lord Sunderland to limit the power of the Crown in the creation of peers. This bill was ostensibly framed with a view of maintaining the independence of the

House of Lords, and of preventing it being swamped at any time by nominees of the Minister of the day. The measure passed by a large majority in the House of Lords, but was thrown out in the Commons through the exertions of Mr. Walpole, against whom it was more especially directed. In order still more to fortify his opinions in the public mind, the Minister took a course which has since been recently imitated by another Prime Minister. He published a pamphlet entitled, *Thoughts of a Member of the Lower House*. In this he argued very strongly against the Bill, avoiding with much dexterity the real point at issue, and urging that, if the House of Lords were in any way rendered a body whose numbers were fixed, they would cease to be of much use as a constitutional assembly.

To this pamphlet Peterborough issued a very striking and exhaustive reply, which, as remarked by Lord Ribblesdale in an able paper¹ on the subject of these memoirs, may well be held applicable to a very recent situation in our political history. The following is an extract:—

“I shall not contend,” he says, “with the gentleman [Mr. Walpole] in favour of Aristocratical Government. God forbid there should be no limitation to the power of the Peers but what flows from their Lordships’ justice or satiety of power! God forbid there should be no limit to the power of the Commons than what proceeds from their incorruptness and moderation; but is not influence and force in either House of

¹ *Fortnightly Review*, August, 1885.

Parliament the dissolution of Government? Is not the violation of the right of one House a breach upon the other, and an injury to the whole frame? Is not an inundation of Lords into the Upper House, and numbers poured in upon them at once to serve a turn, destroying the very nature and being of Parliaments?

“It were absurd to say this Act of Parliament would not make the House of Lords in some circumstances more free, and less dependent on the Crown and the Ministers, but if freedom and independency in the Houses of Parliament be now supposed prejudicial to our constitution, it is a doctrine new, at least among the Whigs of the day.

“But shall it be taken for granted that independency and freedom are proper and safe in a House of Commons, yet improper and unsafe in a House of Lords? And who is there that, in plain English, will offer to assert freedom in the House of Parliament not to be the main support of property? Who can deny that the better securing of liberty in the one House is an advantage to the other, and so an improvement and security to the whole constitution? Why the Commons should oppose anything that is supposed to have that effect as to the Upper House passes my understanding.”

He then makes some observations, which, as again remarked by Lord Ribblesdale, might almost have been written by Tory newspapers in 1885, and applied to the Lower House of that year. “If a House of

Commons," he says, "can be so abandoned to a first Minister as to countenance him in his crimes, if the power of the Ministry be so venerated in that assembly, that even when the administration is abhorred, the evil instruments are acquitted, if in such a situation of affairs a method is proposed, by which the House of Lords may become less depending upon the Crown or Ministers, I should think that the true lovers of their country should embrace the expedient."¹

As regards the House of Lords, while nominally defending his order, Peterborough writes more in the spirit of an extreme Radical or Republican than as a member of the old aristocracy. He says:—

"One would think that it becomes as necessary to 'provide against the influence of Courts in Parliament' as unjust to deprive the Ministers of the opportunities of giving ill advice: but the Lords (Heaven protect us!) are such terrible creatures that one grain more added to their balance makes them omnipotent, irresistible, and capable to toss the King and Commons in a blanket. . . . I have no notion of any balance at present in our constitution sufficient to secure it against evil Ministers, peers by election, and a resolute Prince. There never was, nor can the wit of man frame a part of a government (if of any

¹ It would be difficult to find a sentence which, according to the views of some, could be more applicable than this to the Gladstone Ministry of 1880—1885, and to the House of Commons which kept them in power.

use at all), so little disposed to innovations, or so little capable of procuring any dangerous alterations in the State ; this dignity is necessary, were it but for the ornamental part of the Government. The Lords in their greatest splendour and authority, what have they to contend with against supposed enemies ? They have an empty embroidered purse and a black rod. Can there be any description of more harmless creatures who shall oblige an independent body to comply with the laws ? My answer is short ; either the King or the House of Commons, the civil officers, the army, or the mob.

“ I was always of opinion that too much honour was done to the Lords when they were allowed to be one of the three estates. What are the Lords ? A few in number, only possessed (as one author has it) of an imaginary dignity ; they represent nothing but themselves, and so can have no addition of strength but from themselves, they are in no circumstances which make them popular, but rather remain a mark for envy ; the greatest part of them are poor and none of them are possessed of a dangerous wealth ; they have no holdings which secure them dependencies ; they are possessed of no castles or strong places.

“ I must have recourse to the imagination of the Papists to express my idea of a House of Lords, in respect to our constitution. To our Heaven and Hell they have added a Purgatory ; and have made, as I am sorry to say, a third estate in their celestial system, and what is the idea of this Purgatory ? It is a certain situation where the great and ultimate decrees of Providence are not altered but suspended and

delayed ; in strictness, to me it appears that the House of Lords is only in imagination a third estate—a situation like Purgatory, in that affairs pass indeed through that channel, they rest there, deposited awhile, but the final directions and the last stroke to all business is given by the solid authority, or irresistible influences of the Crown, or the House of Commons.”

It will be seen that Peterborough wrote of the influence exercised by the Crown in a manner which must appear strange to our ears, living as we have done in a reign during which the constitutional principles of Government have been so scrupulously observed and have attained such development. His remarks, however, about the House of Lords are fully applicable at the present day and would seem to deserve special remark. As he says : “ affairs now pass indeed through that channel, they rest there, deposited awhile, but the real authority, the final stroke to all business, comes from elsewhere.” Unhappily also, as it would seem, the power of the Upper Chamber to throw out measures, which, in their hearts, the large majority of members thoroughly disapprove, has of late years been too little exercised. How often have we not recently seen enactments of hasty legislation passed by the Lower House, and, as it were, forced through the Lords by what practically scarcely differed from coercion ? After these measures have become law, how often has it not afterwards been acknowledged by moderate men of all parties that there was too much haste, too great a tendency to heroic, convulsive, and hence ill-matured legislation—

in fact that it would have been far better for the country, and for the very people whom these bills were designed to benefit, if the well-founded objections of the Peers had received more attention, and been actually enforced ?

Peterborough was a reformer of the most enlightened and progressive type, but unfortunately his ideas were before his time, and he lacked those qualities, which would have enabled him to render his views acceptable to the men of his generation. Of Reform he writes as follows :—

“ A people may bear some present damage with patience for a public good, and for future advantage, but men of spirit, subjected to national and perpetual injuries, will never cease to resent them, and never lose an opportunity to ease or revenge themselves. When there is a prospect of a remedy, notwithstanding it be a remote one, there is room for patience, though the present age cannot have the benefit proposed. But there is imprinted in human nature a necessary tenderness for posterity, and an injustice, remediless in the natural motions of a Government, must occasion some convulsive ones, fatal to the constitution and the country.

“ I understand not the policy which can incline any society of men, or any particular person, to oppose an alteration if beneficial, only because 'tis an alteration ; neither can we justify it to our own country or posterity if we lose any opportunity by which our Government can be improved and better defended.

“Than the fashionable prejudice against alteration and new laws, in the general sense, nothing seems to be more absurd. This idea would almost make Parliaments useless; were they not to improve and secure the Constitution by something new, they would have nothing to do but to lay taxes on the people. . . . Whoever is of opinion that the visible mistakes in judicious laws are not to be amended by the Legislature, I declare him a d——d papist in politics.”

We must make allowance as regards the last expression for the very strong Protestant feeling of the day, more especially among the party to which Peterborough belonged. They regarded the word Papist as almost synonymous for retrogressive, obstructive, and impracticable. When one reads such statesmanlike utterances as the above, it must be more than ever a subject of regret that the abilities of so able and enlightened a man were of such little service to the State.

Peterborough's appearances in public, whether in Parliament or in the character of an author, as years passed on, grew rarer and rarer. Still, there was no man better known, and few who excited more interest. His character for eccentricity was so universal, and was so well maintained, that he acquired the position of a privileged person, whose vagaries were forgiven, and whose strange freaks were condoned. Of these it is to be regretted that we have not more anecdotes. The following, however, is often quoted, and seems well authenticated:—

It is said that one day the Earl was passing through

the Strand in his coach, when, looking out of the window, he saw an actor in full Court dress with white silk stockings picking his way through the streets, which in those days of no pavements were probably never very clean, and happened on that day to be specially muddy. Suddenly an irresistible impulse seized our hero. Out he jumped from his coach, and drawing his sword rushed at the player. The latter took fright at the apparition and bolted, pursued by Peterborough, who chased him through the dirtiest part of the road, pricking him up behind, until the wretched fellow was bespattered with mud, upon which the Earl quietly returned his sword, jumped into his coach, and drove on as if nothing had happened. On this occasion we fear that the poor player can claim all our sympathies, and we must confess that he was shamefully treated. It can only be hoped that beyond the dirt on his stockings, he was not the worse, and that he was presented by his tormentor with a new pair.

From all accounts, Peterborough was extremely fond of coffee-heuses, where he frequently dined and spent a good deal of his time. In the remarks on the characters in the Court of Queen Anne, it is said that "he affects popularity and loves to preach in coffee-houses and public places, is an open enemy of revealed religion, brave in his person, has a good estate, does not seem expensive, yet always in debt, and very poor. A well-shaped thin man, with a very brisk look." Swift adds, "This character for the most part true."¹

¹ Swift's *Letters*, xii. p. 239.

The coffee-houses here referred to are a special feature of this period, and seem worthy of notice, more especially as they were the origin of that peculiarly English institution, the "club," which in recent years has attained such remarkable development.

The first coffee-house ever kept in London seems to have been started by a foreigner, named Rosa Pasquee, in 1652, in St. Michael's Alley, Cornhill. The value however of coffee was then by no means appreciated, since in the *New View of London*, already quoted, of date 1708, there is the following curious passage: "I find it recorded that one James Farr, a barber, who kept the coffee-house, which is now the 'Rainbow,' by the Inner Temple Gate (one of the first in England), was in the year 1657 presented by the inquest of St. Dunstan's-in-the-West for making and selling a sort of liquor called coffee, as a great Nuisance and Prejudice of the neighbourhood," &c. And who would then have thought London would ever have had near 3,000 such nuisances, and that coffee should have been (as now) so much drunk by the best quality and physicians!

It would seem that people very soon got over their prejudice against the "liquor called coffee," as at the time of which we write the coffee-house "had reached the zenith of its popularity. It was the centre of news, the lounge of the idler, the rendezvous for appointments, the mart for business men. Men might have their letters left there as did Swift. . . . They were alike the haunt of the wit and the man of fashion, a neutral meeting-ground for all men,

although they naturally assorted themselves, like to like, by degree."

There,

"The gentle beau, too, joyous in wise debate,
Adjusts his cravat, and reforms the State ;"

and he might even rub shoulders with a highwayman, as Farquhar suggests, when he makes Aimwell say to Gibbet, who is a highwayman, "Pray, Sir, ha'n't I seen your face at Will's coffee-house?" and he replies, "Yes, Sir, and at White's too."¹

Will's Coffee-house, 1 Bow Street, was Pope's favourite haunt, and it is said that like the other resorts of the same kind it had a glass lantern in front of the door, very plain furniture internally, and was presided over by a young woman specially selected on account of her good looks.

There were also clubs formed for political as well as social purposes; these frequently did not possess a house, but merely met at stated intervals for some special purpose. Among the most celebrated of these clubs was the Kit-Cat. Originally founded by the bookseller, Jacob Tonson, it first assembled at the Fountain Tavern in the Strand, and the favourite dish of its members was mutton pie, from a recipe supposed to have been made by a certain Christopher Cat, to whom it owed its name. Forty-six members of this club had their portraits painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller and presented them to Mr. Jacob Tonson to adorn a room which he had built for the club meetings near his house at Barn Elms. All the portraits were the same size, thirty-six by twenty-eight inches,

¹ *Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne*, by Ashton, vol. i. p. 214.

hence the expression kit-cat to denote the size of a picture.

Similarly there was the Calves' Head Club, which was of a political type, the October Club, for drinking October ale, the Beefsteak Club, the Saturday Club, and many others. The Beefsteak still exists, and owed its origin to Lord Peterborough's enjoyment of an impromptu dinner got up in the scene room of Covent Garden Theatre by the manager. The gridiron, that cooked the beefsteak so much approved of, is still the badge on the club button.

Thackeray draws a vivid picture of London and its coffee-houses about the time of Anne and George I. A passage he quotes from Charles Louis, Baron de Pollnitz, seems worth reproducing. "A man of sense," says he, "or a fine gentleman, is never at a loss for company in London, and this is the way the latter passes his time. He rises late, puts on a frock, and, leaving his sword at home, goes where he pleases. The park is usually the place where he walks, because it is the Exchange for men of quality. 'Tis the same thing as the Tuileries of Paris, only the park has a certain simplicity, which cannot be described. The grand walk, called the Mall, is full at every hour of the day, but especially at morning and evening, when their Majesties often walk with the Royal family, who are attended only by half a dozen yeoman of the guard, and permit all persons to walk at the same time with them. The ladies and gentlemen always appear in rich dresses, for the English, who twenty years ago did

not wear gold lace except in their army, are now embroidered and bedaubed as much as the French. I speak of persons of quality: for the citizen still contents himself with a suit of fine cloth, a good hat and wig, and fine linen. Everybody is well clothed here, and even the beggars don't make so ragged an appearance as they do elsewhere." "After our friend the man of quality," Thackeray adds, "has had his morning or undress walk in the Mall, he goes home to dress, and then saunters to some coffee-house, or chocolate-house frequented by the persons he would see. For 'tis a rule with the English to go once a day at least to houses of this sort, where they talk of business and news, read the papers and often look at one another without opening their lips. And 'tis very well they are so mute, for were they all as talkative as people of other nations, the coffee-houses would be intolerable, and there would be no hearing what one man said where there are so many. The chocolate-house in St. James's Street, where I go every morning to pass away the time, is always so full that men can scarce turn round in it."¹ One can well fancy these remarks being made by a foreigner regarding our clubs and national manners at the present day.

In addition to meeting his friends in coffee and chocolate houses, it is said that Peterborough was also in the habit of giving frequent dinner-parties at Peterborough House, and that he then entertained his friends with witty sayings, amusing anecdotes of his adventures in Spain, together with the finest music

¹ Thackeray's "Four Georges," *Cornhill Magazine*, vol. ii.

that Bononcini, Martini, and other celebrated artists of the day could produce. It is mentioned that among his versatile acquirements he was an excellent *chef*, having been forced to learn the art in Spain, where he had frequently to cook his own dinner to save himself from starvation. So his guests at Parson's Green were in the habit of seeing him quietly retire about an hour before the dinner-hour, when he would put on a cook's dress and not reappear until the arrival of his viands, which he had himself in a great measure prepared.

While talking of dress, we learn that Peterborough, who had been a dandy and a man of fashion in his youth, became, as frequently happens, during his later years unfashionable or even slovenly in his attire. We hear of his wearing boots when walking about in Bath, a terribly unfashionable enormity, and, with the star of the garter on his coat, of his buying a cabbage, putting it under his arm and walking home with it. Boots seem to have been considered a striking proof of eccentricity, as then they were never worn except for riding, shoes, buckles, and stockings being in vogue. The star of the garter, although out of keeping with the cabbage, was quite correct, as noblemen, when the fortunate possessors of orders, habitually wore them on their coats.

Of course he also carried the inevitable snuff-box ; we may rest assured that this was not wanting, as snuff-taking was one of the most universal practices in the early part of the eighteenth century. This custom, like that of drinking port wine, arose in a great measure accidentally from the war of Spanish

Succession. Before the year 1702 snuff-taking was extremely rare in England, being a luxurious custom principally confined to a few foreigners resident in the country, and to a few of the gentry who had travelled and had acquired the habit abroad.¹ It will, however, be remembered that in the year 1702 an expedition under Sir George Rooke and the Duke of Ormonde was sent against Cadiz, that it failed in its immediate object but captured a large quantity of Spanish galleons near Vigo. Amongst the plunder was an enormous quantity of snuff, estimated at fifty tons in weight. This was distributed among the sailors, who on their return to England sold it by waggon-loads; and hence the expression "Vigo snuff," as well as the habit of taking it, which was just dying out. Ladies even used to indulge in the practice, as shown by Steele's letter in the *Spectator* (344): "I have writ to you three or four times to desire you would take notice of an impertinent custom the women, the fine women, have lately fallen into of taking snuff. This silly trick is attended with such a coquet air with some ladies, and such a sedate masculine one in others, that I cannot tell which to most complain of; but they are to me equally disagreeable."

George I. died in the year 1727, and during the latter part of his reign, on two or three occasions, Peterborough spoke in the House of Lords. In the first instance he opposed very strongly an extraordinary bill, which was introduced, nominally to check the growing immorality of the nation, but in

¹ *Social Life in the Time of Queen Anne*, by J. Ashton.

reality to oppress the Nonconformists, as may be judged by the fact that one of its provisions made it penal to speak disrespectfully of the Thirty-nine Articles. Incredible as it will now appear, this measure received very strong support, more especially from the Episcopal bench, and was strongly favoured by many who professed liberality and tolerance in the usual conditions of life. The Earl of Nottingham brought to the notice of the House of Lords the growth of "atheism, profaneness, and immorality," and there is no doubt that his complaint was fully justified. On the strength of this, Lord Willoughby de Broke, Dean of Windsor, introduced the intolerant measure referred to, which was opposed, so it was said, by those "who had consciences that loved liberty and those who had no consciences at all." Peterborough was usually supposed to belong to the latter class; but nevertheless, his remarks being thoroughly to the point, were fully appreciated and had great effect. He said, "Although I am for a Parliamentary King I have no desire for a Parliamentary God or a Parliamentary religion, and if the House be for such an one, I shall go to Rome and endeavour to be chosen a Cardinal, for I should rather sit in the conclave, than with your Lordships on these terms."

The arguments of the supporters of the Bill were equally original but scarcely so telling. Lord Trevor said, "I verily believe that the present calamity, occasioned by the South Sea project, is a judgment of God on the blasphemy and profaneness of the nation." To this Lord Onslow made the

sharp reply, "The noble Lord," he said, "who has just spoken must then be a great sinner, for he has lost considerably by the South Sea scheme." Eventually, the "Bill for persecutions," as it was called, was thrown out notwithstanding the efforts of the Bishops and Lord Bathurst, who, as it would seem, was most appropriately made the subject of Gay's line—

" Shall grave and formal pass for wise
When men the solemn owl despise ? "

The next occasion of Peterborough's appearance in the House of Lords was in 1723, when unfortunately he acted in a manner entirely at variance with his usual maxims and avowed principles. He joined in the persecution of Dr. Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, being no doubt induced to take this line by his hatred of the House of Stuart,—a feeling to which, as before remarked, he was perfectly consistent during the whole of his life. Intolerance was triumphant and the unfortunate Bishop, who in the previous year, as Dean of Westminster, had taken part in the funeral service of the Duke of Marlborough, was deprived of his see and banished just about the same time as Bolingbroke was allowed to return from exile. Pope who was then staying with our hero at Parson's Green writes to Dean Swift as regards this incident as follows; evidently he was a great friend of Dr. Atterbury's.

" It is sure very ill-fate that all those I most loved, and with whom I most lived, must be banished. Sure this is a nation that is cursedly afraid of too

much politeness, and cannot regain one great genius but at the expense of another. I tremble for my Lord Peterborough, whom I now lodge with. He has too much wit as well as courage to make a solid general; and if he escapes being banished by others, I fear he will banish himself."

It is satisfactory to find that former animosities and jealousies were buried in the grave, and that Peterborough attended the magnificent obsequies of the Duke of Marlborough as one of the ten assistants to the three chief mourners, who were the Duke of Montague, and the Earls of Sunderland and Godolphin. These ten assistants were composed of eight Dukes and two Earls, all of whom except one, the Duke of Montrose, were Knights of the Garter.

Between the years 1725 and 1727 Peterborough travelled abroad, wandering about from place to place, while his unfortunate wife remained at home in seclusion. Of these journeyings we know nothing, but learn that by June 1727 shortly before the death of George I. he must have returned home, as he again spoke in the House of Lords relative to the measures which it was proposed should be taken for the defence of the Kingdom of Hanover and the German possessions of the King. When an objection was raised to these suggested preparations on the ground of expense, our hero spoke with the same spirit as in the days of yore. "Let our circumstances," he said, "be what they may, we ought to exert ourselves for the honour and dignity of the Crown, and defend the just rights and privileges

of the nation." So far as we can learn, this was about the last time he spoke in the House of Lords. Five years previously, on May 25th, 1722, he had been made General of Marines, as a complimentary reward for his varied services by land and by sea, but otherwise he received no honour or employment at the hands of the Georges.

As before mentioned, in June, 1727, there passed away the elderly German, whom England had summoned to sit on her throne in the time of her need, thus keeping away a Papist King with the "orders of a French King in his pocket and a swarm of Jesuits in his train." No sooner did the news arrive in England than, as described by Thackeray, a stout man in jack-boots galloped from Chelsea to Richmond Lodge, rushed into the house, and woke up a little man, who was taking a nap on his bed after dinner. The sleeper woke up with a start and an oath, whereupon the visitor knelt down and said, "I have the honour to announce to your Majesty, that your royal father, King George I., died at Osnaburg on Saturday last, the 10th instant." "Dat is one big lie," roared the other. The stout man was Sir Robert Walpole, the little man was George II.

CHAPTER IX.

THE CORRESPONDENCE WITH MRS. HOWARD, AFTER- WARDS COUNTESS OF SUFFOLK.

Peterborough's love letters to Mrs. Howard.—Her origin.—Her early married life.—Her difference with her husband.—Is a devoted attendant of the Queen.—Pope's verses.—Is a general favourite.—Probable that she has been maligned.—Thackeray's opinion of the correspondence.—Peterborough's verses to her.—Walpole's inaccuracy.—His description of her.—His account of her position.—Another description of her.—Swift's character of her.—Some extracts from correspondence with Peterborough.—Some verses by Parnell.—Mrs. Howard assisted by Gay.—Letter in a better tone written by Peterborough after a serious illness.

THE reign of George II. is but little associated with the career of the hero of these memoirs. By the time that the sturdy little German came to the throne, Peterborough was an old man, his military and political career was over, his life had almost run its course. In fact there would be nothing, or next to nothing more to tell of him, had not a certain fascinating lady—as ladies often do—carefully kept her letters, and had not these letters been collected and published after her death. This lady was Mrs. Howard, afterwards Countess of Suffolk; and among

her papers were found effusions of Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough.¹ It has not unfrequently happened that this strange retentiveness—this mania which we believe almost every woman possesses for keeping letters—has caused serious embarrassments. Perhaps some of our readers may remember, that not many years since, a certain Italian lady published love-letters addressed to her mother by Pope Pius IX., when he was a gay guardsman, with the result that there was much scandal in the Christian world, perhaps some heartburning to the excellent old Pontiff, who was then alive, and, so far as can be seen, absolutely no good whatsoever. The reputations of Pius IX. and Peterborough have suffered perhaps in an equal degree from the imprudence of their fair correspondents. In the one case it was seen that the most estimable and sacred character, in his early years, may not have been free from purely human frailties; in the other, that age is no protection against folly, and that a heart, no matter how old and battered, may still be absurdly susceptible.

In the present instance Peterborough's letters have acquired a special significance from the fact that Mrs. Howard was supposed to be a mistress of George II. It seems however doubtful whether she ever deserved this character. There is no doubt that the King would have made her his mistress if he could, and also almost every pleasant good-looking woman within his reach. Who has forgotten, that ever read the

¹ *Letters to and from Lady Suffolk*, edited by Croker. London, 1824.



MRS. HOWARD.
AFTERWARDS
COUNTESS OF SUFFOLK.

marvellous story of the death-bed of his Queen? There she lay, that devoted pattern wife, "with the film of death over her eyes, writhing in intolerable pain, yet she had a livid smile and a gentle word for her master." She bade him marry again, and the old King blubbered out in his grief through his tears, "*Non, non, j'aurai des maîtresses.*"

It is universally agreed that Mrs. Howard was one of the most attractive women of her time. She was the eldest daughter of Sir Henry Hobart and sister of Sir John Hobart, afterwards created Earl of Buckinghamshire. So far as is known, she was born about the year 1688, and when very young married the Honourable Charles Howard, who in 1731 succeeded to the Earldom of Suffolk. In her marriage she was not fortunate; Mr. Howard was afflicted with the most serious defects that a husband can possess, namely, a vile temper and extreme poverty. Very soon after their marriage they repaired to Hanover, with a view apparently of getting employment. In this they were successful, as Mrs. Howard attracted the favourable notice of the Electress Sophia and her family, so much so that on the accession of George I. Mr. Howard was named groom of the bedchamber to the King, and his wife one of the bedchamber women to the Princess of Wales. As is well known George I. not long after his arrival in England had the most violent and public quarrel with his son—a truly Royal row—so great a row that the Prince and Princess of Wales were turned out of the Palace, their children were taken from them, and even the casual visitors at

their Court were forbidden, by notice in the *London Gazette*, to attend that of St. James's. The Howards, husband and wife, each followed the fortunes of their respective chiefs, and hence were parted, Mr. Howard remained in the Royal household, while Mrs. Howard migrated to the country with her mistress, against whom the King nourished feelings of the greatest bitterness, being pleased to call her "*Cette diable, Madame la Princesse.*" After this, in obedience to a distinct order of George I., Mr. Howard took some violent steps to remove his wife from her position in the family of the Princess of Wales. His action has been ascribed to jealousy and the character of his wife has suffered accordingly, but from all accounts this would have been about the last feeling likely to influence him, while a desire to carry out the wishes of the King would have been the first. To say the least it seems highly improbable that any lady, who occupied the position as regards George II. so often assigned to her, should have continued to be the favourite companion and constant attendant of his extremely affectionate and faithful wife. Jealousy, if a feeling in all likelihood unknown to Mr. Howard, could scarcely have been absent from the Queen, nor is it likely that she would have retained about her person or lavished her favours on her husband's mistress. It is also highly improbable that any lady, who occupied the position ascribed to Mrs. Howard by Walpole and others, would, even in those dissolute times, have met with the respect or enjoyed the regard, not only of her male but also of her female

contemporaries. Thus we find Mr. Pope writing as follows :—

“I know a thing that’s most uncommon—

Envy be silent and attend !

I know a reasonable woman,

Handsome, yet witty, and a friend.

“Not warp’d by passion, aw’d by rumour,

Not grave through pride or gay through folly,

An equal mixture of good humour

And exquisite soft melancholy.

“Has she no faults, then (Envy says) Sir ?

Yes, she has one, I must aver—

When all the world conspires to praise her,

The woman’s deaf, and does not hear.”

Even the ladies join in praising this “reasonable” woman. The Duchess of Queensberry speaks of her, and to her, most kindly ; writing, “I tell you so and so, because you love children and have children to love you.” Similarly Mary Bellenden, a sister maid-of-honour, whom contemporaries declare to have been “the most perfect creature ever known,” writes to “her dear Howard,” “her dear Swiss,” in terms of the greatest cordiality and affection.

It seems therefore that poor Mrs. Howard’s character for virtue has been much maligned, and that our hero’s effusions have been taken far too seriously. Thackeray speaks of this correspondence as follows :—

“When Lord Peterborough was seventy years old, that indomitable youth addressed some flaming love- or rather gallantry-letters to Mrs. Howard. Curious relics they are of the romantic manner of wooing sometimes in use in those days. It is not

passion: it is not love: it is gallantry: a mixture of earnest and acting—high-flown compliments, profound bows, vows, sighs and ogles, in the manner of the Clelie romances and Millamont and Doricourt in the comedy. There was a vast elaboration of ceremonies and etiquette, of raptures: a regulated form for kneeling and wooing, which has quite passed out of our downright manners. Henrietta Howard accepted the noble Earl's philandering, answered the queer love-letters with due acknowledgment, made a profound curtsy to Peterborough's profound bows, and got John Gay to help her in the composition of her letters in reply to her old knight. He wrote her charming verses, in which there was truth as well as grace."

The following are the verses of which Mr. Thackeray speaks so kindly, and which, strange to say, are declared to have been "well known" and "much admired" in their day—so much so that on the strength of them and others, which certainly are not more brilliant, Walpole includes Peterborough in his list of Royal and noble authors. It is, however, but right to add that our hero's literary efforts, as we know, were not confined to verses.

"I said to my heart between sleeping and waking,
 Thou wild thing, that always art leaping or aching,
 What black, brown, or fair, in what clime, in
 what nation
 By turns has not taught thee a pit-a-patation?"

¹ "The Four Georges," *Cornhill Magazine*, vol. ii.

- “ Thus accused, the wild thing gave this sober reply :
See the heart without motion, though Celia pass by ;
Not the beauty she has, nor the wit that she borrows,
Give the eye any joys, or the heart any sorrows.
- “ When our Sappho appears—she, whose wit so refined
I am forced to applaud with the rest of mankind—
Whatever she says is with spirit and fire ;
Every word I attend, but I only admire.
- “ Prudentia as vainly would put in her claim,
Ever gazing on heaven, though man is her aim :
'Tis love, not devotion, that turns up her eyes,
Those stars of this world are too good for the skies.
- “ But Chloe, so lively, so easy, so fair,
Her wit so genteel, without art, without care ;
When she comes in my way, the motion, the pain,
The leapings, the achings, return all again.
- “ Oh wonderful creature ! a woman of reason !
Never grave out of pride, never gay out of season ;
When so easy to guess who this angel should be,
Would one think Mrs. Howard ne'er dreamt it
was she ? ”

It now remains for us to give a description of the person and character of this remarkable lady, who inspired so much enthusiasm and who occupied so prominent, albeit, so doubtful a position, in the time of George II. Let us first take Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford, one by no means renowned for his accuracy, and whose many mistakes regarding Mrs. Howard

have been fully exposed by her biographer, Mr. Croker. Walpole seems to have not the smallest doubt that she was the mistress of the King, and thus describes her. He says :—

“Lady Suffolk was of a just height, well made, extremely fair, with the finest light brown hair : was remarkably genteel, and was always well dressed with taste and simplicity. Those were her personal charms, for her face was regular and agreeable rather than beautiful, and those charms she retained with little diminution till her death, at the age of seventy-nine. Her mental qualifications were by no means shining ; her eyes and countenance showed her character, which was grave and mild. Her strict love of truth and her accurate memory were always in unison, and made her too circumstantial in trifles. She was discreet without being reserved ; and having no bad qualities, and being constant to her connections, she preserved uncommon respect to the end of her life, and from the propriety and decency of her behaviour was always treated as if her virtue had never been questioned, her friends even affecting to suppose that her connection with the King had been confined to pure friendship. Unfortunately, his Majesty’s passions were too indelicate to have been confined to Platonic love for a woman who was deaf.”

The following is more circumstantial, and if true would seem to bear out Walpole’s views of her real position :—

“No established mistress of a sovereign ever en-

joyed less of the brilliancy of the situation than Lady Suffolk. Watched and thwarted by the Queen, disclaimed by the Minister, she owed to the dignity and to the contradiction of *their* enemies the chief respect that was paid to her, and which but ill compensated for the slavery of her attendance and the mortification that she endured. *She* was elegant, her lover the reverse and most unentertaining, and void of confidence in her. His motions too were measured by etiquette and the clock. He visited her every evening at nine, but with such dull punctuality that he frequently walked about his chamber for ten minutes with his watch in his hand if the stated minute was not arrived.

“But from the Queen she tasted more positive vexations. Till she became Countess of Suffolk she constantly dressed the Queen’s head, who delighted in subjecting her to such servile offices, though always apologising to *her good Howard*. Often her Majesty had more complete triumph. It happened more than once that the King, coming into the room while the Queen was dressing, has snatched off the handkerchief, and turning rudely to Mrs. Howard, has cried, ‘Because you have an ugly neck yourself, you hide the Queen’s.’”

Here is another and most vivid description :—¹

“She is made up of negatives, and has not character enough to say a downright ‘No.’ A tall and fine figure in a green taffeta dress, set off with rose-coloured ribands ; fair hair and skin ; a white muslin apron

¹ This is given by Warburton, but he does not quote his authority.

trimmed with delicate lace, ruffles of the same; a white and rounded arm. A chip hat with flowers placed quite at the back of the light hair, which leaves the white broad forehead exposed.

“When she and her husband were staying at Hanover, they asked some people to dinner, and Mrs. Howard was obliged to cut off her hair and sell it to pay for the said dinner. Her features are regular, her eyes a soft blue. She is singularly young looking; she is incapable of the keen feeling and passionate sorrow which might mark the brow with lines and fade the cheek. The only expression of her face is a sweet and gentle repose. An attachment to her would be an agreeable and easy habit. She is the type of a social system, whose morality is expediency and whose religion is good breeding. In such an atmosphere it is scarcely possible for a generous sympathy or a warm emotion to exist.”

Lastly we will give the celebrated character written of her by Swift, and placed in the hands of the subject herself by the author. It is not altogether flattering, perhaps on that account it is all the more true, and therefore, notwithstanding its length, would seem to deserve a place in these pages. It is as follows:—

“I shall say nothing of her wit or beauty, which are freely allowed by all persons of taste and eyes, who hear or see her; for beauty being transient, and a trifle, cannot justly make part of a character intended to last; and I leave others to celebrate her

wit, because it will be of little use in the light I design to show her.

“As to her history, it will be sufficient to observe that she went in the prime of her youth to the Court of Hanover, and there became mistress of the bed-chamber to the present Princess of Wales, living with the rest in expectation of the great event of the Queen’s death, after which she came over with her mistress, and hath ever since continued in her Royal Highness’s service ; where for the attendance duly paid her by all the ministers, as well as others who expect advancement, she hath been reckoned for some years to be the great favourite of the Court at Leicester Fields, which is a fact that of all others she most earnestly wishes might not be believed.

“There is no politician who more carefully watches the motions and dispositions of things and persons at St. James’s House, nor can form a language with more imperceptible dexterity to the present situation of the Court, or more early foresee what style may be proper upon any approaching juncture of affairs, whereof she can gather timely intelligence without asking it, and often when those, from whom she receives it, do not know that they are giving it to her, but equally with others admire her sagacity. Sir Robert Walpole and she both think they understand each other, and are both of them mistaken.

“With persons where she is to manage, she is very expert in what the French call *tâter le pavé* : with others she is a great vindicator of all present proceedings, but in such a manner as if she were under no concern further than her bare opinion, and

wondering how any body can think otherwise ; but the danger is, that she may become in time to believe herself, which, under a change of princes, and with a great addition to credit, might have terrible consequences.

“She is a most unconscionable dealer, for in return for a few good words given to her lords and gentlemen daily waiters, during their attendance, she receives ten thousand from them behind her back. The credit she hath is managed with the utmost parsimony, and whenever she employs it, which is as seldom as possible, it is only upon such occasions where she is sure to get more than she spends. She would readily press Sir Robert Walpole to do some favour for Ch. Churchill¹ or Mr. Doddington, the Princess for some mark of grace to Mrs. Clayton, or his Royal Highness to remember Mr. Schultz.² She sometimes falls into the general mistake of all courtiers of not suiting her talents to the different abilities of others, but thinking those she deals with to have less art than they really are masters of, whereby she may possibly be sometimes deceived when she thinks she deceiveth.

“In all offices of life, except that of a courtier, she acts with justice, generosity, and truth ; she is ready to do good as a private person, and I could almost think in charity, that she will not do hurt as a courtier, unless it be to those who deserve it.

¹ Colonel Charles Churchill was a great friend of Sir Robert, and afterwards married his daughter. Mr. Doddington was one of the Lords of the Treasury.

² Mr. Schultz was a special favourite of the Prince. The Dean pleasantly rallies Mrs. Howard's readiness to assist those who do not want it.

“In religion she is at least a latitudinarian, neither an enemy nor a stranger to books which maintain the opinions of freethinkers; wherein she is more to be blamed, as having too much morality to need their assistance, and requiring only a due degree of faith for putting her in the road to salvation. I speak this of her as a private lady, not as a Court favourite, for in this latter capacity she can show neither faith nor works.

“If she had never seen a Court, it is possible she might have been a friend. She abounds in good words and good wishes, and will concert a hundred schemes with those whom she favours, in order to their advancement; schemes that sometimes arise from them, and sometimes from herself, although at the same time she well knows that both are without the least probability to succeed. But to do her justice, she never feeds or deceives any person with promises where she doth not then think that she intendeth some degree of sincerity.

“She is upon the whole an excellent companion for men of the best accomplishments who have nothing to ask.

“What part she may act hereafter in a larger sphere as a lady of the bed-chamber to a great Queen, and in high esteem with a King, neither she nor I can foretell. My own opinion is natural and obvious, that her talents as a courtier will spread, enlarge and multiply to such a degree, that her private virtues, for want of room and time to operate, must be folded and laid up clean like clothes in a chest,

never to be put on till satiety, or some reverse of fortune, shall dispose her to retirement. In the meantime it will be her prudence to take care that they may not be tarnished or moth-eaten, for want of opening and airing and turning at least once a year."

We now come to the letters, which cover a period of years and only ceased within three months of Peterborough's death. When they began is not exactly known, but as the acquaintance commenced in 1717, it is probable that the correspondence, which comprised over forty letters, was started about the same time. We will not attempt to give as many of these epistles as are published by Croker in his biography of Mrs. Howard, but will follow the same order as observed by him. No doubt it will seem strange to our readers that any man took the trouble to write or any lady to answer such absurd effusions. It must however be remembered that this was essentially a letter-writing age. People wrote comparatively speaking seldom, but when they did take their pen in hand, they lavished as much trouble on their compositions as many authors now devote to published books. So much was this the case that Mrs. Howard finding Peterborough's powers of writing rather too much for her, called in the assistance of the poet Gay, and many of her answers are the combined production of them both.

The first letter is long-winded but amusing, it would seem to be half satirical.

LORD PETERBOROUGH to MRS. HOWARD.

“As I can as well live without meat and sleep as without thinking of her who has possession of my soul, so to find some relief, in never having any conversation with this adored lady, I have been forced, when alone, to make many and many a dialogue betwixt her and myself; but, alas! Madam, the conclusions are always in her favour, and I am often most cruelly condemned by myself, nay more, her indifference and almost all her rigour are approved.

“Permit me to give you an account of my last duet without my partner; and as by the original articles of our scribbling treaty you were sincerely to tell me your opinion, so remember your long silence, and give me an answer to this.

“On my part, I was representing to her the violence, the sincerity of my passion; but what I most insisted on was, that in most circumstances it was different from that of other men. It is true I confessed, with common lovers, she was the person that I wished should grant, but with this addition, that she was the only woman that I could allow to refuse. In a word, I am resolved, nay content, to be only hers, though it may be impossible she should ever be mine.

“To bear injuries or miseries insensibly were a vain picture, not to resent, not to feel, is impossible; but when I dare venture to think she is unjust or cruel, my revenge falls upon all of her sex but herself. I hate, detest, and renounce, all other creatures in hoop-petticoats; and, by a strange weakness, can only wish well to her who has the power and will to make me miserable.

“Commonly, lovers are animated by the gay look, the blooming cheeks, and the red lips of the mistress;

but heavens ! what do I feel when I see anguish and paleness invade that charming face ? My soul is in a mutiny against those powers that suffer it, and my heart perfectly melts away in tenderness. But for whom have I such concern ? For that dear lady who hardly thinks of me, or scarce regretteth she makes me wretched.

“But, alas ! it was in this last dialogue I found my misery complete ; for you must know the lady had listened with some attention—mercy was in her looks, softness in her words, and gentleness in all her air. ‘Were this all true,’ she asked, ‘what could you expect ? what do you think your due ?’

“Never was poor mortal so dismayed. Though she was absent, I had not the courage to make one imaginary request. Had she been present, I could only have expressed my wishes in a trembling look. Oh, wretched prodigality, where one gives all, and dare demand no return ! Oh, unfortunate avarice, which covets all and can merit nothing ! Oh, cruel ambition, which can be satisfied with nothing less but what no man can deserve.

“It was long before I could recover from the terror and amaze unto which I had thrown myself. At last I ventured to make this answer : ‘If what I may pretend to, be less than love, surely it is something more than common friendship.’”

MRS. HOWARD *to the* EARL OF PETERBOROUGH.

“I do not know whether your Lordship expects I should answer every letter you write in exact time and form, in order to provoke you to write another. If you do, I fancy your last was an artifice to draw me in to declare my sentiments on the subject of love first, which I think a little unfair, for the most that is expected from a woman is to be upon the defensive.

Suppose I should declare my sentiments first, your Lordship, who has been so conversant with our sex, might very civilly imagine that I hated contradiction; you might be biassed to think my notions pretty enough for a woman; and your complaisance might draw you in unawares to flatter my understanding, by agreeing to every thing I said. What should I get by all this? Only the pleasure of hearing myself talk; and I fancy the women that have all their lives been treated in this well-bred manner have that pleasure wholly confined to their own dear selves; and I look upon this as the reason why women generally talk more than men; they are seldomer contradicted, and consequently they think themselves oftener in the right. Not that I would have your Lordship imagine that I love contradiction, in order to support a dispute. No, the conversation that pleases me is when a person (if such a person can be found) will think freely before me, and speak what he thinks, rather than the common way of playing off sentiments, to show what can be said, and not what he himself thinks right.

“I grant, my Lord, we can expect this sort of treatment from none but friends and lovers, and none but friends and lovers deserve it; but he that is sincere is never upon his guard, and cannot do otherwise.”

LORD PETERBOROUGH to MRS. HOWARD.

“Be pleased to suppose me just landed on the other side of the water, and so entitled to the liberty you gave; or, if you can imagine I am yet in England, guess at the reason why I am not so impatient for a journey.

“Impatient I have been, however, to confess my satisfaction. Could anything be more agreeably

surprising than to meet with a fair lady who makes use of her own admirable understanding, not lazily giving up her reason, or poorly submitting her judgment to those guides who commonly manage their pretensions with as much self-interest, and as little honesty, as South Sea directors.

“If condemned to be a woman’s slave, may it be to one nobly maintaining her own liberty: if I were to receive any favour, let it be from one who knows what to grant and when to refuse, whose compliments are not alike to every one. Oh, the merit of the least favour which is particular; and how little merit is an undistinguished all!

“Thus far the character is charming, and perhaps it is due; but how, how can this lady justify the least indulgency to insincerity? You may as well refuse your thought as heart. Give no confession, but let none obtain what you have no mind to grant; but strictly adhere to truth. A lady guarded with wit and beauty keeps man and woman at what distance she pleases.

“Learn this from one not wholly ignorant of nature; wit, beauty, and youth may be resisted; but, with wit and beauty, believe her sincere, the creature becomes divine and irresistible.”

MRS. HOWARD *to* LORD PETERBOROUGH.

“MY LORD,

“I entirely agree with you that a woman that hath no distinction of persons will never be distinguished by any one; but then your Lordship must grant me that the woman that is civil and obliging to every body giveth signal proofs of her courage: for she that trusts every man’s vanity runs greater risks than she that trusts one man’s honour.

“Besides, before your Lordship censures this cha-

racter, you ought to consider that different persons have different views, and that these compass their utmost wishes when they are admired; so that we may blame their taste, but not condemn their conduct. Since chivalry ceased, coquetry and modern gallantry came into the world. A man of gallantry acts upon the same principles as the coquette. A man of gallantry says tender things to every lady he meets, and is ready to take arms in defence of her beauty and wit. A man of gallantry must have the spirit to be inconstant, for he loses the title of gallantry the moment he becomes a downright lover; therefore, lest he grow out of fashion, he studies like the coquette to distribute his favours equally to all. The man of gallantry devotes himself to the sex, as the knight-errant used to do to his one individual mistress; so that, if coquetry and gallantry are crimes, the fault is in the times and in the fashion, and not in ourselves.

“I find your Lordship a champion for another old-fashioned virtue, which is truth. I hope your Lordship, who is so jealous for it, knows how to distinguish it, and that you will not accuse me of too much coquetry. How can you imagine that women, who are used to flattery all their lives, can ever be in love with truth, and how will you persuade us that the men love it, when we know it is they only that flatter us?”

“Your Lordship’s caution about not showing your letters I shall sacredly observe, lest I give any person occasion to censure your Lordship of flattery and myself of incredulity.”

It would seem that so far Mrs. Howard has had the best of it. After this there follows a very dull letter from Lord Peterborough and an equally dull

rejoinder from Mrs. Howard, which scarcely appear worth reproducing.

The following is more lively :—

LORD PETERBOROUGH to MRS. HOWARD.

“Love is the general word, but upon many occasions very improperly used ; for passions very different, if not opposite, go under the same title.

“I have found love in so many disguises and false appearances in others, and even in myself, that I thought the true passion undiscoverable and impossible to be described ; but what I pretend to represent I have so perfectly felt that methinks I should be the better able to express it.

“The beginnings of this passion, whether true or false, are pleasing ; but if true, the progress is through mountains and rocks ; the unhappy traveller goes through rugged ways, and, what is most cruel, he is walking in the dark on the edge of precipices ; he labours under a thousand difficulties ; success must cost him dear, and then, alas ! the acquisition is insecure.

“The greatest hardship is this : we seem bound to the same port ; we sail in treacherous seas in quest of a woman’s heart, but without a compass ; there is no beaten path or common road ; as many objects, so many humours ; what prevails with one may displease the other in this fantastic pilgrimage of love ; he that goes out of the way may soonest arrive at his journey’s end ; and the bold have better success than the faithful, the fool than the wise.

“But I have undertaken to define this passion, which I allow to be called love. It is not the person who could please me most, but her that I am most desirous to please, who is truly adored.

“To judge of this, let us consider the character

of a beauteous female rake. This creature seems designed to give a man pleasure, and pleasure without pain, though not qualified to give him love; access is easy, enjoyment sure. Free from restraint or obligations, not fettered with the chains of pretended constancy, you meet with satisfaction and you part with ease; you are warm enough for pleasure, not exposed to the rage of jealousy, and safe from the cold of despair. A true epicure (but not a lover) should content himself with this; and this may be agreed to be the pleasure-giving lady.

“This is no unlively picture of a damsel who might please, but far from that person to whom we resign a heart in the delicate way of love. How shall I describe the Amoret capable of inspiring a true respectful tenderness?—who so fills the soul with herself, that she leaves room for no other ideas but those of endeavouring to serve and please her? Self-interest, self-satisfaction are too natural, too powerful to be quite destroyed, but they are in a manner laid asleep when at the same time we respect and fear what we love. A kind of awe has the effect of opium; as our pains, so our passions are not overcome, but moderated, and we are brought to compound, not for what we desire, but what she is willing to give.

“I must always more or less endeavour to maintain by proof what I assert. My satisfaction ceases when I am condemned by my own maxims to end this letter; but I am not at liberty to pursue a pleasure that may give you too much trouble at a time. I begin my next with telling you what Amoret should be or what I think she is.”

MRS. HOWARD to LORD PETERBOROUGH.

“One would imagine by observing upon the world that every man thought it necessary to be in love,

just as he does to talk, to show his superiority to a brute ; but such pretenders have only convinced us that they want that quality they would be thought to have.

“How few are there born with souls capable of friendship ! then how much fewer must there be capable of love ; for love includes friendship, and much more besides. That you might mistake love in others, I grant you ; but I wonder how you could mistake it in yourself. I should have thought if any body else had said so, he had never been in love.

“Those rocks and precipices, and those mighty difficulties which you say are to be undergone in the progress of love, can only be meant in the pursuit of a coquette, or where there is no hope of a return ; or perhaps you may suppose all women incapable of being touched with so delicate a passion.

“In the voyage of love you complain of great hardships, narrow seas, and no compass. You still think all women coquettes. He that can use art to subdue a woman is not in love ; for how can you suppose a man capable of acting by reason who has not one of his senses under command ? Do you think a lover sees or hears his mistress like standers by ? Whatever her looks may be, or however she talks, he sees nothing but roses or lilies, and hears only an angel.

“Your female rake or pleasure-giving lady that can leave you without regret, that cannot give jealousy, and does not pretend to constancy, I should think a very undesirable thing. I always imagined that these kind of ladies thought it necessary at least to feign love, to make themselves agreeable ; and that the best dissemblers were the most admired. Every one that loves thinks his own mistress an Amoret ; and, therefore, ask any lover who and what Amoret is, he will describe his own mistress as she appears to

himself; but the common practice of men of gallantry is to make an Amoret of every lady they write to. And, my Lord, after you have summed up all the fine qualities that are necessary to make an Amoret, I am under some apprehensions you will conclude with a compliment, by saying I am she."

LORD PETERBOROUGH to MRS. HOWARD.

"You cannot complain of my system of love. I permit the fair to follow nature and inclination without constraint, and only forbid them falsehood and ill-breeding; while to the men I give no other liberty but that they may endeavour to please.

"I must, whether I will or no, allow of some discreet dissimulation; but it is only in the nature of devils to love deceit and the torment of fellow creatures: and ought a lady to entice an honest heart, only that her equipage of lovers may be the more complete?

"Confess, women, you are obliged to me, when, by my doctrine, I deliver you from all the dismal and troublesome applications of love. You are to have no mournful speeches, no funeral letters, no repeated importunities. If the lover deserves your attention, you will only discover what he feels by what he is not able to hide, and his true respect by a behaviour that shows as much reserve as passion; and give me leave to say, a man of sense cannot offend a woman of wit and delicacy, for she will find the way to prevent what might displease her, and to deny before she is asked. In a word, my lover, wholly intent upon pleasing his mistress, is so nice in all his words and actions, that she can hardly perceive he loves, unless she has a mind to see it.

"The fire of love, the more it is suppress'd,
The more it glows and rages in the breast.

The tend'rest thoughts are those which from the fair,
Are most conceal'd, not daring to declare
In whisper'd murmurs or the gentlest noise,
Our fear of torments, or our hope of joys.
Lovers are mute if silent looks can't speak—
In words, alas ! our thoughts we dare not break ;
The trembling tongue begs of the suppliant eye
To tell the tale of silent misery.'

"The Spanish ladies, of all others, have the most noble and reasonable sentiments of love. From the Queen down to the maid of honour, they all accept of a profession of love with a decent gratitude. They never pretend to scorn or reprove a lover, but will thank and refuse. They know how to make themselves understood. Then they expect to be obeyed and not importuned. The unhappy admirer must acquiesce upon the first hint. He soon perceives his good or bad destiny. If it be a man the lady esteems he commonly becomes her confessor, and she gives him the best excuse, owning she likes elsewhere. As this justifies the lady it probably may cure the lover ; and thus wounds (if curable) are healed without rancour against the fair one who innocently gave them.

"A certain acquaintance of mine in a play acts in quite a different manner. She pouts, and tosses up her nose in the English way at a declaration of love, and yet does all in her power to procure it. But this wild colt is soonest tamed, and by the time she has put herself out of breath with affected complaints, she is scarce able to resist, and almost willing to yield.

"It were as ridiculous as unjust to expect any person should part with their own quiet to give another ease. Suppose a man suffering all the pretended torments of lovers, does it follow that the compassionate lady should sacrifice her own happiness, her own satisfaction, for the relief of one who is indifferent to her ?'

MRS. HOWARD *to* LORD PETERBOROUGH.

“You lay down rules and prescribe laws for the behaviour of lovers, as if you believed they had the use of their reason, and their thoughts and actions in their own power. The person who can observe laws and rules I absolutely deny to be in love : therefore all rules for the conduct of lovers may be of service to the man of gallantry, but never to real and true lovers.

“The civilities of the Spanish ladies are like those of shopkeepers, to encourage a multitude of customers. Who is so obliging to her lovers as a coquette ? She can express her civilities with the utmost ease and freedom to everybody alike ; while the person that loves entirely neglects, or forgets everybody for the sake of one. And when I consider how vanity interprets civility, and look over the list of fine gentlemen, I wonder any woman is commonly civil. Not that a woman can lose her character by anything they say, but methinks one would not indulge a fool in his follies.

“I find your lordship thinks it very reasonable that all women should protect themselves against impertinence. I think your lordship should have said, that the women who do not love impertinence should protect themselves against it ; for I imagine that a woman who encourages a multitude of lovers either does not know what impertinence is, or has a relish for it.

“To a woman that loves, every man is impertinent, who declares his passion, except the man she loves.

“I do not like your lordship’s comparison of love and gaming : there again you talk of skill, and of the best players losing instead of being sharpers. Lovers are bubbles to each other ; and if ever they endeavour

to impose upon one another, the cheat is impracticable, for their eyes turn informers.

“What your lordship observes upon the difficulty of explaining a real passion is, I think, very natural; for the most sanguine lover can never expect that a woman’s words should own as much as her eyes: then who would choose to perplex his hopes for the curiosity of asking again what was, with greater certainty, granted him before? If a man can believe any appearances of a woman, he can believe her eyes. That caution, that awe, that reserved respect, that fear of offence, are the strongest declarations of love. I think a woman has reason to suspect a person that has it in his power abruptly to declare his passion. Love discloses itself without design, and by such imperceptible degrees, that I believe it is generally very difficult to determine which of the lovers made the first declaration.”

The following verses occur at the end of a letter which is not worth quoting.

LORD PETERBOROUGH to MRS. HOWARD.

“In music no delight my soul can find,
Music can only please the quiet mind;
The softest touches only can inspire
Repeated fury to the raging fire.
The wretched lover doubtful of relief,
Abhors the pleasing sounds which check his grief:
He scorns relief but from the wounding fair;
Unless she cures he nourishes despair:
Freedom he hates, and hugs the fatal chain,
And, fond of grief, his sole delight is pain.

“Call you that life, to breathe without desire,
Or quench in dulness love’s transporting fire?

Or why, beloved, if you without return
 Must freeze in cold, and see your lover burn?
 What greater curse than drowsily to live,
 And neither pleasure know nor pleasure give?
 If to no charms you will your heart resign,
 But such as equal, such as merit thine,
 Treat with the poets for celestial love,
 And choose the shape in which you'll have your Jove.
 The bards alone can give deserving lovers,
 Yet 'tis some creature which the god discovers.' "

To the letter of which the above verses form a part Mrs. Howard writes a dull answer,—with the exception of the last paragraph, in this she says:—

"You talk of flying from dangers; I cannot think your lordship would fly from an imaginary one, who have stood so many real ones. I would not have you call it a flight, but rather a retreat, for by your past conduct (if you will give me leave to make use of a *double entendre*) I suppose you will *rally* again.

The following and its reply are perhaps the most amusing or the least dull of the correspondence.

LORD PETERBOROUGH to MRS. HOWARD.

"AMSTERDAM, July 5, ().

"Change of air, the common remedy, has no effect; and flight, the refuge of all who fear, gives me no manner of security or ease; a fair devil haunts me wherever I go, though perhaps not so malicious as the black ones, yet more tormenting.

"How much more tormenting is the beauteous devil than the ugly one! The first I am always thinking of; the other comes seldom in my

thoughts: the terrors of the ugly devil very often diminish upon consideration; but the oppressions of the fair one become more intolerable every time she comes into my mind.

"The chief attribute of the devil is tormenting. Who could look upon you, and give you that title? who can feel what I do, and give you any other?"

"But, most certainly, I have more to lay to the charge of the fair one than can be objected to Satan or Beelzebub. We may believe they only have a mind to torment because they are tormented; if they endeavour to procure us misery it is because they are in pain: they must be our companions in suffering, but my white devil partakes of none of my torments.

"In a word, give me heaven, for it is in your power; or may you have an equal hell! Judge of the disease by the extravagant symptoms: one moment I curse you; the next I pray to you. Oh! hear my prayers, or I am miserable.

"Forgive me if I threaten you: take this for a proof as well as punishment. If you can prove inhuman, you shall have reproaches from Moscow, China, or the barbarous quarters of Tartary. Believe me for I think I am in earnest: this I am sure of, I could not endure my ungrateful country but for your sake."

MRS. HOWARD to LORD PETERBOROUGH.

(If all the letters were as good as the following, no apology would be required for their reproduction.)

"July 26, ().

"I have carefully perused your lordship's letter about your fair devil and your black devil, your hell and tortures, your heaven and happiness—those sublime expressions which ladies and gentlemen use in their gallantries and distresses.

"I suppose by your fair devil you mean nothing less than an angel. If so, my lord, I beg leave to give some reasons why I think a woman is neither like an angel nor a devil, and why successful and unhappy love do not in the least resemble heaven and hell. It is true, you may quote ten thousand gallant letters and precedents for the use of those love-terms, which have a mighty captivating sound in the ears of a woman, and have been with equal propriety applied to all women in all ages.

"In the first place, my lord, an angel, what could a lover get by the pursuit?

"The black devil is a spirit too, but one that has lost his beauty and retained his pride. Tell a woman this and try how she likes the simile.

"The pleasure of an angel is offering praise; the pleasure of a woman is receiving it.

"Successful love is very unlike heaven; because you may have success one hour, and lose it the next. Heaven is unchangeable. Who can say so of love or lovers?

"In love there are as many heavens as there are women, so that if a man be so unhappy as to lose one heaven, he need not throw himself headlong into hell.

"This thought might be carried further. But perhaps you will ask me, if a woman be neither like angel nor devil, what is she like? I answer that the only thing that is like a woman is—another woman.

"How often has your lordship persuaded foreign ladies that nothing but them could make you forsake your dear country! But at present I find it is more to your purpose to tell me that I am the only woman that could prevail with you to stay in your ungrateful country."

LORD PETERBOROUGH *to* MRS. HOWARD.

"The last tedious dull letter, which I sent you should persuade you, by your own argument, that the head and the heart are much out of order ; that which I have received from you convinces me by your own rules, that, as nothing can abate your vivacity, so nothing can affect your quiet.

"Comparisons are not required to be exact ; but you have helped me to maintain mine. This time you must be my black spirit, and surely nothing but woman, with infernal spite and wit, could ridicule, as you have done, my poor angels and devils.

"Not content with your victory over my demons, you pursue me through heaven and hell, and take from me all the terms of art, though you confess they have been used by all men to all women in all ages.

"Now, indeed, fair lady, we come to the terrible article where you give the melancholy reason why the pleasures of love are unjustly compared to those of heaven. Alas ! what remedy one must venture for the hour of success, and deserve to have it lasting ! But I declare you guilty of the highest mistake and heresy in love, if you take from me my dream of heaven in you, and think any other woman could with reality make me amends."

MRS. HOWARD *to* LORD PETERBOROUGH.

"I find you are very difficult to part with your angels and devils, and you seem to be very fond of some of the fine terms of love in use : you think it absolutely necessary that such expressions should be allowed. I grant, my lord, that terms of art are necessary in any science, but I look upon love as purely nature.

“All that I argue for is, that as these expressions have been in all ages the favourite words of fine gentlemen who would fain persuade themselves and others that they are in love, that those who really are in love should discard them, the better to distinguish themselves from impostors.

“Not that, my lord, I would have you believe that I have any objection against being an angel, if possibly I could be one; but the flattery that might really content a reasonable woman, would be to have bestowed on her all the finest qualities that belong to the finest of women. I always thought husbands were the only men who could compliment a woman into a state of immortality.

“I own, my lord, that I talk at random upon this subject, and to a person so experienced; for undoubtedly you, who have loved so many, must know the most successful manner of address.

“In the preliminaries that were settled for this correspondence you allowed a woman to dispute; and, my lord, I will say a thing that appears very like an untruth in woman’s mouth, that I only dispute to be better informed.”

We think it must be agreed that in the above, the lady, whether through the assistance of Gay or unaided, has far the best of it. After this there comes a letter from Lord Peterborough, which certainly does not appear worth quoting. Then follows another letter, which commenced with some verses, attributed by Lord Peterborough to Pope, but which, there is good reason to believe, were really written by Parnell, as they are given in all editions of the works of the latter, more especially that published by Pope himself in 1721.

LORD PETERBOROUGH *to* MRS. HOWARD.

“ ‘ When thy beauty appears,
 In its graces and airs,
 All bright as an angel new dropp’d from the sky,
 At distance I gaze, and am awed by my fears,
 So strangely you dazzle my eye.

“ ‘ But when without art,
 Your kind thoughts you impart,
 When your love runs in blushes through every vein ;
 When it darts from your eyes, when it points in your
 heart
 Then I know you’re a woman again.

“ ‘ There’s a passion and pride
 In our sex, she replied,
 And thus (might I gratify both) I would do ;
 Still an angel appear to each lover beside,
 But still be a woman to you.’ ¹

“ Mr. Pope’s angel and woman, being both imaginary, and at his own disposal, he were to blame had he not made her kind ; if it were in my power to continue it, my angel and my lady should be so too. . . .”

Then there follows a letter, which is decidedly uninteresting, followed by two rejoinders from Mrs. Howard which are far more spirited.

MRS. HOWARD *to* LORD PETERBOROUGH.

“ I have been extremely ill ever since I received your lordship’s last letter, which has prevented me from answering it sooner.

¹ Croker remarks that Moore, in one of his lively songs, has employed the same idea—

“ Be an angel, my love, in the morning,
 But, oh ! be a woman at night.”

"Your lordship is at last in the right; for certainly the most agreeable compliment to a woman is to persuade her she is a very fine woman. No reasonable woman desires more, and we all know no reasonable man desires she should be anything else; and therefore let us leave the goddesses and angels to enjoy their heaven in quiet; for since none of our present lovers can bring creditable witnesses that they ever saw a goddess or an angel, how can they tell but the comparison may do their ladies an injustice?"

"Your song does the very thing which all along I have been endeavouring to expose, which is the ridiculous cant of love. A person, that is in real distress, expresses his wants and desires naturally; similes and studied expressions savour more of affectation than of real passion.

"I fancy the man who first treated the ladies with that celestial complaisance, used it in contempt of their understandings. It pleases a little miss to be called a queen; and I think the woman must be still a little miss in her way of thinking, who can be taken with being called a goddess or an angel. . . ."

MRS. HOWARD to LORD PETERBOROUGH.

(This is an answer to a letter suppressed.)

"I cannot much wonder that men are always so liberal in making presents of their hearts; yet I cannot help admiring the women who are so very fond of these acquisitions. Let us consider the ingredients that make up the heart of man.

"It is composed of dissimulation, self-love, vanity, inconstancy, equivocation, and such fine qualities. Who then would make that a present to a lady, when they have one of their own so very like it?"

"A man's heart never wants the outward appearance of truth and sincerity. Every lover's heart is

so finely varnished with them that it is almost impossible to distinguish the true from the false ones. According to my observations, the false ones have generally the finest gloss.

“When your Lordship asks a heart for a heart you seem to reckon them all of equal value. I fancy you think them all false ones, which is the surest way not to be very often imposed upon. I beg your Lordship, in this severe opinion of hearts, to accept mine as well as your own.

“If you were so happy as to be owner of a false heart, you should esteem it as the most proper present for a lady; for should you make her a present of such a one as yours was before you parted with it, it is fifty to one whether you would receive a true one in return.

“Therefore, let every man who expects an equivalent for his heart be provided with a false one, which is equally fit for the most professed lover; it will burn, flame, bleed, pant, sigh, and receive as many darts and appear altogether as charming as a true one. Besides, it does not in the least embarrass the bearer, and I think your Lordship was always a lover of liberty.”

Then there comes another letter from Peterborough, if possible even more ridiculous in its expressions of devotion than those which preceded it; this is followed by a very smart rejoinder from his fair correspondent.

LORD PETERBOROUGH to MRS. HOWARD.

“By your letter you seem to insinuate mine may be like yours; for you honestly confess a mighty resemblance between the male and female hearts.

I wish the likeness could be carried on throughout ; I should almost be content (as you advise) to change a true one though for a false one, if at the same time I could receive as much beauty, wit, and youth.

“ You own you can make no judgment of your own heart, declaring positively that woman cannot judge of woman ; out of complaisance to your opinion, I suppose the same of man. There can be, then, but one expedient how we may come at some probable conjectures of each other. If you would make as honest confessions to me as I would do to you, then you might judge of my heart, and I of yours.

“ Without similes, or studied expressions, I would tell you my distress. I would truly describe what I have felt for others, what I feel for you. I would reveal every thought, as good Catholics do to their father confessors ; and upon the whole matter you shall determine whether you can give me absolution for the past, and credit for the future.

“ I confess I should find great pleasure in such a bargain ; for if my first wish were to have the woman’s heart I love, the next would be to know it such as it is.

“ That I am a lover of liberty I must not deny ; but it were better for me to be out of my own power ; a cruel mistress could not use me worse than I commonly use myself. Take me, or I shall ramble all my life in restlessness and change. Accept of the libertine for a slave, and try how faithfully I can love, honour, and obey. As far as I can judge of myself, if you give me leave naturally to express my wants and desires, I desire nothing more than your esteem, and want nothing but your heart.”

Mrs. Howard, it would seem, deserves decided credit for the following witty and satirical reply :—

MRS. HOWARD *to* LORD PETERBOROUGH.

"I think, your lordship, in the last paragraph of your letter, is a little ungenerous. For a present which you tell me you have made to me, you expect the most exact return, which generosity generally leaves to the courtesy of the receiver.

"You quote Scripture to justify the reasonableness of your request: an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a heart for a heart. This seems to me to be rather a demand of revenge and resentment than love. But a man cannot give a heart for a heart, that has none to give.

"Consider, my lord, you have but one heart; and then consider whether you have a right to dispose of it. Is there not a lady at Paris who is convinced that nobody has it but herself? Did you not bequeath it to another lady at Turin? At Venice you disposed of it to six or seven; and you again parted with it at Naples and in Sicily.

"I am, therefore, obliged, my lord, to believe that one who disposes of his heart in so profuse a manner is like a juggler who seems to fling away a piece of money, but still has it in his own keeping."

LORD PETERBOROUGH *to* MRS. HOWARD.

"Before I complain, I give you thanks that in the several dispositions of my heart you have had the grace not to bestow it on any German lady.¹ But have you not too much confined my generosity, and forgot that some Blacks are very beautiful, and Indians very lively?

"By your own account, I am in the condition to make you the greater and the juster compliment. I

¹ This is supposed to be a sneer at George I., who arrived in England with two rawboned plain German mistresses.

give you the preference to all the women in the world; with authority too, since I believe no person ever had the opportunity of seeing such variety.

“But give me leave to tell you your intelligence is very imperfect, and in many cases false. I have no knowledge of the lady you begin with. I was ever too good an Englishman to submit to a French enemy; and were I to offer anything to a lady at Paris, it should be three bottles of champagne, and not one heart.

“At Turin I was so busied in making kings that I had not time to think of ladies; and was so far from making a conveyance, that I know no person there ever had the least pretence to me, or I to them.

“Venice, indeed, was an idle place, and proper enough for an idle engagement; but alas! Madam, hate does not differ more from love than a Venetian amusement from an English passion—such a one as I feel for you.

“In truth you never had in my country, nor could have, but one rival; for in no place I ever found any to compare to you but one, and that was an English lady and a wife;¹ so that, after all, this vagabond heart never went out of his own country, and the first and last true and warm passion seized me in this cold climate, and the deep and lasting wounds were given me at home.

“Were you curious upon my score, and would believe my confessions, I would appeal to your judgment whether my heart was ever so much in any woman's power as in yours? I could appeal to what is past, as well as to what I am sure will happen; for you shall and will believe, that I have had for you a passion which deserves neither reproach nor reproof.

“The repetition of either seriously would throw me

¹ No doubt his own wife.

into such melancholy and despair, that, consenting to my fate, I should never be able to maintain the greatest innocence, or justify the greatest love.

“Oh, Madam, may I not say, were there a possibility of some return, that I would prefer one kind thought to the mines of Peru and Mexico? A heart for a heart is a natural though unreasonable demand in my circumstance. Oh, dearest lady, refuse not mine, and do with your own as you think fit, provided you keep it to yourself; or keep it, at least, till you can find one who deserves it.”

LORD PETERBOROUGH *to* MRS. HOWARD.

“MADAM,

“Some part of my life I have spent in accusations of the fair sex. Sometimes women were vain or faithless, sometimes too easy, sometimes too cruel, in my opinion; but of late my complaints are all against the men. The young appear to be empty disagreeable beaux; and those advanced in years ill-bred, presuming, and ignorant pretenders, whether they deal in gallantry or politics.

“I have complained sometimes of fate, sometimes of you, without considering, I confess, how seldom we have just pretences to what we wish for; but faults acknowledged should ever be forgiven. The lady I most revere perhaps gives more than I deserve: if you honour me with your good opinion, and give me sometimes a thought, I acknowledge the favour with the utmost gratitude.

“Ladies and kings have their negative voice; but you would not, nay, some things you cannot deny. You may lay constraint upon our words and actions, but our thoughts are free: they approach you at the greatest distance. I assure you, from the wild romantic cottage¹ where I pass my time, I should

¹ The villa of Bevis Mount, close to Southampton, lately pulled down.

send few of them to courts and castles, unless you were in them.

"*My* Blenheim would not afford lodgings for two maids of honour and their equipage, and yet I cannot forbear wishing that you might somehow or other see my purchase of fourteen pounds a year.

"Though you had seen the prodigies of Norfolk the day before, I should depend upon your partiality to Bevis Mount, the noble title of my palace, which has put the public to no expense.¹

"Were it not presuming upon your goodness and permission, I should not trouble you with the inclosed.

"I am, Madam,

"Your most faithful, obedient servant,

"PETERBOROUGH."

Following the above wearisome and perhaps not very creditable letters there is one with a distinct date, evidently written at a later period, when the fires of love had nearly died away and when it would seem that the writer had scarcely the energy or the inclination for his old efforts of gallantry. The tone of this last letter is refreshing after those which went before it, although one can see throughout that it is

¹ The following is Mr. Croker's note on this sneer at Marlborough and Walpole:—"Lord Peterborough insinuates that both Blenheim and Houghton (the splendid seat created by Sir Robert Walpole) were erected at the public expense. It is hardly true even of Blenheim. That edifice was voted, indeed, by the public; but the Tory Ministers made so many difficulties, and their successes were so little zealous, that the Duke of Marlborough expended an immense sum of his private money in completing this noble palace. Houghton does not appear to have cost the public a farthing; but to this hour it is unexplained how Sir Robert Walpole, a country gentleman of £2,000 or £3,000 a year, should, so early in his public life, have found means to build 'the prodigy of Norfolk.'"

written by one who is suffering, one who feels that his life is drawing to a close, but whose wild spirit is scarcely yet tamed either by the infirmities of age or the pains of sickness.

He writes in answer to some inquiries made by Mrs. Howard after his health, apparently when he had just recovered from a serious illness, for he speaks of his restoration to health.

LORD PETERBOROUGH to MRS. HOWARD.

October, 1730.

“I return you a thousand thanks for what you were pleased to send me ; the prevailing remedy will be your charitable wish. I dare not but recover if you command me to do so, for in what dare I disobey ?

“It is certain you or none must have the credit of my recovery. The doctors have told me mine is an inward pain ; if so, I can have no cure from any other person.

“You blame me for seeking no remedies, and yet you know vain attempts of any kind are ridiculous. I have sometime since made a bargain with fate to submit with patience to all her freaks ; some accidents have given me a great contempt, almost a distaste of life. Shakespeare shall tell you my opinion of it :—

“ ‘ Life is as tedious as a twice told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man.
Life is a walking shadow—a poor player,
That frets and struts his hour upon the stage,
And then is seen no more.

“Do not wonder then, Mrs. Howard, if the world has become so indifferent to me that I can even amuse myself with the thoughts of going out of it. I was writing some days ago a dialogue betwixt me and one that is departed before me ; one that would have kept his promise to you, if possible : when the case falls out, Mr. Pope shall give it to you.

“If we meet and hold conference in the shades below, much will be said of you. How rivals quarrel or agree in those places, I know not ; but I own I am jealous to a great degree. It is too much to know what ladies think in this world ; I wish we could be informed of your true thoughts of us in the other.

“So near the birthday we must think of less melancholy subjects. Will you be pleased to let me know what you have chosen for Mrs. Mordaunt, and the shop where it is bespoke ? and give me leave to add, that the Elysian fields in this world are our own.”

CHAPTER X.

THE CLOSING SCENES OF PETERBOROUGH'S LIFE.—EXTRACTS FROM HIS CORRESPONDENCE WITH POPE AND SWIFT.—HIS DEATH.—CLOSING COMMENTS ON HIS CHARACTER AND CAREER.

Peterborough's latter years.—Intimacy with Swift and Pope.—His hospitality to Voltaire.—Voltaire's dishonesty.—Verses of Walter Harte.—Letter from Pope.—Reply from Peterborough.—Rejoinder.—Correspondence between the Earl and Pope.—Intercourse with Dean Swift.—Letter from the Dean.—Peterborough's serious illness.—Formal recognition of his wife.—His will.—Last letter to Mrs. Howard, now Lady Suffolk.—Letter from Pope to Martha Blount.—Peterborough's death.—Closing remarks.—His failings.—His qualities as a politician.—His military talents.—His private life.—Conclusion.

WE now come to the closing scenes of Peterborough's life, and it is refreshing to find that they are more in keeping with his early career, more worthy of his name and reputation than the episode with Mrs. Howard. His letters also are very different in tone to the correspondence which he maintained with that attractive lady. It must, however, be remembered that the effusions we have just quoted can scarcely be taken seriously; they must be regarded as a compound of banter, compliments, and gallantry, illustrative alike of the social manners and letter-writing propen-

sities of the age. Although our hero, no doubt, like many old beaux who have outlived their fascinations, by no means wished to be laid on the shelf, or in any way desired to resign the name of lady-killer—a character which he had maintained with great industry and undoubted success from his early youth—still his affections were entirely centred on his second wife. She, poor woman, from her unremitting devotion during a long succession of years, fully deserved every atom of affection that he was capable of bestowing on her, and, it may be added, far more open proofs of it than she actually received. She was still called Anastasia Robinson, and was not yet formally recognised as his wife. It is even stated that for a long time he would not permit her to wear her wedding ring, only relenting when he found she made this permission a positive and distinct condition of her attendance on him during a most serious illness. Her care and attention restored her lord's health, but the confinement and anxiety connected with the constant watching over a sick bed seriously injured her own.

During these latter years Peterborough apparently spent his time between Parson's Green and a small place, which he had on Southampton Water, called Bevis Mount. This wild, romantic cottage, for which he paid a rent of £14 a year, overlooked Itchin Ferry, and was in the middle of charming views and pretty scenery, but, as he himself with some bitterness remarked in a letter¹ to Lady Suffolk, it afforded a striking contrast to the magnificence of Blenheim and

¹ Just quoted.

Houghton. In fact, the only spoils, which he had gathered from his campaigns, were a few old guns and flags, captured in Spain, and these he arranged on the lawn. Pope alludes to this in his first epistle to Lord Bolingbroke when, speaking of our generals, he says that they—

“Hang their trophies o’er the garden wall.”

Until comparatively recently this spot was marked by a small monument placed on a terrace formerly in the grounds of the cottage, and inscribed with a few lines in memory of the distinguished statesman and warrior, who there spent the evening of his life.

While thus tranquilly and peacefully passing an existence so different from his former busy, reckless life, Peterborough seems always to have kept up his connection with literary men, and to have seen a good deal of his friends Swift and Pope. He also received a visit at Parson’s Green from another distinguished character, who afterwards lived to attain a world-wide celebrity, no less than Voltaire. It would seem as if literary talent, originality of opinion, and mental power always had an attraction for Peterborough. Just as many years previously he had visited the celebrated and saintly Fénelon at Cambrai, writing home to his friend Mr. Locke that, if he remained much longer in so pious an atmosphere, he would have been made pious himself; so now, apparently, he must have sought out young Voltaire and offered him shelter and hospitality. In this case most certainly there was no danger of his becoming

pious from the contact and example of his companion, and there seems some ground for believing that he had reason to regret his kindness, as a story, equally characteristic of our hero and of Voltaire, is told in connection with the three months' visit of the latter to Parson's Green.¹

It is stated that Peterborough, who always had a hankering after the fame of an author, wished to publish a book, and commissioned his guest, Voltaire, who was more or less connected with literary work, to act as an intermediary between himself and the publisher. With this object he supplied Voltaire from time to time with various sums of money intended to defray the cost of publication as it went on. The publisher received the first instalment only; and on the strength of this put a portion of the book in type. No more money, however, was forthcoming, and he was told by Voltaire that Peterborough objected to advance him anything further until the

¹ This visit of Voltaire to England and to Parson's Green is corroborated by the MSS. journal of the late Major W. Broome, 5th Royal Irish Dragoons, and for fifty years the most intimate friend of Sir Henry Grattan, Speaker of the House of Commons. Major Broome died in 1826, aged eighty-nine years.

The following is the extract:—

"*March 16, 1765, GENEVA.*—Dined with Mons. Voltaire, who behaved very politely. He is very old, was dressed in a *robe-de-chambre* of blue sattan and gold spots in it, with a sort of sattan cap and blue tassle of gold. He spoke all the time in English. . . . His house is not very fine, but genteel, and stands upon a mount close to the Mountains. He is tall and very thin, has a very piercing eye, and a look singularly vivacious. He told me of his acquaintance with Pope, Swift (with whom he had lived three months at Lord Peterborough's), and Gay, who first showed him the *Beggar's Opera* before it was acted. . . ."—Vide *Notes and Queries*, 1st series, vol x. p. 403.

book actually came out. The publisher consequently was obliged to stop the publication for want of funds, which it had been agreed that he should receive, till at last, justly thinking that he had been hardly treated, he determined to brave an interview with the Earl himself, and to remonstrate with him personally on his breach of agreement. Then it all came out. It appears that Voltaire had appropriated the money, which had been given him regularly according to promise, while he had accounted for the delay in the publication of the work by blaming the publisher for his slowness and procrastination. It may be supposed that Peterborough, whose naturally quick temper had not been softened by age, on learning the treachery and dishonesty of his guest, became perfectly frantic. As bad luck would have it, Voltaire happened to come in while the interview was taking place, and narrowly escaped with his life, as Peterborough drew his sword and rushed at him. Voltaire, however, managed to escape from the house and concealed himself in a neighbouring village during the night. The next day he returned to London, and almost immediately afterwards left England for the Continent.

A most able writer¹ of the memoirs of Voltaire throws discredit on the above story, and very justly says it is such that "no one would wish to believe it." Similarly for the same reason no one is likely to have invented it, and apparently when it first appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine*² in the year 1797, it was accepted, and remained without contradiction. In

¹ *Bolingbroke and Voltaire*, by Churton Collins.

² *Gent. Mag.*, vol. lxxvii., part ii. p. 820.

point of fact there seems every probability that the incident occurred and was correctly narrated. We know for certain Voltaire was in England about this time, and that he spent three months at Parson's Green as Peterborough's guest. We also know that he arrived in this country in a state of abject poverty, and that while here he depended for his livelihood on the charity of others, and on his own wits. It is also acknowledged that he behaved with no less treachery, although perhaps with not the same criminal dishonesty, to his benefactors Pope and Bolingbroke.

Unfortunately very little of Peterborough's correspondence written at this period is still in existence. There are a few letters to and from Pope and Swift, some of which are interesting and seem worth quoting, but otherwise his life and his literary occupations are a blank to us. Horace Walpole speaks of him as "one of those men of careless wit and negligent grace who scatter a thousand bon-mots and idle verses, which we painful compilers gather and hoard till the owners stare to find themselves authors." It is a pity that more of these bon-mots and idle verses have not been preserved, since, although the letters to Pope are of a far higher stamp than the Howard correspondence, still, on the whole, there is more evidence of laboured than of careless wit.

Peterborough's intimacy with Pope was evidently of the closest description. Walter Harte in an epistle to the latter writes as follows :—

"How blest the man that from the world removes
To joys that Mordaunt or his Pope approves,

Whose tastes exact each author can explore
 And live the present and past ages o'er ;
 Who free from pride, from penitence or strife,
 Moves calmly forward to the verge of life.”¹

Of Pope's letters the following is addressed to Lord Peterborough at Bevis Mount, and is dated August 28th, 1728 :—

“ MY LORD,

“ I presume that you may before this time be returned from the contemplation of many beauties ; animal and vegetable in gardens, and possibly some rational in ladies, to the better enjoyment of your own at Bevis Mount. I hope and believe all you have seen will duly contribute to it. I am not so fond of making compliments to ladies as I was twenty years ago, or I would say there are some very reasonable, and one in particular, there. I think you happy, my Lord, in being at least half the year almost as much your own master as I am mine the whole year ; and with all the disadvantageous incumbrances of quality, facts, and honour, as mere a gardener, loiterer and labourer, as he who never had titles, or from whom they were taken. I have an eye in the last of these glorious appellations to the style of a lord degraded or attainted ; methinks they give him a better title than they deprive him of in calling him labourer ; *agricultura*, says Tully, *proxima sapientiæ*, which is more than can be said by most modern nobility of Grace or Right Honourable, which are often *proxima stultitiæ*. The great Turk, you know, is often a gardener or of a meaner trade, and are there not, my lord, some circumstances in which you would resemble the great Turk ? The two paradises are not ill-connected of gardens and gallantry ; and

¹ Bell's *Fugitive Poetry*, vol. vi. p. 21.

some there are (not to mention my Lord B), who pretend they are both to be had even in this life without turning Mussulmans. We have as little politics here within a few miles of the court (nay perhaps at the court) as you at Southampton, and our Ministers, I dare say, have less to do. Our weekly histories are only full of the feasts given to the Queen and Royal family by their servants, and the long and laborious walks Her Majesty takes every morning. Yet if the grave historians shall hereafter be silent of this year's events, the amorous and anecdotal may make posterity some amends by being furnished with the gallantries of the great at home, and 'tis some comfort that if the men of the next age do not read of us, the women may. From the time you have been absent, I've not been to wait on a certain great man through modesty, through illness, through respect. But for my comfort I fancy that any great man will as soon forget one that does him no harm, as he can one that has done him any good.

"Believe me, my Lord, yours &c.

"A. POPE."

The following is apparently a reply to the letter just quoted :—

From the EARL OF PETERBOROUGH *to* A. POPE, ESQ.

"I must confess that going to Lord Cobham's I was not led by curiosity. I went thither to see what I had seen and what I was sure to like.

"I had the idea of those gardens so fixt in my imagination by many descriptions that nothing surprised me; immensity and Vanburgh appear in the whole, and in every part. Your joining in your letter animal and vegetable beauty, makes me use

this expression. I confess the stately Sacharissa at Stow—¹ but am content with my little Amoret.”²

“I thought you indeed more knowing upon the subject, and I wonder at your mistake : why will you imagine women insensible to praise, much less to yours ? I have seen them more than once turn from their lover to their flatterer. I am sure the farmeress³ at Bevis in the highest mortifications in the middle of her Lent, would feel emotions of vanity, if she knew you gave her the character of a reasonable woman.

“You have been guilty again of another mistake, which hindered me shewing your letter to a friend : when you join two ladies in the same compliment, though you gave to both the beauty of Venus and the wit of Minerva, you would please neither. If you had put me into the *Dunciad*, I could not have been more disposed to criticise your letter. What, Sir—do you bring it in as a reproach or as a thing uncommon to a court to be without politics ? With politics, indeed, the Richelieus and such folk have brought about great things in former days : but what are they, Sir, who without policy in our times can make ten treaties in a year and secure everlasting peace ?

“I can no longer disagree with you, though in jest. Oh how heartily I join with you in your contempt for excellency and grace, in your esteem of that most noble title loiterer ; if I were a man of many plums, and a good heathen, I would dedicate a temple to laziness : no man ever could blame my choice of such a deity who considers that when I have been fool enough to take pains, I always met with some will more able to undo my labours.

“Yours, &c.”

¹ No doubt referring to the palace now possessed by the Duke of Buckingham.

² A favourite name for his favourite Bevis Mount.

³ Lady Peterborough, who was a Roman Catholic.

Here follows Mr. Pope's rejoinder :—

A. POPE to the EARL OF PETERBOROUGH.

“You were in a very polemic humour when you did me the honour to answer my last. I always understood, like a true controvertist, that to answer is only to cavil and quarrel : however, I forgive you : you did it (as all polemics do) to show your parts. Else was it not very vexatious to deny me to commend two women at a time ? It is true, my Lord, you know women as well as men : but since you certainly love them better, why are you so uncharitable in your opinion of them ? Surely one lady may allow another to have the thing she herself least values, reason, when beauty is uncontested. Venus herself would allow Minerva to be goddess of wit, when Paris gave her the apple (as the fool herself thought) on a better account. I do say that Lady P—— is a reasonable woman, and I think she will not take it amiss if I obstinately insist upon esteeming her, instead of toasting her like a silly thing I could name, who is the Venus of these days. I see you had forgot my letter, or would not let her know how much I thought of her in this reasonable way, but I have been kinder to you, and have shown your letter to one who would take it candidly.

“But, for God's sake, what have you said about politicians ? You made me a great compliment in the trust you reposed in my prudence, or what mischief might I not have done you with some that affect that determination ? Your Lordship might have spoken of heroes. What a bluster would the god of the winds have made had one that we know have puffed against Eolus, or (like Xerxes) whipped the seas ! They have dialogued it in the language of the *Rehearsal* :—

“ ‘I'll give him flash for flash,
I'll give him dash for dash.’

But all now is safe. The poets are preparing songs of joy, and halcyon days are the word.

"I hope, my Lord, it will not be long before your dutiful affection brings you to town. I fear it will a little raise your envy to find all the Muses employed in celebrating a royal work, which your own partiality will think injurious to Bevis Mount. But if you have any inclination to be even with them, you need but put three or four wits into any hole in the garden, and they will out-rhyme all Eton and Westminster. I think Swift, Gay, and I could undertake it if you don't think our heads too expensive; but the same hand that did the others will do them as cheap. If all else should fail, you are sure at least of the head, hand, and heart of your servant.

"Why should you fear any disagreeable news to reach us at Bevis Mount? Do as I do even within ten miles of London—let no news whatever come near you. As to public affairs, we never knew a deader season. 'Tis all silent, deep tranquillity. Indeed, they say it is sometimes so just before an earthquake. But, whatever happens, cannot we observe the wise neutrality of the Dutch, and let all about us fall by the ears? Or if you, my Lord, should be pushed on by any old-fashioned notions of honour and romance, and think it necessary for the General of Marines to be in action, when our fleets are in motion meet them at Spithead, and take me along with you. I decline no danger where the Glory of Great Britain is concerned, and will contribute to empty the largest bowl of punch that shall be rigged out on such an occasion. Adieu, my Lord, and may as many years attend you as may be happy and honourable!"

EARL OF PETERBOROUGH *to* POPE.

"You must receive my letters with a just impartiality, and give grains of allowance for a gloomy

or rainy day: I sink grievously with the weather-glass, and am quite spiritless when opprest with the thoughts of a birthday or a return.

“Dutiful affection was bringing me to town, but undutiful laziness, and being much out of order, keep me in the country; however, if alive, I must make my appearance at the birthday. Where you showed one letter you may show the other; she that never was wanting in any good office in her power will make a proper excuse, when a sin of omission, I fear, is not reckoned as a venial sin.

“I consent you shall call me polemic, or associate me to any sect or corporation, provided you do not join me to the charitable rogues¹ or to the pacific politicians of the present age. I have read over Barkly² in vain, and find after a stroke given on the left I cannot offer the right cheek for another blow. All I can bring myself to is to bear mortification from the fair sex with patience.

“You seem to think it vexatious that I should allow you but one woman at a time, either to praise or love. If I dispute with you on this point, I doubt every jury will give a verdict against me; as 'tis with a Mohammedan indulgence I allow you pluralities, the favourite privilege of our Church.

“I find you do not mend upon conviction. Again I tell you you must not think of women in a reasonable way; you know we always make goddesses of those we adore upon earth, and do not all the good men tell us we must lay aside reason in what relates to the Deity?

“'Tis well the poets are preparing songs of joy; 'tis well to lay in antidotes of soft rhyme against the rough prose they may chance to meet with at

¹ The members of the Charitable Association who had just been convicted of gross peculation.

² Barkly's *Apology for the Quakers*.

Westminster. I should have been glad of anything of Swift's; pray, when you write to him next, tell him I expect him with impatience, in a place as odd and as much out of the way as he is himself.

“Yours, &c.”

EARL OF PETERBOROUGH to POPE.

“Whenever you apply, as a good papist, to your female mediatrix, you are sure of success, but there is not a full assurance of your entire submission to Mother Church, and that abates a little of your authority. However, if you will accept of country letters, she will correspond from the haycock, and I will write to you upon the side of my wheelbarrow: surely such letters might escape examination!

“Your idea of the Golden Age is that every shepherd might pipe when he pleased. As I have lived longer, I am more moderate in my wishes, and would be content with the liberty of not piping when I am not pleased.

“Oh how I wish to myself and my friends a freedom which Fate seldom allows, and which we often refuse ourselves! Why is our shepherdess in voluntary slavery? Why must our Dean submit to the colour of his coat and live apart from us? And why are you confined to what you cannot relieve?

“I seldom venture to give accounts of my journeys beforehand, because I take resolutions of going to London, and keep them no better than quarrelling lovers do theirs. But the devil will drive me thither about the middle of next month, and I will call upon you to be sprinkled with holy water before I enter the place of corruption.

“Yours, &c.”

In the next letter he indulges in some sardonic reflections, which to a certain extent illustrate his temperament and also give vent to the dissatisfaction at the tone and spirit of the times. There seems no doubt, as he himself says, that in his latter years the "violent and uneasy passions," the impatience and fretfulness of his youth, had almost entirely passed away.

EARL OF PETERBOROUGH to POPE.

"I am under the greatest impatience to see Dr. Swift at Bevis Mount, and must signify my mind to him by another hand, it not being permitted me to hold correspondence with the said Dean, for no letter of mine can come to his hand.

"And whereas it is apparent in this Protestant land, most especially under the care of Divine Providence, that nothing can succeed or come to a happy issue but by bribery, therefore, let me know what he expects to comply with my desires and it shall be remitted unto him.

"For though I would not corrupt any man for the whole world, yet a benevolence may be given without any offence to conscience; every one must confess that gratification and corruption are two distinct terms; nay, at worst, many good men hold that for a good end some very naughty measures may be made use of.

"But, Sir, I must give you some good news in relation to myself, because I know you wish me well. I am cured of some diseases in my old age, which tormented me very much in my youth.

"I was possest with violent and uneasy passions, such as peevish concern for truth, and a saucy love for my country.

"When a Christian priest preached against the spirit of the Gospel, when an English judge determined against Magna Charta, when the Minister acted against common sense, I used to fret.

"Now, Sir, let what will happen, I keep myself in temper; as I have no flattering hopes so I banish all useless fears; but as to the things of this world, I find myself in a condition beyond expectation; it being evident from a late parliamentary inquiry¹ that I have as much ready money, as much in the funds, and as great a personal estate as Sir Robert Sutton. If the translator of Homer find fault with this unheroic disposition, or what I more fear, if the draper of Ireland accuse the Englishman of want of spirit, I silence you both with one line out of your own Horace:—

"*Quid te exempta juvat spinis e pluribus una?*"

For I take the whole to be so corrupted, that a cure in any part would be of little avail.

"Yours, &c."

It would seem as if a correspondence, intermittent it is true, but never entirely interrupted, continued for many years between Peterborough and the great Dean of St. Patrick's, Doctor Swift. They were evidently on the most cordial terms, but from the Dean's enforced absence from England their friendship never reached the close intimacy which existed between our hero and Pope. It is related that in the year 1732 the poet was one of the examiners at Winchester College, and in honour of his dear friend gave as the subject for the prize poem "The Campaign of Valencia." When the prizes were distributed and

¹ Upon the Charitable Corporation affairs.

the annual "gaudy" took place, the poet and the hero of the poem were both present, the latter having made a special effort to accompany his friend up from Bevis Mount so as to take part in the ceremony.

The following letter from Dean Swift is especially lively and may perhaps be considered somewhat to smack of excessive flattery. We know not if the Dean had any favour to ask beyond the one for which he begs at the conclusion of his letter, namely, another letter in reply. We will hope that he got it, and can only regret that if he did it cannot now be found.

DEAN SWIFT *to the* EARL OF PETERBOROUGH.

"MY LORD,

"I never knew of anybody so volatile and so fixed as your lordship. You, while your imagination is carrying you through every corner of the world, where you have or have not been, can at the same time remember to do offices of favour and kindness to the meanest of your friends; and in all your scenes you have passed have not been able to attain that one quality peculiar to a great man, of forgetting everything but injuries. Of this I am a living witness against you, for being your most insignificant of all your old humble servants, you were so cruel as never to give me time to ask a favour, but prevented me in doing whatever you thought I desired, or would be for my credit or advantage.

"I have often admired at the capriciousness of Fortune, in regard to your lordship. She has forced courts to act against their oldest and most constant maxims—to make you a general because you had courage and conduct; an ambassador because you had

wisdom and knowledge in the interests of Europe ; and an admiral on account of your skill in maritime affairs ; whereas, according to the usual method of court proceedings, I should have been at the head of the army, and you of the Church, or rather a curate under the Dean of St. Patrick's.

"The Archbishop of Dublin laments that he did not see your lordship till he was just on the point of leaving the Bath. I pray God you may have found success in that journey, else I shall continue to think there is a fatality in all your lordship's undertakings, which only terminate in your own honour and the good of the public, without the least advantage to your health or fortune.

"I remember Lord Oxford's Ministry used to tell me that not knowing when to write to you, they were forced to write at you. It is so with me, for you are in one thing an evangelical man, that you know not where to lay your head, and, I think, you have no house.

"Pray, my Lord, write to me, that I may have the pleasure in this scoundrel country of going about and showing my depending parsons a letter from the Earl of Peterborough.

"Yours, &c."

During the last five years of Peterborough's life, that is from 1730 to 1735, his health became yearly worse, and his sufferings more and more intense. We have already seen the somewhat plaintive letter which he addressed to Mrs. Howard in October of the former year ; it is evident that even then he felt that his latter end was approaching, and, although his spirit was still bright, as he himself said, "the world had become so indifferent to him that he amused himself with the thoughts of going out of it." He was very ill in

1730 ; he had another most serious attack in 1732 ; and again in 1735 he had a return of the same deadly malady. His physicians told him that he must submit to the painful, and in those days most dangerous, operation known as "cutting for the stone." They also prescribed a warm climate for him during the winter as the only hope of saving his life. Probably from old association, when in the heyday of strength and youth he had visited Lisbon as commander-in-chief of the English expedition, and no doubt partly from the ease with which the sea journey could be accomplished by a sick man, this capital was selected as a temporary resting-place for the aged invalid.

It then became necessary to perform an act of justice, which, to his shame be it said, had been too long delayed. The companionship and attendance of his devoted wife was absolutely essential to him ; he could not live, or indeed die, without her, and she positively refused to occupy the equivocal position of his nurse and travelling companion until she was formally and openly recognised as his wife. It seems strange that she had not long since made a stand and insisted on this justice being done her ; however, as before remarked, allowance must be made for them both. The prejudices of the age were strong and obstinate, the vanity of her lord was excessive, and the anxiety of Anastasia to defer to his wishes all that a faithful wife should feel.

At last, when Peterborough was forced to yield, he carried out the ceremony of recognition, for it was little else, in a most melodramatic and sensational way. He borrowed some rooms over the

gateway in St James's Palace occupied by Mr. Pointz, who had married his niece, and was then tutor to Prince William—the same who was afterwards created Duke of Cumberland. All the near relations of the Earl were summoned to be present at an appointed time, where they also found Anastasia, who, it is said, was entirely in ignorance of the scene that had been prepared for her. When they were all assembled, Peterborough addressed the company with an animation and a pathos which recalled the days of his youth. Those days when all flocked to hear him in the House of Lords as they would to some brilliant play or spectacle. He commenced by describing a lady endowed with every feminine accomplishment and virtue, every one of those charming qualities which attract and retain the affection of mankind. He declared that it had been his good fortune to meet such a person, that she had been his most valued companion in health, his comforter in sickness: that for many years he was indebted to her for all the happiness of his life. Notwithstanding this he now owned with grief that he had failed to act towards her with that justice and honour which she had deserved, and which was indeed her right. Although his heart had been hers, and hers alone, although many years since they had been married, yet from a weak and unpardonable vanity he had not openly acknowledged her as his wife.

He then took Anastasia by the hand, he presented her to his proud relatives as the lady whom he had described, who had long been “his best friend”—his lawful wife, and whom they were now to recognise as

the Countess of Peterborough. It is stated that the heroine of this touching scene was so utterly overcome that she fainted away and had to be carried out of the room. We know not what reception she received from the Peterborough relations, or whether after the Earl's death she saw much of them. So far as we can learn she lived during the last years of her life in complete retirement, and died, honoured and respected by all, at the ripe age of eighty-eight.

After the scene in St. James's Palace, as the clergyman who had performed the original ceremony was dead, Peterborough was again married to Anastasia at Bristol, no doubt to secure her rights and her position without risk of challenge after his death. In the same year also we find that he made a Will¹ leaving his place at Parson's Green and his cottage at Bevis Mount to certain trustees for the benefit of his wife. Apparently she principally resided after her husband's death at the latter place, which she rarely left, except to pay an occasional visit to the Duchess of Portland, daughter of her old friend Lady Oxford—who had been the witness of her first marriage.

After the introduction of his wife to his relations in St. James's Palace in the Spring of 1735, our next record of Peterborough is in the form of a letter from him to Mrs. Howard, now become Lady Suffolk, from Bevis Mount in July of the same year. It was the last that he ever wrote to her and, as will be seen, is very different in tone and character from the letters addressed to the same lady, which we have already

¹ This MS. Will is now in the possession of the Earl of Roden.

quoted. Evidently he felt that his last hour was not far distant, and we can see how much he needed the support of that deep religious faith and trust, which is the only real consolation for a dying man.

LORD PETERBOROUGH to LADY SUFFOLK.

“BEVIS MOUNT, *July*, 1735.

“MADAM,

“I return you a thousand thanks for your obliging inquiry after my health. - I struggle on with doubtful success : one of my strongest motives to do so is the hope of seeing you at my cottage before I die, when you either go to the Bath or to Mrs. Herbert’s.

“In my most uneasy moments, I find amusement in a book¹ which I therefore send ; it is one of the most interesting I ever read. I had gathered to myself some notions of the character from pieces of history written in both extremes, but I never expected so agreeable and so fair an account from a priest. In one quarter of an hour we love and hate the same person without inconstancy. One moment the Emperor is in possession of our whole heart, and the philosopher fully possessed of our soul ; within four or five pages we blush for our hero, and are ashamed of our philosopher.

“What courage, what presence of mind in danger ! The first and bravest man in a Roman army ; sharing with every soldier the fatigue and danger ! The same animal hunting after fortune-tellers, gazing upon the flight of birds, looking into the intrails of

¹ No doubt *Life of Julian the Apostate*, by the Abbé de la Bléterie, published 1735.

beasts with vain curiosity; seeking for cunning women (as we call them) and silly men to give him an account of his destiny, and, if it can be believed, consenting to the highest inhumanities in pursuit of magical experiments.

“Yet when we come to the last scene the most prejudiced heart must be softened. With what majesty does the Emperor meet his fate! Showing how a soldier, how a philosopher, how a friend of Lady Suffolk’s ought (only with juster notions of the Deity) to die.

“The lady, the book, or both together, have brought me almost into a raving way; I want to make an appointment with you, Mr. Pope, and a few friends more, to meet upon the summit of my Bevis Hill, and thence, after a speech and a tender farewell, I shall take my leap towards the clouds (as Julian expresses it) to mix amongst the stars; but I make my bargain for a very fine day, that you may see my last amusements to advantage.

“Wherever be the place, or whenever the time, this I can assure you with great sincerity, I shall remain to the utmost possibility, &c.

“PETERBOROUGH.”

The following letter from Pope to Miss Martha Blount, a friend of his, gives a most vivid and touching description of the last days of the great Earl. We can almost see the poor sufferer stretched on his sofa writhing with pain, having intervals of comparative ease, followed by terrible pangs of agony. All this time, as dying men often do, making plans

for the future, clear as ever in his intellect, bright as ever in his spirit, and still supported by his undaunted courage, which in the many vicissitudes of a long life had never yet failed him. His solicitude for the future of his wife is one of the brightest points of this most affecting picture ; in his last hours he did his best to atone for his treatment of her in years gone by.

When Pope bid his dear friend a last farewell on leaving Bevis Mount, Peterborough gave him a watch that had been presented to him by his old ally the Duke of Savoy—afterwards King of Sicily. The arms and insignia of the King were engraved on the inner case, and Peterborough, when handing it to Pope, said, “You will now have something to put you every day in mind of me.”

POPE to MISS MARTHA BLOUNT.

“MADAM,

“I found my Lord Peterborough on his couch, where he gave me an account of the sufferings he had passed through with a weak voice, but spirited. He talked of nothing but the great amendment of his condition, and of finishing the buildings and gardens for his ‘best friend’ to enjoy after him ; that he had one care more when he went into France, which was to give a true account to posterity of some parts of history in Queen Anne’s reign which Burnet had scandalously represented ; and of some others to justify her against the imputation of intending to bring the Pretender, which, to his knowledge, neither

her Ministers, Oxford or Bolingbroke, nor she, had any design to do.

“He next told me that he had ended his domestic affairs through such difficulties from the law that gave him as much torment of mind as his distemper had done of body, to do right to the person to whom he had obligation beyond expression. That he had found it necessary not only to declare his marriage to all his relations, but, since the parson who married them was dead, to re-marry her in the church at Bristol before witnesses.

“The warmth with which he spoke on these subjects made me think him much recovered, as well as him talking of his present state as a heaven to what was past. I lay in the room next to him, where I found he was awake, and called for help most hours of the night, sometimes crying out for pain. In the morning he got up at nine, and was carried into the garden in a chair. He fainted away twice there. He fell about twelve into a violent pang, which made all his limbs shake, and his teeth chatter, and for some time he lay as cold as death. His wound was dressed, which was done constantly four times a day, and he grew gay and sat at dinner with ten people. After this he was in great torment for a quarter of an hour, and, as soon as the pang was over, was carried into the garden by the workmen, talking again of history, and he declaimed with great spirit against the meanness of the present great men and Ministers, and the decay of public spirit and honour.

“It is impossible to conceive how much his heart is above his condition. He is dying every hour, and

obstinate to do whatever he has a mind to. He has concocted no measures beforehand for his journey, but to get a yacht in which he will set sail; but no place fixed to reside at, nor has he determined what place to reside at, nor has provided any accommodation for his going on land. He talks of getting towards Lyons, but undoubtedly he never can travel but to the seashore.

"I pity the poor woman who has to share in all he suffers, and who can in no one thing persuade him to spare himself. I think he will be lost in this attempt, and attempt it he will. He has with him, day after day, not only all his relations, but every creature of the town of Southampton that pleases. He lies on his couch and receives them, though he says little. When his pains come he desires them to walk out, but invites them to stay and dine or sup, &c. He says he will go at the month's end if he is alive.

"Nothing can be more affecting or melancholy to me than what I see here; yet he takes my visit so kindly that I should have lost one great pleasure had I not come. I have nothing more to say, as I have nothing in my mind but this present object, which indeed is extraordinary. This man was never born to die like other men any more than to live like them."

Very shortly after Pope's departure Peterborough set sail for Lisbon. He had previously, just after his operation, before his wound was healed, and contrary to the advice of his physician, driven in a carriage to Southampton. Apparently in the same way he was scarcely fit to travel when he set out for Portugal,

however he reached his destination, and died there on October 25th, 1735.

The curtain has now fallen, the play is over, and it only remains for our readers to form their own opinion of the hero of these pages. That he was a most remarkable man there is no doubt whatsoever; that he fell short of being a great man seems equally certain. Walpole said of him that he lived a romance which was capable of being made a history. So we may say that he started with all the advantages, and that in himself he possessed many of the qualities, which lead to greatness; but, unhappily, he had failings which rendered his life a disappointment, and his great talents almost useless to his country. Perhaps these human frailties render his life and character not the less attractive; we ourselves are all so imperfect, that perfection in any one we cannot abide. We have a fellow-feeling for those who share our own tastes and indulge in our own follies. Perhaps for this very reason, the few, who have ever dwelt on Peterborough's life, seem to have fallen victims to the fascination of his strange character and career. Sir Walter Scott speaks of him as one of the "phenomena, whom nature produces once in the revolution of centuries, to show to ordinary men what she can do in a fit of prodigality." Even the prosaic Dr. Johnson declared that Peterborough was "a great favourite" of his, and he sat up a whole night reading Captain Carleton's account of his chief's exploits. Macaulay's remarks we have already quoted, and never was the great historian more vivid in his language or more enthusiastic in his tone.

Still it must be conceded that this fascinating life, so brilliant in its incidents, was on the whole a failure, and the cause of this failure is not far to seek. Peterborough was devoid of any definite purpose in life. As remarked by Warburton, he had no fixed principles of religion, morality, or politics; in fact, his career was a "series of unconnected actions." As a politician he was unsuccessful; although fortunate in many of the projects of his early days, and honoured with high office and distinguished rewards, still he is not recorded to have filled any political office with distinction, or in any civil capacity to have earned for himself lasting renown. The following lines, which a satirical poet of the time wrote of him when he formed one of the Council of Nine appointed to assist Queen Mary when William III. was in Ireland, would seem to be not inappropriate to Monmouth, as was then his name, in his capacity of a statesman.

"Next painter, draw a Jackanapes of State,
A monkey turned into a magistrate,
A saucy wight borne up with heat and noise,
Fit only for a ringleader of boys,
To untile neighbours' houses and to play
Such uncouth gambols on a holy day.
Strange that so young a Government should dote
So as to let a whirlwind rule the boat."

Although of course he sobered down in his after life, still the same vein of character pervaded all his public actions. He was scarcely regarded as a serious politician; a sarcasm, a biting taunt, a witty saying he never could suppress, even at the risk of losing a friend or making an enemy. Just as when the

Prince de Celamar, asking for information about a royal coronation, said: "*Sacrez-vous les rois chez vous, monsieur?*" he replied, "*Si nous les sacrons, monsieur, parbleu nous les massacrons.*" So he would joke on all subjects not less serious than the death of Charles the First. In the course of parliamentary history there have been not unfrequently instances of men gifted with the same temperament, the same wit and sense of humour, with the same inability to spare a sarcasm or to suppress a joke even at the expense of a friend.¹ In the same manner the political career of these men has been much prejudiced by their want of seriousness, by their wholly irrepressible flippancy. In Peterborough, however, there were other failings, which, as we now can see, marred his usefulness and made his brilliant abilities in many instances a source of danger rather than of strength. His vanity and his temper rendered him extremely difficult as a colleague, while if left to act alone not impossibly he might disregard entirely the wishes and orders of those who employed him; at the same time his imagination was so vast and his fear of censure so small, that there were few schemes from which he would shrink, and no responsibility which he would not voluntarily assume.

When we turn from his political to his military career, when we cease to regard him as a politician, and only look at him as a soldier, in which character as a fact his fame was acquired, it is possible to speak in very different terms. He possessed almost all the

¹ Perhaps the late Mr. Bernal Osborne may be cited as an instance of this.

qualities of a great commander. An iron constitution rendered him indifferent to hardships, and an utter ignorance of fear just as regardless of danger. He was equally successful in winning respect from allies as devotion from his own men, while his almost superhuman energy and industry showed an example to his followers which none could gainsay and very few could emulate. In addition to this his powers of apprehension and habits of decision were singularly rapid, while his ingenuity and fertility of expedients were wholly inexhaustible. As a partisan leader he has never been excelled, and scarcely ever equalled in any country or in any age, and in the more elaborate combinations—in the far-seeing calculations of the strategic art, he was not less brilliant. Strange to say he, whose actions and feelings in civil and political life appeared to be so frequently influenced and warped by temper, vanity, and even by spite, in military matters possessed a soundness of judgment and a clearness of perception which were never found wanting. He excelled just as much in the minor details as in the greater combinations of war. He was both prudent and daring, both cautious and enterprising, and it can be said of him almost alone of the commanders of ancient and modern times that, although he achieved amazing successes with most inadequate means, although he engaged in enterprises absurd in their improbability of success, yet that he never met with one single check. In truth the details of his campaigns, and the principles on which he acted cannot be studied with too great earnestness by all who would wish to excel in the art of war.

As regards Peterborough's inner existence we can see that the demoralisation and immorality, so rampant in the days of his boyhood at the Court of Charles II. threw a shadow over his character in after years. He possessed a warm heart and strong affections, he had that sympathy and feeling which enabled him to kindle and to retain great friendships, but unhappily, like many other and greater heroes, his domestic relations were not above reproach, and it is only too evident that there were many incidents in the course of his private life which had better be left in oblivion.

Now as these pages are being drawn to a close it would seem that the narrator cannot do better than to quote the concluding words of his predecessor¹ in the task of compiling the same memoirs: "We would fain call the reader's attention to the high and noble qualities which ran through his hero's character like silver threads through a dark tissue. While we condemn and pity we may also find that we can admire and respect. For he loved justice and liberty and hated wrong and oppression; he risked his life and his fortune in his country's service, and at a time of general corruption he was never accused even by his worst enemies of one sordid thought."

Let us hope that his sins may have been forgiven, and that the wild and gallant spirit, who was laid to his rest just about a hundred and fifty years ago, may have met in the unseen world with that happiness and peace which were denied him on earth.

¹ Captain Eliot Warburton.

APPENDIX A.

*Extracts from Letters addressed by the Earl of Peterborough to
General Stanhope, afterwards first Earl Stanhope.*

“VALENCIA, May 30, 1706.

“I AM a little surprised I have no account from you as to any matters relating to Gerona, or to the circumstances relating to Catalonia or the enemy. I have a pretence, I think, to have some account from somebody. But by the most unheard-of proceeding that ever was an express was sent from the Court for the money I paid at Barcelona, for which you were to receive the bills and receipts, which I expected you would have sent me, that I might have settled that matter with Mr. Mead, and a word to me.

“I sent the King some orders from the Queen and the Lord High Admiral, relating to Savoy; the King will consider and take upon himself that matter. You will see the result of the Sea Council of War, and if the King does not interpose, whom it most concerns, everybody else will comply with an order which seems so pressing.

“The account from Methuen I sent the King, with desires he will communicate all to you. I have spread some other news which I thought necessary for our affairs here. Methinks it should prove true, and that upon the news of our success, and the taking Ciudad Rodrigo, the Portuguese should march backward toward Madrid. There are reports about it, on the pretences of its being in the *Madrid Gazette*, but whether proceeding from my story, or from truth, I know not.

“But I am in a mighty surprise, as I believe the King will

be, when he is informed that Mr. Mead has received orders from the Ministers, and appropriations from the Ministers of all the moneys in his hands; so that he can pay not one farthing to any of the King of Spain's troops; and I am in no condition to carry on any service. This is far from my being accountable for not ordering, or allotting the necessary money to carry on the present expedition; and his Majesty will see how well his threats were applied.

"I see no remedy, unless I can find some way, upon my own credit, to procure money to seek services for the King. I am sure he shall change his note before I make the experiment, and not use me with such foolish ill-breeding. I desire you will make him sensible of his usage to me upon this head, and of the necessity of his applying to me to exert myself upon this occasion, if it be possible for me to find the expedient. All affairs of all kinds must be at a stand that cannot be complied with according to the strict establishment; and his troops, that I would have given orders to pay, and with which he was not content, must now desert, plunder, or starve. Would to God that can be obtained which I designed to do when Mr. Mead told me the moneys were to be paid to my orders, and upon his last directions and advices.

"I must now desire you to send me the letter you promised, intimating what you told me from the Ministers, of the liberties I might take in carrying on the service within the limits of the Parliament establishment, as likewise the instructions about the West Indies, of which I find they expect some account. The *Mary* galley will come, and may carry letters to Italy; get yours ready and send to Barcelona, or else you lose that opportunity; and give the services of his friends here to the laughing secretary, who when you are busy, may correspond with Mr. Furly, that we may know something of what passes.

"Sir, &c.

"PETERBOROW.

"P.S.—The Count de las Torres marched this day with all his troops towards Madrid, being, I suppose by some notions of mine, afraid I should possess the passes of Castile."

"VALENCIA, *June 5, 1706.*

"MR. STANHOPE,

"It was not hard to imagine that the 18,000 crowns were already sent for from our paymaster, and his bills returned to the Court.

"But I confess I was a little surprised, and I believe others will be so too, who hardly seemed satisfied with what I offered, when they find that perhaps Mr. Mead will pay nothing but to the troops on the establishment, if it exceeds £4,000, the sum allowed for contingencies.

"It is certain we are in a fair way if we would not spoil our game with foul practices. You will see to save what you can, in case Gerona be not besieged, and remember that no foreigners should be paid whole pay, but in a proportion of it as answers our subsistence.

"The siege of Xativa is raised. Bassett had already two officers of Las Torres in the place. To be sure, it was only to let them know how vigorously he would defend the place. I believe in a little time I will send you news which may not be displeasing from hence. If you are not gone, let the ambassador of Portugal show you the copy of my letter to the King. I am dead for want of sleep and can write no more.

"Your most affectionate friend,

"PETERBOROUGH."

"VALENCIA, *June 17, 1706.*

"SIR,

"According to the laudable custom of our Court they have sent me a scheme for the service, quite differing from the first and solemn resolutions of the Council of War, and send to me to know what men and money I can send to the Saragossa army; and this, no opinion of a Council of War, but a letter signed by the King, without anything to the same purpose from any general or minister.

"For money, the answer is easy; the Court of England has sent Mr. Mead answers, by which all the money in his hands is appropriated to the prescribed services, and the £100,000

depended upon by the King of Spain, all charged as overpaid, having placed upon that fund the £40,000 from Italy; all the money I had furnished from the beginning to this day, clothes and arms, amounting to about £24,000; the expenses of cavalry regiments and the £10,000 to the King, which with what I have advanced, exceed the sum near £15,000. I have sent Colonel Richards to explain this matter to the King with the accounts. I desire you will make use of this opportunity with the King to let him see how proper it was to threaten me, as if I defrauded him of public money. I offered to pay all his troops, gave all the money I had when I left Catalonia, and yet was used according to their innate good breeding. I am afflicted at the disappointment for the public, having not a farthing to give his troops; but the mortification had yet been greater if it had not been explained to them, what they would not be convinced of by me. However, I must turn heaven and earth to get money to support his troops, and will do it if they are made sensible how unseasonable their obliging ways were; and that they must starve or rob, if I do not find ways to support them, at the hazard of my own fortune. I believe I shall soon be possessed of Requena, the proper place for our magazine for Castile and Alicant, whither I am marching with some troops. Our new men are all in the hospital; but, however, Las Torres is gone, and the whole kingdom ours.

“Your affectionate friend,

“PETERBOROUGH.”

“VALENCIA, *June 20, 1706.*

“SIR,

“It is more than intolerable that the same thing should be expected from me without the troops agreed, as with them, without money, as with money; and, what is more provoking, I am not to think myself ill-used, receiving every day the most needless affronts, and the greatest hardships.

“But that you may depend upon, and you do me justice in believing that these follies can make no alteration in me in any part of my duty; only, as a public minister I desire

you to advise the Ministers I am very weary of the service, that they may not be surprised if I should make use of the blessed liberty you obtained for me.

“You see, Sir, the dangerous circumstances of the Duke of Savoy; and we must consider what our situation will be if the Portuguese should return to quarters of refreshment, and, at least, not make good their past at Salamanca. If that infamous folly can be committed by them, and that the Duke of Savoy lose his country, his capital, or be obliged to submit, how can we maintain our acquisitions in Spain, when the forces employed in Piedmont shall turn against us?

“If the Portuguese retire, how shall we maintain ourselves, or to what purpose, though the war in Italy were subsisting? The Duke of Anjou about Madrid, joined by Torres, has about 7,000 horse, and 6,000 foot. This is an inconsiderable force against an army of 26 000 men of one side, and 2,000 horse and 5,000 foot of the other; but if the Portuguese retire, are we to conquer Spain and march to Madrid with 2,000 horse against 7,000, and equal foot? And what shall become of us if Marshal Tessé come into Aragon with 12,000 or 14,000 men? With our admirable conduct, our steadiness, with the good opinion and kindness the country has for us, with the conviction we are, and shall ever be betrayed by the Portuguese, we shall find ourselves in fine circumstances, even if miracles should preserve the Duke of Savoy. If this is our case, there is but one thing to be done, and that the thing in the world will be most opposed by our Court, and so divulged if talked of to them as to make the execution impossible.

“But, Sir, I must first let you see what difference in the fatal consequences betwixt what they put in execution, and what was resolved in the Council of War; and sure there never was anything so imprudent as altering such solemn measures without the least communication with generals or ministers, on the very sham pretence even of a Council of War amongst themselves to the contrary, Noyelles ignorant of it, and surprised.

“Had I had that horse in the time proposed, Las Torres had never got out of Valencia, who has now gone off, plundered the whole country of mules and horses, that none are to be got for money, and our troops useless. I have been able all this while to procure but enough for one regiment,

and am forced to make use of those of the artillery, which will prove of fatal consequences—they will be destroyed before we find others.

“In a word, want of money alone will destroy us; and I hardly see how I can get those troops in order to march, if the opportunity was fair to employ them. Upon the whole matter, if the Portuguese are retired, I see but one bold stroke to save us, which is to make use of this season, when troops can hardly march by land, to embark 6,000 men and attempt Cales, which at present must be unprovided; it may be covered with the pretence of Italy.

“We may be from Alicaut and those parts before Cales ere they suspect our design, or can take their resolutions. The truth is, at present all the strength of Spain is in Gibraltar, Cales, and the places in Catalonia; all the wealth in Andalusia and Madrid. Valencia and Aragon are great loose bodies, that follow immediately the superiority of force in the field; but, however, if once declared for us, they would amuse the enemy for some time, and it would require no little space to come and walk them over.

“When once possessed of the island of Cales, with 6,000 men, the artillery of the fleet, and assistance of men, I cannot see why those that took Barcelona might not think of the other; but certainly half the fleet might be employed to fetch succours from Portugal, which would certainly be given, possessed of Badajos, Ciudad Rodrigo, Port St. Mary’s, and Seville. Those plans might maintain the war, and the trade with the West Indies open, can only ease England in the present expense and reward the past. Perhaps it were no paradox to say, Cales taken were better for England and the war of Spain not wholly ended, than even the King at Madrid; but it is enough to make a virtue of necessity. Let us consider, Sir, the reverse or wrong side of the project, and what might happen while we are trying this noble experiment. The French, I conclude, have quitted Lampurdan; their troops half way either on their march to Italy, or, by Navarre, into Aragon; so that I see no danger of any attempts against Catalonia, when the enemy find an attempt upon Cales, which may be followed with the conquest of Andalusia, and a junction of troops betwixt my Lord Galloway and me. I believe they dare make no detachments towards Valencia, which we may leave all united, and declared as well as Aragon, if the troops marching

that way have the desired success. I leave this with you to think of as the news falls out about the Portuguese. I believe you are mightily pleased with the coming in of the galleys, who have brought with them 60,000 crowns. I am trying whether I can make use of them to surprise Pensicola before it is known that they have deserted the Duke of Anjou. By the King's letter it seems as if he would have me come to Tortosa to speak with him. I can do it without any prejudice to the service, if the Portuguese are retired. I do not see why the King should come to Valencia; he should rather be at Tortosa till the certain measures are resolved of that must be taken in case the Portuguese have left us in the lurch.

"The news of the defeat of the Elector of Bavaria, and submission of Flanders to our King, I fear, is too good to be true. We have it from Madrid, with rumours of many great men confined. I am fretted out of my wits for want of wherewithal to enable the troops to march.

"Sir,

"Your most humble and affectionate servant,

"PETERBOROUGH."

"VALENCIA, *June 24, 1706.*

"SIR,

"When I desire a thing extremely, I rather conceal than own my inclination, so that I think to succeed. I must plead for Aragon, and endeavour to show the absurdity and folly of desiring to be at Madrid.

"The certain intelligence you receive, since I have no letters from Portugal. When I had some there were none for the Court, how ready soever they were to suppose it, and complain; but I find by the master of the bark, and the corresponding news from Madrid, that the Portuguese are at Salamanca, and can see no motive to believe they intend to retire, but much the contrary. I think this would make any others advance, and send for all their troops this way.

"I believe you were surprised at what I communicated to you about money, and Mr. Mead's orders; the inconveniences

I shall remedy to the utmost of my power, but I hope it has saved me sufficiently from the imputation of concealing or keeping back public money from the King of Spain.

"I believe Carthagena is ours, but our fleet have an odd manner of acting. In concert with them I had ordered the troops to march, though with the utmost inconvenience and difficulty. Without consulting with me, they change their measures and go for Carthagena, which at any time was ready to declare. This from others might seem extraordinary. I desire you will acquaint the King of this; but, however, the troops will employ themselves in little services that will contribute towards enabling us to make our magazines for marching towards Madrid. For many reasons we ought to make an end of this affair by the same vigorous measures it has hitherto prospered with. It is no little satisfaction to me to find you are of the same mind; I wish we may always run the same fortune with the same opinion. Nobody can be more yours.

"Your affectionate servant,

"PETERBOROUGH."

"VALENCIA, *June 30.*

"SIR,

"The news we received from Tortosa, of the Duke of Anjou having left Madrid, is confirmed of all hands by the advices we have likewise received; though I have no notice from the King and yourself, I take it for granted, since the letters to me from Tortosa came from the magistrates, and they sent the copies of those come from Cifuentes.

"It cannot be doubted but that the King will make the utmost haste to his capital, and therefore march with the horse without delay, since he may safely do it from this side, upon the retreat of the enemy towards Pamplona.

"It will be a great happiness for our foot, that would have suffered extremely in this march, and the folly appears of sending new troops, for, in a manner, they are already incapable of service, and the old regiments are the strongest.

"I have another idea in keeping the foot near the sea; I hope we shall find things in such circumstances at Madrid

that we may send an immediate relief to Savoy. I believe by some letters I received from Italy, that the first ships from England will bring some positive orders upon that subject.

"Nothing, sure, can be more the interest of the King and the people of Spain, in all respects. The loss of the Duke of Savoy and his capital can only retrieve their other misfortunes; what can better secure Catalonia than the further destruction of French troops before Turin? If the affairs in Italy go ill, there may be a danger in a treaty of peace, of the Crown of Spain losing all their pretensions in Italy; and you are sensible how necessary it is to the public interest that his Royal Highness be sustained, and how much it would add to the romance of our undertaking, if, within the year, I could settle in a manner the Crown of Spain, and save Italy.

"Upon the whole matter I think I may depend upon this that the King will lose no time in going to Madrid, and that, in the present circumstances, his quickest and safest way is by Valencia and not by Aragon. I conceive if the foot were to follow, it would be by slow and easy marches, and that the King will be retarded by nothing. I shall therefore get the horse forwards, and not press any of the services in this country to the fatiguing or ruin of our men, since all will fall, of course, as soon as the retreat of the Duke of Anjou is known.

"Pray let me hear from you as soon as possible; and let me know the King's resolution that I may apply myself wholly to get the horse in a condition to march.

"Pray, Sir, make some kind, but very warm reproaches to the ambassador of Portugal. I have sent to him and others positive notice that I received in my packet from Lisbon no letter for him or for any of the Court; and yet he writes to several as if he could doubt of what I assure him. The contents of those letters that I received at that time from Portugal were such, that if he saw them he would not wonder that their ship brought letters only for me; there were some for my officers, which for very good reasons I kept from them: but if he be informed that I had any letters for him in my packet, I will give him leave to think what he pleases for the future, but he may be very well assured there were none, or else I should never have told him so. I allow some such suppositions from some of the Court, but take them very unkindly from him. I hope the King will be pleased with the fortifications at Tortosa, he has reason to be

satisfied with my care and concern ; but to those who think everything their due there is no merit.

“ Sir,

“ Your affectionate friend,

“ PETERBOROUGH.”

“ SIR,

“ Of all the Catalonian gentlemen the Conde of Zavillar has the best understanding, and, upon all occasions has shown the greatest kindness to the English nation, and has his thoughts best turned to affairs.

“ He comes, at my desire, with some principal men of quality, to meet the King at Tortosa ; and having been sent from Court to oversee the affairs of Valencia, will give those lights of everything to the King that I desire he should have. He is very desirous of an intimacy with you, and will assist and concur heartily in all we can wish or desire.

“ It is not conceivable what infamies have been committed by Bassett in this country, and such insolences and follies were never heard of. I fear he has distributed some of his money, and I should be sorry the King should be persuaded not to discountenance such scandalous actions, especially after having in a manner engaged me in reputation, by his orders given to me, the Viceroy and the Court, to take the proper measures to repress his insolences.

“ I hope it is not possible that anything can persuade the King not to make the utmost despatch to Madrid, and to march only with the horse, so many reasons induce to this resolution that with any other person in the world there would be no doubt. This Earl comes earnestly to solicit the King to the utmost despatch ; it is there only the proper measures can be taken as to every part of the service, and from thence one can only write positively to England.

“ I confess I cannot but think resolutions might be taken in relation to Savoy, but of this when we meet, which I hope will be soon. I would come to Tortosa but that I am using my utmost endeavours for getting horses, and am forced to go the other side of the country ; but you will send me advice

by expresses, of the King's motions, that I may meet him as he comes, in less than a year, to Madrid. I hope this will win wagers.

"Sir,

"Your most humble servant,

"PETERBOROUGH.

"I only add this gentleman has a mind to be sent to England with the news of Madrid, and I wish it."

"VALENCIA, *July 2, 1706.*

"SIR,

"I have writ to you by the Count de Zavillar, who comes with the Valencian noblemen by sea, and I believe may be with you as soon as the courier. However, I can lose no opportunity of pressing our journey to Madrid, I think that ought to be the proper way of going now Requena is taken—I mean post, at least with our cavalry alone, as fast as we can jog on.

"We have deserters from the army of Madrid come to us, who give account of four regiments of horse that have left the Duke of Anjou, the fair lady of Barcelona's brother being one of them. The King owes that to himself, and has agreeably got the brother by making love to the sister.

"I think our business done, and to some purpose, to drive one out, and put another in within the year! I want only to relieve the Duke of Savoy, and then to Will's Coffee-house in winter.

"I would have come to Tortosa, but for the necessity of going beyond Xativa to get horses. Pray send me an express to advise when the King arrives at Valencia that I may meet you.

"Sir,

"Your most affectionate servant,

"PETERBOROUGH."

“VALENCIA, *July 5, 1706.*

“SIR,

“There needs no representation to you or persecution. Good God ! can there be any such thoughts in the head of any persons as you seem to represent ?

“The King’s letter to me seems rather to intimate that he would avoid Valencia, lose no time, pass by Requena, and so to Madrid ; and I think there cannot be a juster thought, and the lucky surrender of that place makes everything easy and secure.

“If that resolution be taken, I must stay and put everything in order towards it, else I may take post and come to Tortosa, as the King seems to desire.

“I send my letters open ; be pleased to take a copy of that to the King, having not had time ; but as you have already insinuated, you may intimate (to concert with my Lord Galloway, and take the proper measures for the affairs of Savoy) that if the King goes to Aragon, I must march with 500 horse to Madrid ; this will have its effect. I say no more and need not write to the Portugal ambassador. My letter to him I hope came seasonably.

“Your most humble and affectionate servant,

“PETERBOROUGH.”

“VALENCIA, *July 6, 1706.*

“SIR,

“What all our representations could not do, I hope this express will compass ; the ill-will with which the Portuguese came, and the inclination which they seem to have to return, may awake the Court.

“The consequences of the success in Flanders are beyond belief, and the affairs of France must be in a strange confusion, Ostend, Nieuport, and even Namur in our power. Of our side Seville and Toledo declared, and nothing wanting but the King’s presence ; sure nothing can prevail against such palpable necessity. The courier is impatient, and I know how unnecessary it is to press a right thought to you,

who so naturally fall into it. Pray send an express to me as soon as you find that you think of moving this way..

“ Sir,

“ Your most affectionate servant,

“ PETERBOROUGH.”

“ VALENCIA, *July 8, 1706.*

“ SIR,

“ The confirmation of the good news comes from England by Mr. Vernon ; it has particular charms for me, besides my interest in the public concern. You saw the danger that our expedition was exposed to, and, at the same time, myself, by a fatal jealousy, which is now out of doors ; and I have the most obliging marks of the Queen’s good opinion, and of the friendship and familiarity of the great ones.

“ The Duchess is in excess obliging and kind, and looks upon our successes with a better eye, as owning it to be the occasion of my Lord Duke’s good fortune. The first news they had of the relief of Barcelona was from the French prisoners, who owned that the shameful events there occasioned the King of France to change his orders, who had at first given directions for a chicaning campaign.

“ I should be easy by the orders I have received, and the circumstances I find my affairs in at home, if the Court had taken measures anything less desperate. I do not see why the enemy should not burn to the walls of Saragossa, while you are there, and besiege you in it, since they may invest it with 6,000 horse ; by what you will be told from Madrid, it would be difficult, I doubt, to make a Portuguese army march to Saragossa. And in time, with good management, you may wait till some foot may join them. By the account of our circumstances in the West Indies, the policy of losing precious time will more plainly appear.

“ I have all possible encouragement from home, and I conceive them perfectly well apprised of our conduct and management ; some marks of the Queen’s favours give me uneasiness, and others more trouble ; but the character of Ambassador Extraordinary, with those plenipotentiary powers

sent me, are calculated to reduce our German Ministers to some bounds. I doubt the news will not be over-acceptable to some of the Court. I am made easy by the great trust the Queen is pleased to repose in me, being more accountable for the events in Italy, and what resolutions can be taken before we come to Madrid. We might have been in condition to judge and act too in ten days' time, if the King would not have broke into such solemn resolutions, with a folly and weakness which I believe was never equalled.

"My Lord Mordaunt is coming with the Queen's compliments to the King of Spain upon the affairs of Flanders; and though I cannot but say the Duchess of Marlborough's part, my Lord Treasurer's in that, and all that concerns me, is very obliging, yet I own I could have spared that favour.

"I am informed I have some very good friends, and great numbers of pretending ones (but, Sir, what occasion I have had to know their value!). My wife presents her services to you, and repeats in every letter the sense she has of your sincere concerns for my interests when in England.

"I hope now we may run a course together in our fortunes, with wind and tide on our side, unless your wise measures bring some fatal event upon a game that was sure.

"I have renewed my request for your brother about the Guards; if you had had not that bent, I would have put him in a fair way in a regiment of Dragoons, that I have brought to a condition you would little imagine; but, Sir, you cannot doubt but that I shall enter into all the interests of your family preferably to my own upon all occasions.

"I am resolved to make one effort more to see if any thing can touch a German beast. I have received a good sum of my own, and credit; the King and his troops shall have every farthing of it, and I will send it in gold to our expedition at Saragossa, as likewise a thousand pistoles for the Portugal ambassador; he writes to Mead, who can furnish him with none. I am desirous to oblige him, and you will do me the favour to make him sensible of it.

"Poor Codrington is quite blind, and the most unfortunate man in the world, almost to the degree of madness: I shall be so myself; the heats and obligations of drudgery and writing have brought me a defluction upon my eyes that is very uneasy. In my next I shall give you an account of

my resolutions, which shall be pursuant to a Council of War, to which his own Viceroy shall be a consenting party.

“ Sir,

“ Your most affectionate friend,

“ PETERBOROUGH.

“ I send you enclosed the copy of the Queen’s letter to the King ; I send the original by Tortosa ; you may show the copy if you receive it first.”

“ VALENCIA, *July* 12, 1706.

“ SIR,

“ I enclose my letter to the King, and a copy of his to me. I shall never lament or admire, nor lose time, but in a few words to my business.

“ As to the designs upon the islands his Majesty does not write to me, or order the Count de Zavillar to speak to me. I am no person concerned in that matter, but his Majesty is pleased I should be the person concerned in having the blame of not succouring the Duke of Savoy.

“ Sir, I send you the orders likewise sent to the admirals, and you have the former, where the allotting of the succours were left to the King of Spain and myself.

“ Now, sir, I must apply to you as the Queen’s Minister, to get a speedy explication upon this point from the King, and the measures lately taken make me incapable of judging of the circumstances of Spain. The alterations from the resolved scheme of the Council of War make me conceive the King and his Ministers have intelligence and assurances more than we know, and that therefore the troops may be better spared than I may imagine ; the leave the King seems to give me to embark the troops is an argument of such an opinion ; but an endeavour, at the same time, to engage the fleet in another service, unknown to me, is a proceeding new and extraordinary, which at least obliges me to desire some decision, for the admirals have often declared they cannot go into Italy but with the whole fleet, and the whole fleet cannot go at the same time to Italy and Majorca, and if not at the same time, which service is to be preferred ? The meaning is plain, and I desire my answer may be so too. Sure these

are not things to play with, and they cannot hope to make me their ass to bear their burdens. The King sent to me about the clothes sent from England, and to send them to Tortosa. Never were things in such confusion—one officer here, one at Gibraltar; some parcels here, some not arrived; the whole is for 4,000 foot and 1,000 horse, complete mountings for 1,200 Neapolitans. I sent all to Tortosa without orders, as judging it for the service; the rest shall follow when arrived and occasion offers. I say nothing of Lord Galloway's thoughts, the persons themselves will communicate them; it is hard we should be thought mad amongst the rest, but they conclude us all dead or distracted. As to paying his troops, sure his Majesty is satisfied, or ought to be, if when forbid by the public I pay them on my own score, and for horses, if I buy them with my own money (though by his directions) sure I may be forgiven. The regiment of Pierce is established, the service acknowledged, and desires to improve a like occasion (so that without orders) that part of the sentence our politicians may let alone. I hope you are not so angry as not to take the money I send you; I desire you take the King's own note to repay it me when he comes to Madrid, and I desire since he wants twenty pistoles, that you will let him have it in his own power. I send a thousand more for the ambassador of Portugal, to whom I desire you to present my service. I shall send you some pistoles for those gentlemen of Valencia; they came out, I believe, unprovided, expecting nothing less than a march to Madrid by Saragossa. Were it not for my resolutions not to fret I should die in this hot weather; but when I consider how roughly you use me here, I read over some very civil letters from England, and comfort myself for their ill-breeding. All is there as we would wish, and whatever was otherwise is covered over with affectations of compliments and services.

“Friend, yours,

“PETERBOROUGH.”

“VALENCIA, *July 13, 1703.*

“SIR,

“You once told me you wondered at my temper upon the retreat of the Portuguese; though it may seem strange to retire when there is no enemy, I think it more extraordinary

not to advance towards a crown. But, Sir, this administration makes one lose all patience, or gives it one to the last degree. I am really come to that pass that nothing can move me, as you will find by my last letter to you. While you are protesting, I write the most tender letter I can invent, and back it with 5,000 pistoles of my own. I received a good sum by the last ships, and only tell you in answer to the just accusations, in the first place, that to the Spanish and German regiments I have given £2,500 since I came to Valencia. I have nothing more to add but to plead guilty, since I have not laid out one farthing of the Queen's money in buying horses, so have diverted nothing could be appropriated to the use of the King of Spain. If I had laid out any, I can show you not only that I had orders from the King of Spain and the Queen of England, but can show you the King's order to his Viceroy to assist me in it, and I would be glad to know to what end he gave commissions. Mr. Mead shall satisfy you that I have wasted no public money; I wish the makers of these lies could say they had wasted no precious time.

"Sir,

"Your most affectionate friend,

"PETERBOROUGH.

"You will, near the same time as this, receive a letter with an account of the resolutions I shall take pursuant to the Council of War."

"July 20, 1706.

"SIR,

"By the King's last letter, I find you are resolved to lose no more time, and will come from Madrid to Saragossa, the safest way according to the disposition of the enemy, and the measures my Lord Galloway has taken. I am glad reason prevails at last.

"But it is hard that I could not have been acquainted at first of these resolutions; I could have done great services in this country if I had been at liberty to have marched with all my force into Murcia; I should have formed a noble body of horse, settled things so as that I might have brought

them all to you ; whereas now I am obliged to leave 600 horse about Alicant, about which place several towns are very obstinate, upon the persuasions that the King is dead. As it is plainly the only thing we have to do, immediately to march such forces as may force the enemy at least over the Ebro, if not out of Spain, before any considerable body of foot can join them ; judge what a reinforcement 2,000 good horse and 5,000 foot had been, and what an advantage that this whole country had been settled, and we at liberty, if the foot could have been spared, to have sent them to Italy. Whereas now, by the secrets of the Court, and the most unprecedented proceeding of the admirals, I am forced to leave 2,000 foot and 600 horse to maintain Carthagena and this country, or it would all be exposed to pillage.

“ But our admirals plundering Carthagena, that admitted them with all imaginable civility and gallantry, and making themselves the judges of what ought to be confiscated, and taking it for themselves, is a proceeding as new as scandalous.

“ I desire you to see if any civilities of mine can be made acceptable, by your putting them in a true light before his Majesty ; the last letter I received from him was very civil. I have laid out £10,000 of my own for his service since I came to Valencia. I have laid out none of the Queen's money, but immediately for him, and the pay of the troops ; and I have sent you Mr. Mead's letter to let you see how well-founded a lie it was, that I was letting the King's troops starve, and employing public money to buy horses without order. The King's foot have had 2,600 pistoles since I have been in Valencia, as shall appear by their certificates, signed by themselves. I desire you will represent this, and let me have the King's answer. Sure he must see into these malicious and foolish representations.

“ Sir, yours,

“ PETERBOROUGH.”

"SIR,

"The unwillingness of my brethren of the sea to stir one step out of the way for any service, is so remarkable, that a remedy shall be put to that lazy humour as soon as I can get the necessary authority; but I have found an expedient to send you the arms, sending them ashore at Sigeth or Villanova, to be sent in a country bark to Barcelona. I wish you only stay for them.

"Your most affectionate friend,

"PETERBOROUGH."

"ALMUNAFELT, July 24, 1706.

"SIR,

"Amongst the other ill effects of the King's delay, this is no small one, that I can get no letter of mine to my Lord Galloway, all the country betwixt being disaffected and those I have attempted to send brought back. Some are persuaded the King is dead; others are made to hope (what may happen by our conduct) that a battle is yet to decide all. So that having no news from me nor of my troops, I suppose he must form strange ideas of me, or have formed very just ones of this Court.

"As to the admirals, I think nothing was ever so extraordinary as their proceedings; I shall explain them more at large. At Carthagena, Jennings, from the pretence of plundering, in a town that received them with all the kindness imaginable, and the main fleet has, in the environs of Alicant, taken to the value of 50,000 crowns in wine from friend and foe, under the happy pretext of *Gavachos* and *Butiflenos*!

"Sir, yours,

"PETERBOROUGH."

“ PAVILLA, August 1, 1706.

“ SIR,

“ The consequences of the most fatal resolution taken by the King, in delaying his journey to Madrid, appear every day more and more ; but I can hardly persuade myself that men in their common senses could fall into such measures. Nothing is like the usage I have received from the Court ; and the only consolation I have is, that I believe it will prove sufficient to make me take the happy opportunity of leaving them to their own conduct and fortune.

“ In my opinion, from being absolutely secure of the kingdom, their affairs were never in worse circumstances ; and a most scandalous and unexpected revolution may happen. There are generals enough ; and I may well be spared, who am much more willing to return to my cabin, when hitherto, I can give the world a good account of myself, than to share with others a disgrace, that is as probable, in my opinion, as it will be little expected in England, if it should happen, who, I suppose, think all over, and will be sure to neglect everything necessary for our support this autumn. Never men were so industrious to bring things all ways to the utmost extremities, for I see nothing but a battle, which, with a disadvantage of our side, is fatal—no retreat, no security, no after-game, but every man lost ; for, assure yourself, in Castile there is a most violent spirit against us, which appears to a degree that could not be imagined. As the possession of Madrid six weeks ago gave us all imaginable advantages, had in a manner engaged all Spain, and given us the opportunity of driving the horse the enemy had out of this country, before they were reinforced with foot, as it might have encouraged the Portuguese to march on (whose stop for ten days at Madrid was as fatal as Hannibal’s at Capua), so now, in my poor opinion, the possession and defence of Madrid is like to prove our greatest trouble, and put us upon measures of all unreasonable hazards to protect it. That the King must go thither is certain, and as certain that he will be received there with nothing but noise. Everybody is persuaded the deciding stroke is at hand, and will therefore expect the events of a battle. They think we have no succours at hand ; that the enemy are in daily hopes of reinforcements ; they have no opinion of the Portuguese troops ; and believe the other army will be very hearty and

very unanimous. And indeed I am very much afraid of them, for their former actions and this last wise stroke of detaining the King has given a contempt and aversion for the German Ministry that is inconceivable; and the change of disposition in every place in a month's time cannot be expressed. After the taking Requena, twenty horse might have gone to Madrid; and all the places were offered to me to acknowledge the King, upon condition I would protect them from Miquelets and the thieves and rogues bred up under Bassett; but now many thousands were in arms to oppose our passing the river Xucar; and they broke down all the bridges, and flung up earth, and stockaded many passes, and had given all the most warm and foolish marks of ill-will, and have made it very uneasy for us to pass but for the drought, which had made many places fordable. The letters from Mahoni, from the Governors of Cuenca and St. Clemente, express their inclinations and hopes, which I doubt are better grounded than we believe; and in Valencia things cannot be in worse circumstances. The country disgusted and affronted to the highest degree in the King's neglect of them, who had so zealously served him—and revenge is a passion not unknown to the Spaniards. That poor people, so exposed and harassed, had got sixteen pistoles ready to present to the King. Castillon de la Plana, Xativa, and some other great towns, had a thousand pistoles ready, and many others five hundred, to present to the King and the admirals; such an alteration was never in any country, and sure never were such measures taken by both to procure it. All the *huerto* of Alicant, as they call it, the people all our friends; and when we were expecting them to join and assist us, then to land all our men, and employ our boats night and day to rob them with that admirable distinction of knowing who were *Garachos* and *Butiflenos*. This is yet beyond St. Mary's; and above 50,000 crowns' worth of wine they have either embarked or destroyed. Besides there is nothing that I apprehend more than a little army with many generals. What may be the pretences of a Portuguese, who, perhaps, has a mind to go home, what may be the disposition of the Court, I know not, but I am sure I will be commanded by nobody, and have as little mind to command. I have always had in imagination, that our Ministry could make the King miscarry in the gates of Madrid; and I believe it may so happen. I will trouble you no more at present, but desire

you to keep the contents of this letter to yourself. I shall be on the 4th at Pastrana, as the King's letter directs.

"I have 800 horse, and Aumada and Colbatch. Wyndham will be at or about Cuenca on the 5th, with 500 horse and three regiments of foot. I am sorry to hear of an engagement. I suppose some of your blessed orders have drawn it on, when 2,000 horse and about 3,000 foot were at hand. I can only tell you, that all the comfort I have when I draw near your Court, is yourself. I wonder in none of your letters that you take notice of having received the money; I suppose you only wait to get some more, and never think more of it when received.

"Sir,

"Your most affectionate servant,

"PETERBOROUGH."

"HUETE, August 16, 1706.

"SIR,

"When I came near Huete I received the comfortable news that all my baggage, consisting of sixteen waggons, besides fifty mules, except eight or nine with me, were taken by the enemy; all my horses and equipage, and the most part of my servants killed, which I owe to the Spanish general, with the loss of the artillery that was there, which he left behind without my knowledge or order, without a guard, when twenty men would have brought it safe to the camp. It is hard that I must suffer so by the follies of others, who never had any the least mischance while affairs were in my hands.

"The whole country rose with the enemy's horse for this noble project, and nothing could be more fortunate than my escape and coming; for though my particular loss is irrecoverable, yet, with about sixty horse, I have recovered and frightened the whole country, and brought them into subjection. I marched towards Cuenca, to hasten Wyndham, and to give him what advice and assistance I could, and have contributed to keep him from starving with much ado. But it is never thought of with you, that people may starve in a country where the people are against you, having no magazine and stores. The taking of Cuenca is the most fortunate thing in

the world, and the recovery of Huete. Both strong by nature, the first might easily be made impregnable; the other consequences are touched in the Council of War, which you will see. I am but a poor volunteer, that stay a day or two to put things in some order, without which these troops, after their success, would have perished before they could join you. Without these places, and the troops where they are, I do not see how you could subsist; and, as things are, it will be hard enough, unless extraordinary careful measures are taken.

"I bear all other losses patiently, besides my barbs and my cheese. My Lord Galloway and you have your share. I had eight waggons with good eatables and drink, which I told you I would send you; but good management can lose meat and drink, barbs and kingdoms.

"Sir, in my poor opinion, the success of all depends upon the defence of Cuenca and Huete, in order to keep this country in subjection, and to keep the communication open with Valencia. Assure yourself, no usage shall cool or diminish my diligence or endeavour for the public good.

"Sir,

"Your affectionate servant,

"PETERBOROUGH."

"HUETE, August 18, 1706.

"Sir,

"I enclose the King's letter, which will let you and my Lord Galloway see my thoughts. But I see nobody but yourself that can support this business of this side. There must be a great deal of vigour, care and drudgery; and the person must understand the language, must frighten the people, and yet not ruin and destroy them. Our troops of this side having money may be kept from plundering, and the matters of subsistence may be put in some form and regularity. I hope, by my diligence and care, to overcome even the ingratitude of your Court, at least, I will do my duty, upon other principles, and cannot be robbed of my reward. How

much soever I suffer by the follies, and ignorance, and misfortunes of others, I shall have the satisfaction of having done my duty. I do not see but in the present circumstances, if improved, but you may very well carry on a defensive war. Money I will get, if above ground, and a port to winter our fleet in; and of this rest assured, and with the utmost despatch. I send the humble petitions of two Venetian lords, father and son. The King might have had all the nobility united, and at his feet. The Viceroy and Zavillar complain of the unreasonable and barbarous orders from the Court, which tended to ruin and confiscation. I suppose you will abate something of your insolence and cruelty at present. Let not the King make his enemies desperate, and discourage his friends. They are proper methods at this time. Let me hear from you and have answers. I am sorry for your sake I have lost all my good wine and drink. I shall make a brave hand of it. I have nothing left but a suit of clothes and six shirts, and have lost above £6,000 by others, that never lost a mule or the least thing this whole war.

“Sir,

“Your most affectionate servant,

“PETERBOROUGH.

“I am just marching to Valencia.”

“August 30, 1706.

“SIR,

“I send you, enclosed, my letter to the King; I will make my utmost efforts to overcome all the prejudices raised by his villainies. I will serve him with all that zeal and delicacy which such usage deserves, as I receive from the Queen, who rewards me for all the ill-manners of this Court, and their ingratitude, with favours and obligations that can never be deserved, since they are made more obliging in the manner than the thing. But if that won't do, I will seek other ways of being easy in this service; and I doubt not to bring it to that certainty, that none shall be able to prevent regular and proper measures to be taken, and that it shall be made impossible for them either to undo

themselves, or disappoint the Queen and nation of the honours due to them for those generous efforts which have been so frustrated by the scandalous folly and knavery of some people.

“I send you a copy of Lady Marlborough’s letter, because part of it relates to yourself and brother. I would send the Queen, if the opportunity were safe, a thousand delicacies I am indebted for; and if a thousand lives could repay them, they should be freely sacrificed. The Whig storm has reached the ladies, as I am informed; Lady Fretfield out of the bed-chamber, and one in her place that presents her service to you in her last letter, though she takes no notice to me of any such thing, which I only hear from other hands. But of all her Majesty’s favours, none touch me as much as her answer to my Lord Barrymore, who made a great interest and heavy complaints that I had ruined his regiment, taken his best officers out, and then imposed upon him what I thought fit, in the regiment he was forced to raise. The Queen made him this answer: ‘That she was glad I had chosen the best officers where they could do her the best service; that they were the best judges who served with them; but, however she had every reason to believe everything I did was well done, and would change nothing.’ The obliging letters and messages, by the Count de Lecherain, from my Lord Marlborough, increase my satisfaction; and of this side the account I have is that the Duke of Moles is coming hither, and that we are like to lose our great minister—what a loss! I cannot but continue in opinion we ought not to risk for the present an engagement with the enemy, if so, Cuenca is of the greatest importance, and the garrison there not sufficient. It is the strongest place by nature that can be seen. I intimate to the ambassador, but pray take no notice to nobody, that in six weeks’ time, I will bring 2,000 horse and 2,000 foot, let the affairs in Italy go how they will; if well, I return, of course, with the troops and the money I can get; if ill, I may bring some of the Duke of Savoy’s broken troops along with me. You shall see what efforts I will make; if possible, I will overcome folly and ingratitude. Sir, let me hear from you; depend upon me in all that can be of service to you or to your family. Give me timely notice of what you have a mind to in all kinds, that I may take opportunities of bringing it about; particularly let me know, if I stay

abroad, whether you are inclined to make a parliamentary trip, and are willing to submit, for the public and your friends, to the trouble of the voyage. I do not say this to persuade, but only to know your mind, because as I apprehend, you seemed to desire it.

"Perhaps you might get me Lieut. Roman, my aide-de-camp, who is taken, and my papers from the Duke of Berwick, which are of no further use to him when read. You will receive the news of Methuen's death, which I am very sorry for at this juncture. I am trying to get some money for the Portugal ambassadors, as far as I can succeed, so much shall be left with the Viceroy. You must find the way to give the communication open; I have done all I could towards it, and have run sufficient risks to reduce and chastise this part of Castile.

"I might have profited by the loss of my baggage; the towns concerned having offered to raise a great sum, rather than expect the effects of my resentment, which they had reason to expect, but I chose to oblige them to bring corn for the army, rather than money for me; but this, as all other services, will meet the same acceptance.

"Sir,

"Your most affectionate friend,

"PETERBOROUGH.

"Your Hermitage is good—the rest indifferent."

"As to my own affairs, they cannot be in better circumstances; the city made a public compliment to the Queen in my behalf, in conjunction with my Lord Marlborough; and my Lord Godolphin sends me word that my commission for Vice-Admiral of England is passed, but they do not send it to me for fear of tempting me from the land service, where, he is pleased to say, they think me so necessary. I had been undone if we had had more success and my Lord Marlborough less, so that in some sort I am obliged to Prince Lichtenstein, &c. Write to me as often as you can, and send your letters to the Viceroy, who will send them as occasions offer, and who is a man of entire honour and confidence. Have a little pity of my Valencia friends, and pray solicit with Zinzerstein the enclosed petition of the Count de Zavillar's friend."

APPENDIX B.

Extract from a Letter addressed by Mr. Paul Methuen to his father, Ambassador at Lisbon.

“BARCELONA, May 26, 1706.

“HONOURED SIR,

“I have just now sent my Lord Peterborough a letter for you that I was forced to write this morning in a great hurry, because I had scarce any notion of the frigate going that is to carry it as far as Gibraltar, which way of proceeding in my Lord is very strange, though not unusual, the Court having had as little notice of it as I, so that I had much ado to get that sent which went enclosed from Prince Lichtenstein.

“The King and Prince Lichtenstein have received and used me very kindly, and I am dismissed with great satisfaction to myself and an appearance at least of being much in their favour, as you will see by the copy of my credential letter which I send you; but there have been no thoughts of a jewel; and I am proud not to be sorry for it.

“At my arrival here I found all things in strange confusion, and filled with heavy and reciprocal complaints between the Court and my Lord Peterborough; the Court upbraiding my Lord with the manifest danger the King had run by his leaving this place in no condition of defence, and without any forces in it; and my Lord retorting everything upon their ill-management, and the contradictory orders they sent him. Since then, our great success, and the shameful retreat of the enemy, has laid aside for some time, though

not stifled, these animosities; for they will soon break out again, and the consequences of such a misunderstanding will certainly be very fatal. The nobility and common people of this principality, are incensed by the intolerable haughtiness and unaccountable weakness of Prince Lichtenstein, the effects of which have been that every step the Court has made since my departure, and especially whilst the contest lasted, has been quite wrong. They have taken away from the nobility all the titles and honours granted them by the Duke of Anjou, without making them amends by any new ones; and instead of enlarging their privileges, or confirming those which the King's predecessors had allowed them, the Court has used all possible endeavours to clip them as much as they could, though to little purpose; for these people are so resolute in that point that they would much rather part with their lives than their privileges; so that this folly has had no other effect than the showing how much desire there was to do them harm, if the ill-will had been backed by power. These proceedings have so exasperated the Catalans, that Prince Lichtenstein is amongst them the most detested man living, for they lay it wholly on the Prince and other Germans about the King, whom personally they love and respect, only bewailing their own misfortune that he should be governed by such counsellors, and that they should meet with no better requital for that fidelity and zeal they had shown for his service.

"My Lord is very much pleased with his great success at Valencia, and so well satisfied with the extraordinary honours showed him there, that he is very desirous to go thither again, and would be glad to be there before the King, for no other reason, as I suppose, but because he is fond of making the most considerable figure. He is very angry against you and my Lord Galway about the 6,000 men, which, as he says, you had a positive order from the Queen to send him from Portugal; but what vexes him most of all is the great probability of my Lord Galway's getting to Madrid before him. He and the Conde de Cifuentes, who is now here, are mortal and declared enemies, and he has in a great measure lost the esteem of the Catalans by several light expressions of his, and extolling the Valencians above them, who, as they think, have not deserved so well from the King as themselves. My Lord's projects are for the most part too vast. His desire to

do too much, and all things at once, often hinders the success of any. His thoughts are now not only employed in Spain, but his head also runs on settling affairs in Italy, and he seems very desirous, for that purpose, that our fleet should winter within the Straits, not at Port Mahon, but the Gulf de Spezzia, between Genoa and Leghorn, proposing to himself to go in person with it. He has desired me to mention it to the Duke of Savoy, and to persuade him to propose it as from himself to the Queen. The Duke will, no doubt, be as fond of such a project as our admirals and seamen are against it, and the first will make everything easy in the execution of it; so you may be sure I shall act with great caution in a business of this nature, and take but little upon myself, as I shall also in getting money for my Lord at Genoa upon his bills upon my Lord Treasurer; he pretends great want to those that know he has a great deal, parts with as little as he possibly can, and writes continually to England for more. The 10,000 pieces of eight you sent the King by the *Panther* are not yet delivered; he keeps them, the ships, and Mr. Mead, at Valencia, so that the Court is deprived of them and the 8,000 Mr. Mead is to let them have on their bills upon you. This occasions heavy complaints against him, but he seems not to value it, and is desirous, by letting them remain ignorant what part of the money sent from England is designed for the King, to keep them in subjection and dependence on him, in which, as I have been so free as to tell him, I think he takes very wrong measures. Yesterday the King wrote a letter to him, by which he was very much startled and discomposed; it was to know from him in writing what number of troops he should find at Valencia, what forage, what provision for baggage, and what sum of money he might depend upon for his own subsistence or that of his forces. You will see in Mr. Stanhope's letter for England which I sent this morning, and is open, what forces we leave here, and what we expect to meet with at Valencia. The mischief is that these are paper armies, and one must not expect to find the numbers that are mentioned. Catalonia will pay those of the King's troops that remain here; my Lord must pay those that go to Valencia. I do not yet hear that the army will meet with any enemy between that place and Madrid, but the Conde de Las Torres, who, I believe, will come over to them if the French are gone out of Spain, and if not, in all likelihood they will be strong enough to beat

him ; but my only hope is in the Portuguese army going to Madrid, for at the rate things will be managed on this side I almost despair of our getting thither this summer, though we should meet no enemy to hinder us, everything advances so awkwardly and slowly. My Lord has been very civil to me, only he says he thinks me the most reserved and incomprehensible creature in the world, and that I am not so much his friend as you are ; yet he says he would be very glad to know me, and that he wishes I would be so. I am pretty certain he never wrote to England about Mr. Stanhope's being made envoy here ; but I have it from good hands that he did several times to desire that Mr. Crowe, of whom he was very fond at his first coming, should stay here with that character. My Lord is very ill with the seamen, and particularly with Sir John Leake, who highly resents his coming aboard the ship he was in, and hoisting the union flag there, that morning we arrived here ; this had a greater air of vanity and affectation, because he might have made use of that time to get into Barcelona, where he had not yet been, and where his presence was more necessary. Mr. Stanhope has carried himself towards me in a very friendly and civil manner, and, as I take it, without any reserve. He is extremely uneasy between the Court and my Lord Peterborough, and will have difficulty enough to manage it so as not to disoblige both. . . .”

APPENDIX C.

Original Despatch on Brihuega.

From GENERAL STANHOPE to the EARL OF DARTMOUTH.

"VALLADOLID, January 2, 1711.

"MY LORD,

"It is with unspeakable concern that I put pen to paper to acquaint your Lordship with the misfortune that has befallen us, of being taken prisoners of war at Brihuega, where were eight battalions of foot, seven of them English, and the eighth a Portuguese, commanded by English officers, and eight squadrons of horse and dragoons of her Majesty's troops, most of them very weak, as your Lordship will see by the enclosed return; nor could it be otherwise, after a campaign of so much action and fatigue.

"I acquainted your Lordship by Brigadier Wade, that it had been resolved to abandon Toledo and to retreat to Aragon; accordingly I was detached with 1,000 horse, and as many foot, to bring off the garrison of Toledo, which marched out on the 28th of November. The Mareschal had been obliged to separate the army, and cantoon them in villages, both to shelter them against the badness of the weather, and for their subsistence, having no magazine of corn, nor carriage to transport it, if there had been a store. The 30th of November I returned with the garrison of Toledo to Chinchon, where it was thought fit to halt till the 3rd of December, that the troops of the several nations which came from Toledo might join the quarters of their respective nations; and orders were given to the army to provide for themselves in the several

villages where they were cantooned, and to bake their own bread, making a provision for six days' march. The 3rd, the army began their retreat, the headquarters breaking up from Chinchon, and the troops marching in several bodies from their respective villages, the English being upon the left flank, the Imperialists in the centre, and Portuguese on the right. The headquarters were that night at Villarejo, where it was agreed that the English should make three marches to Brihuega, and the Imperialists go to Cifuentes, which are about five hours distant from each other, at which places it was proposed to make fresh provisions of bread, and settle the order of march for our further retreat.

"Accordingly I marched with the English and arrived at Brihuega the 6th, late at night, having been observed during my march by about 1,200 of the enemy's horse, with whom we had some skirmishing, the 5th, at Orche, of which I sent the Mareschal an account the same night, desiring him at the same time to send any commands he might have for me to Brihuega, where, on the 7th, I did receive from him an answer, the copy of which is here enclosed; and accordingly to what he therein intimated to me, I used the best diligence I could to get provision, and gave him an account of it in the letter of which I likewise enclose the copy.

"The 8th, about eleven of the clock before noon, there appeared some horses upon the hills near the town, upon which I ordered out a party to reconnoitre; but the enemies thickening, we thought it to no purpose to send out, because we knew they might have the same 1,200 horse which had observed us, and we could not send out half their number. About three in the afternoon they began to show some foot, till which time nobody was with me, nor I believe did the Mareschal imagine that they had any foot within some days' march of us. And our misfortune is owing to the incredible diligence which their army made; for having, as we have since learnt, decamped from Talavera the 1st of December, they arrived before Brihuega the 8th, which is forty-five long leagues; and such was the disposition of the country, so favourable to them, and so averse to us, that during the eight days that they marched no manner of advice came to us of it; in short, by five o'clock we were invested by 6,000 horse and 3,000 foot, which made it impracticable for us to think of retiring, so we made the best disposition we could to defend ourselves, and sent the Mareschal an account of what

passed. The same evening they fired some cannon, and sent to summon us, to which we made such an answer as became us.

"Brihuega is a large town, surrounded with an old Moorish high wall, which is nowhere flanked, and in very few places was broad enough to put any men upon it, so we could not hinder their lodging themselves at the foot of the wall in several places.

"We therefore applied ourselves to barricade the gates well, and to oblige them to make breaches, which we resolved to dispute when they should attempt to enter them. At midnight all their foot and artillery, with the remainder of their horse, came up; by break of day they had several batteries, with which they made two breaches, and besides their battering guns, of which they had twelve pieces, they galled us with their field-pieces, for the town is so surrounded on all sides but one with high hills so near it, that even with small shot they commanded most of the streets. We made intrenchments behind the breaches and barricades in the streets, as well as the shortness of the time and want of working tools would admit, notwithstanding that in most places our men could not work under cover for the reason that I have already mentioned. Towards three in the afternoon, the enemy having made their disposition for a general assault, and brought up all their foot within musket shot on both sides of the town, sent us a second summons, to which when they had received our answer, they began the attack with all their grenadiers, supported by thirty-two battalions, and whilst they were attacking the two breaches which had been made by their cannon, they made a third by springing a mine, and found means to break passages through the town wall into some houses which were joining to it, into which they got numbers of men before they were perceived.

"They were, however, beaten out again, and everywhere repulsed with loss whilst our ammunition lasted, and even our bayonets were more than once driven out by some of our men who had spent their shot; and when no other remedy was left, the town was preserved some time by putting fire to the houses which they had possessed, when many of them were destroyed. In short, I must do that justice to all the general officers and men, that all was done which could be done, the horse and dragoons having taken their share of the

business on foot ; and when things were reduced to the last extremity, that the enemy had a considerable body of men in the town, and that in our whole garrison we had not 500 men who had any ammunition left, I thought myself in conscience obliged to try to save so many brave men who had done good service to the Queen, and will, I hope, live to do so again. So, about seven of the clock, I beat the chamade and obtained the capitulation, of which enclosed I send your Lordship a copy. We had upwards of 600 men killed and wounded, and we believe the enemy's loss about 1,500. Their loss would have been much greater at any other place ; but here, as I told your Lordship, we could not hurt them till they came up to the breaches, having no place to lodge them on those old walls, so that the greatest part of the men they lost were killed either at the breaches or within the town.

“Your Lordship hath thus a true account of our misfortune ; and what further particulars you may require, Colonel Dormer will distinctly acquaint you with, to whom I must do the justice that he behaved himself extremely well, it having been his fortune to be posted where the greatest efforts were made by the enemy.

“Colonel Varrier, of the Scotch Guards, was killed after having performed wonders with his battalion. Lieutenant-General Carpenter was wounded at one of the breaches, as we thought at first, dangerously, but is, thank God, well recovered.

“Lieutenant-General Wills was during all the action at the post which they attacked with most vigour, and which he as resolutely defended ; and I cannot again help repeating to your Lordship in general, that if after this misfortune, I should ever be entrusted with troops, I never desire to serve with better men than all showed themselves to be, and whatever other things I may have failed in through ignorance, I am truly conscious to myself that, in the condition we were reduced to, I could not do a better service to the Queen than to endeavour to preserve them by the only way which was left.

“I cannot express to your Lordship how much this blow has broken my spirits, which I shall never recover.

“I am ever, &c.”

INDEX.

A

ABARY, Monsieur d', i. 182
 Abbott, George, Archbishop of Canterbury, i. 9
Account of the Earl of Peterborough's Conduct in Spain, ii. 161*n*
 Addison, Mr., ii. 159, 172
Admiral Robert Fairfax, ii. 333*n*
 Advertisement, a curious, ii. 245
 Aerzeele, i. 341
 Ahumada, ii. 38
 Ajen, Count d', i. 130
 Alarcon, ii. 36
 Albuquerque, i. 164
 Alcalá, ii. 56
 Alcaniz, i. 310
 Alcantara, ii. 13
 capture of, ii. 16
 Alicante, surrender of, ii. 51
 references to, ii. 72 *et seq.*, 103
 Allen, Colonel, i. 207, 211
 Almanza, ii. 71
 battle of, ii. 89, 108, 109, 115
 the numbers on both sides, ii. 111
 Almara, ii. 13
 Almenara, defeat of the Bourbon troops at, ii. 128
 Altea, the Bay of, i. 326
 Alt Ranstadt, ii. 150
 Amant, Brigadier P. de St., i. 184
 Ambassador Extraordinary to the King of Sicily, Peterborough appointed as, ii. 223
 Andalusia, rising of, ii. 26, 44
Anecdotes, Historical, i. 2
 Anecdotes of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, ii. 181
 Anjou, Philip Duke of, i. 130, 245, 247, 284, 286, 300
 Anne, Queen, i. 200, 226, 231, 235, 236, 260

Antoinette, Marie, i. 336*n*
 Aragon, ii. 26, 30, 36, 110
 Aranjuez, ii. 79, 87
 Arconchel, Marquis d', i. 200
 Arcos, Duke of Los, i. 279, 283—287, 289, 290
 Argyll, the Duke of, ii. 198
 meets Peterborough at Geneva, ii. 213
 Armies frequently surprised, ii. 133
 Army, a standing, i. 64—67
 Ashley, Sir John, i. 88
 Athanasian Creed, reference to the, ii. 237
 Athlone, ii. 117
 Atterbury, Dr., Bishop of Rochester, ii. 266

B

Bacon, Marlborough compared with, for his meanness, ii. 178
 Badajos, siege of, ii. 3, 80, 112
 Badalona, i. 187
 Balearic Islands, the, ii. 43, 73
 Barcelona, first siege of, i. 194, 197, 208, 213, 215, 226, 236
 fall of, i. 230, 238, 244, 253, 304, 310
 abandonment of sick and wounded by De Tessé at, ii. 2
 references to, ii. 9, 10, 13, 16, 80, 107
 "Barkleys fields," ii. 208
 Barkly's *Apology for the Quakers*, ii. 321
 Barn Elms, meeting-place of the Kit-Cat Club near, ii. 260
 Baronies of Mordaunt and Peterborough become merged in the Richmond family, i. 15
 Barrymore's foot regiment, i. 277
 Basset-y-Ramos, General, i. 176

- Bateman, Lieut.-Col., ii. 104—106
 Battle of Beachy Head, i. 82
 Bavaria, Elector of, ii. 5
 defeat of, ii. 347
 Beachy Head, disaster to the British
 fleet at, i. 79—83
 Bear-baiting, i. 31 and *n*
 Beaufort, Duke of, ii. 191
 Beefsteak Club, the, ii. 261
 Bellasis, Sir Henry, i. 145
 Bellenden, Mary, ii. 273
 Bell's *Fugitive Poetry*, ii. 316*n*
 Benbow, i. 151
 Berkeley, afterwards Bishop, ii. 228
 Berry, Duc de, i. 130
 Bertram, San, Fort of, i. 212
 Berwick, Duke of, ii. 8, 14, 67
 sneers at Philip, ii. 22
 Besenval, French agent at Leipsic, ii.
 149
 Bevis, Mount, ii. 306*n*, 307
 Bilderbecy, M., Dutch resident at
 Cologne, ii. 153
 Bill for Preventing Occasional Con-
 formity, i. 143
Biographica Navalis, quoted, ii. 95*n*
 Blandford, the Marquis of, i. 141
 Blenheim, a modest, ii. 307
 Bléterie, the Abbé de la, ii. 330
 Blount, Miss Martha, letter to, from
 Pope, ii. 332
 Bohemia, ii. 151
 Bolingbroke, Lord, i. 17 ; ii. 175, 215
 letter from, to Peterborough, ii. 220
Bolingbroke and Voltaire, ii. 314*n*
 Bolton, Duke of, i. 15, 17, 78
 Bononcini, ii. 263
 Bourbon, Louis Jean de, Governor of
 Brittany, i. 336*n*
 device of the House of, ii. 5
 Boyer's account of Peterborough's sons,
 ii. 94*n*
 Boyle, Secretary, ii. 98
 Boyne, battle of, i. 208
 Brihuega, capitulation of, ii. 131
 Bromley, Mr. Secretary, ii. 227
 Broome, Major W., ii. 313*n*
 Brussels, ii. 153
 Buckingham, the Duke of, ii. 199
 Buckingham House, ii. 205
 Burgos recommended as headquarters
 for Philip, ii. 21
 the King and Queen of Spain start
 for, *ib.*
 Burnet, Bishop, references to his
 History, i. 11*n*, 67*n*, 74, 75, 103*n*,
 108, 113—115, 222
Butiflenos, ii. 359, 361
- C
- Cabal, the, i. 40
 Cabrera, Don Juan Henriquez y,
 Admiral of Castile, 152
 Cadiz, an expedition against, ii. 264
 Cales, ii. 346
 Calves' Head Club, the, ii. 261
 Camillart, M. de, i. 309
 Campilio, ii. 65
 scene of bloodshed near, ii. 66
 Candete, ii. 107
 Capua, Hannibal's delay at, ii. 25
 Capuchins, conduct of the, i. 314
 Caraccioli, Prince of, i. 244
 Cardona, Condessa de, i. 29
 Carey, Elizabeth, Lady Mordaunt, i.
 12, 13
 Carey, Hon. Thomas, i. 13
 Carignan, Marie Thérèse de Savoie, i.
 336*n*
 Carleton, Captain, i. 198, 205, 208—
 210, 213, 220, 221, 241, 297, 302 ;
 ii. 62 *et seq.*, 104
 Carleton's *Memoirs*, ii. 18*n*, 64*n*
 his account of the siege of Requena
 ii. 18, 19
 Carlisle, the Earl of, i. 109
 Carmarthen, Lord, i. 85, 91
 Carpenter, Lieut.-General, ii. 374
 Carthage, surrender of, ii. 24, 35, 80
 Casse, Du, letter from, i. 151
 Casta, Marquise de la, i. 291
 Castel de Vida, i. 159
 Castile, rising of, ii. 26
 Castilians, devotion of the, ii. 22
 Castillo, Don Francisco del, Marquis of
 Villadarias, i. 147
 Castillon de la Plana, ii. 361
 Cat, Christopher, recipe of, for mutton-
 pie, a favourite dish of the members
 of the Kit-Cat Club, ii. 260
 Catalans, the, ii. 28, 107
 desertion of, ii. 139
 Catalogne, ii. 60
 Catalonia, ii. 9, 74, 87, 110
 Marshal Uhlefeld substituted for
 Count de Noyelles as Governor
 of, ii. 28
 Celamar, Prince de, ii. 337
 Cevalliar, Conde de, i. 250
 Chambers's *History of the Rebellion*, i.
 14*n*
 Charenton, the temple of, ii. 115
 Charing Cross, ii. 13
 Charlemont, Lord, mistake of, i. 209—
 211
 inquiry on, ii. 173

- Charles I., i. 27, 28
 Charles II. of Spain, character of, i. 32—36, 39
 references to, i. 47, 127, 128
 death of, i. 130
 Charles III. acknowledged King of the Spanish Netherlands, ii. 14
 Charles V., Emperor, copper oven belonging to, recaptured by the Castilians, ii. 79
 Charles (Charles VI.) elected Emperor of Germany and King of the Romans, ii. 217
 Charles, King of Spain, i. 193, 200, 217, 219, 225—228, 231, 232, 235, 236, 240, 241, 247, 248, 252, 256, 258—260, 270, 271, 274, 278, 284, 291, 299
 Chatham, Lord, a story of, ii. 126*n*
 Chelsea in Queen Anne's reign, ii. 206
 Chetwynd, Mr., British envoy at Turin, ii. 146
 Chichon, ii. 63
 Chinchon, ii. 79
 Christchurch, ii. 232
 Churchill, Arabella, i. 16, 157
 Churchill, Colonel Charles, friend of Sir Robert Walpole, ii. 280
 Cibber, Colley, ii. 248*n*
 Cifuentes, i. 340
 Cifuentes, de Conde, i. 243, 250—252; ii. 60
 Cintra, the convention of, ii. 53
 Ciudad Rodrigo, siege of, ii. 17
 Clapham in Queen Anne's reign, ii. 206
 Clement XI., ii. 249
 Clergy, condition of the, in the reign of Charles II., i. 47
 Cleveland, the Duchess of, i. 16
 Clive, Lord, i. 228
 Codrington, blindness of, ii. 354
 Coffee-house, the first, in London, ii. 259
 Colbatch, ii. 38
 Connyngham, Major-General, i. 184, 273
 Cooke, Sir Thomas, i. 99
 Corzana, the Conde de, i. 164
 Council of War, resolution of, ii. 10
Court and Society from Elizabeth to Anne, i. 101*n*; ii. 159*n*
 Courtoun, the Earl of, i. 7
 Covent Garden in Queen Anne's reign, ii. 207
 Cowper, Lord, ii. 197
 Cox's *Life of Marlborough*, ii. 147*n*, 155*n*, 158*n*, 159*n*
 Crimean War, comparison of ii. 112
 Croker, Mr., ii. 276
 Cromwell, Oliver, i. 10, 12, 23—30
 Crowe, Mr., i. 245, 250, 252; ii. 30, 33
 Crown, bill to limit the power of the, in the creation of peers, ii. 250
 Cuenca, ii. 20, 28, 80, 83
 Culera, ii. 111
 Culloden, the battle of, reference to, ii. 235
 Cumberland, the Duke of, ii. 235
 Cunningham, General, i. 171, 244, 248, 249
 Currea, i. 308
 Curtisos, a Portuguese Jew, i. 171
 Custozza, the battle of, ii. 114
- D.
- Danby, Lord, i. 40, 79, 82
 De Alnetos, the, i. 3
 D'Arcy, Sir Arthur, i. 8
Dare Mortem, the origin of Mordaunt, i. 3
 Dartmouth, the Earl of, i. 74
 letters from General Stanhope to, ii. 131, 371
 Das Minas, ii. 8, 25, 27, 40, 54
 an "old and valuable officer," ii. 15
 proceeds to Salamanca and Madrid, ii. 17
 sends a squadron of cavalry to Toledo, ii. 23
 Daunays, the, i. 3
 Delamere, Lord, i. 74
 Delawar, Lord, ii. 245
 Denmark, Prince George of, i. 155
 De Schonenberg, i. 129
 D'Este, Princess Mary, i. 11
 De Vere, Sir Henry, i. 6
 Devonshire House, ii. 205
 Devonshire, Lord, i. 79—82
 Doddington, Mr., ii. 280
 Donegal, Right Hon. the Earl of, i. 184, 319
 Don Quixote, reference to, ii. 245
 Dormer, Colonel, ii. 374
 Dorset, first Duke of, i. 7
 Dorset, the fifth Duke of, i. 7
 Drayton, the seat of, i. 4, 6, 7
 Dresden, ii. 151
 Duncannon, Earl of, ii. 20, 104
 Dundalk House, documents found at i. 2
 Dundonald, Lord, ii. 112

- Drury Lane Theatre, the original, ii. 245
 Dutch, loss of the, at the battle of Beachy Head, i. 82

E

- Earldoms of Peterborough and Monmouth become extinct, i. 15
 Ebro, the, ii. 25, 45, 110
 Eclipse of the Sun on the day of the flight of Tessé's army, ii. 4
 superstition of Philip's soldiery regarding, ii. 5
 damaged brass cannon recast to commemorate Charles's victory and the, *ib.*
Magna parvis obscurantur, motto used by Charles, *ib.*

- Edwin, Mr., ii. 172
 Elgin Cathedral, monument in, i. 14*n*
 England, state of, in Charles II.'s time, i. 36 *et seq.*
 England under Cromwell, i. 29
 Escorial, the Duke of Vendôme buried in the, ii. 130*n*
 Estremadura, rising of, ii. 26
 Eton, ii. 230
 Eugene, Prince, ii. 185
 Evertzen, Admiral, i. 80

F

- Fagel, General, i. 164
 Failly, De, i. 282
 Fairborn, Sir Palmer, i. 61
 Farmer, Sir John, i. 8
 Farquhar, ii. 260
 Farr, James, a barber, indicted for selling coffee, ii. 259
 Fénelon, Peterborough's visit to, at Cambrai, ii. 312
 Fenwick case, the history of the, i. 100—116
 Fenwick, Sir John, notice of the plot of, i. 100—116
 Fenwick, Lady Mary, i. 109, 110, 113
 Ferraers, Earl, a resolution moved by him in Peterborough's favour, ii. 196
 Findlater, the Earl of, ii. 225
 FitzLewis, Sir Richard, i. 7
 "Fleet" river, the, ii. 207
 Flying coaches, introduction of, i. 44, 45
Fortnightly Review, ii. 251
 Fort Urbano, Peterborough a prisoner in, ii. 249
 Franques, Don Juan de, certificate of, ii. 42

- Fraser, Sir Peter, i. 57
 "Freeman, Mrs." (Duchess of Marlborough), ii. 178
 Freind, Dr., i. 183
 his *Account of the Earl of Peterborough's Conduct in Spain*, i. 249, 277, 286, 302
 references to, ii. 10*n*, 13*n*, 28
 French army, retreat of the, after the siege of Barcelona, ii. 1
 Fretfield, Lady, ii. 365
 Fuerte Redonda falls by treachery, i. 317
 Fulham in Queen Anne's reign, ii. 286
 Furly, Mr., Peterborough's secretary, i. 184

G

- Gallas, Count de, ii. 121, 217*n*
 Galway, Lord, ii. 2, 8, 13, 14, 16, 25, 27, 32, 40, 53
 censured by the House of Lords, ii. 15
 proceeds to Salamanca and Madrid, ii. 17
 Garth, Dr., i. 157
 Gavachos, ii. 359, 361
 Geneva, Peterborough meets the Duke of Argyll at, ii. 213
 Genoa, Peterborough commissioned by Charles to raise a loan in, ii. 57
 sets sail for, ii. 75
Gentleman's Magazine, ii. 314
 George I., accession of, ii. 228
 George II., ii. 269 *et seq.*
 Germaine, Lady Elizabeth, i. 7 and *n*
 Germaine, Sir John, i. 4, 7, 14 and *n*, 119
 Gerona, ii. 9, 341
 Gibraltar, the siege of, i. 165
 Ginkel, the Dutchman, ii. 117
 Gladstone, removal of the claret duties by, ii. 143
 Ministry of 1880—5, reference to, ii. 253*n*
 Godolphin, Lord, i. 79, 106, 108, 230, 231; ii. 30, 119
 letter from, to the Duke of Marlborough, ii. 30
 Goodman, his connection with the Fenwick plot, i. 104, 107
 Gordon, General, reference to, ii. 6*n*
 Gordon, Henrietta Duchess of, i. 14*n*
 Gorges, Brigadier Richard, i. 184; ii. 72
 Grafton, Duke of, ii. 125
 "Grand Alliance," the, i. 136

Grattan, Sir Henry, Speaker of the House of Commons, ii. 313ⁿ
 Guadalaxara, ii. 27, 44, 45, 52, 61, 78
 Council of war at, ii. 57

H

Hague, Peterborough explains his mission to the Dutch at the, ii. 209
 Halifax, Earl of (Charles Montagu), letter from Peterborough to, ii. 12
 Halifax, Lord, i. 91; ii. 170
 Halstead's *Succinct Genealogies*, i. 1, 8, 10
 Hamilton, Colonel Hams, i. 185, 248
 Hanover, ii. 151
 Harcourt, the Duke of, i. 129
 Harcourt, Lord Keeper, ii. 199
 Harley, afterwards Earl of Oxford, ii. 158 *et seq.*
 Harrach, Count, i. 129
 Harte, Walter, ii. 315
 Havershham, Lord, ii. 167
 Hedges, Mr. Secretary, i. 34
 Helchin, i. 342; ii. 33, 49
 Henares, ii. 56, 130
Henri de Rouvigny, Earl of Galway, a Filial Memoir, &c., ii. 114ⁿ
 Herbert, Admiral, i. 80
 Hermelin, M., ii. 150
 Herrenhausen, ii. 155
 Hesse-Darmstadt, Prince of, i. 135, 145, 195, 198—204, 207, 208, 211, 215, 228, 229, 231, 237
 Hesse, the Prince of, ii. 313
 Hill, Abigail, marries Mr. Masham, ii. 189
Historical Anecdotes, i. 2
History and Proceedings of the House of Lords, ii. 168ⁿ, 191ⁿ, 195ⁿ
 Hobart, Sir Henry, ii. 271
 Holland, the Earl of, his attempt to rescue Charles I., i. 10
 Houghton, Sir Robert Walpole's seat at, ii. 307ⁿ
 House of Lords, the, ii. 255
 Howard, Mrs., afterwards Countess of Suffolk, ii. 269. See also under Letters—Peterborough to, and Mrs. Howard to Peterborough
 Howard, the Honourable Charles, afterwards Earl of Suffolk, ii. 271
 Howard of Effingham, Lord, i. 10
 Huette, ii. 62 *et seq.*
 Hyde, Chancellor, i. 13

I

Impartial Inquiry into the War in Spain, ii. 106, 111

Islay, Lord, ii. 225, 236
 Italy, Peterborough in, ii. 145
 Itchin Ferry, ii. 311

J

James II., character of, i. 32—36, 87
 James IV., marriage of, i. 5
 James, Major-General Renouard, i. 303
 Jennings, ii. 359
Jesse's Memoirs of the Court of England from 1688—1760, ii. 180ⁿ, 181ⁿ
 Johnson, Dr., on Peterborough, ii. 335
 Jones, Colonel, i. 252, 257, 258, 262, 265, 301
 Jones, Dean, and Marlborough, anecdote of, ii. 184

K

Kane, Colonel, Acting Governor of Minorca, ii. 228
 Kensington in Queen Anne's reign, ii. 206
 Khartoum, reference to, ii. 6ⁿ
 Killigrew, Colonel, ii. 57ⁿ
 King, Archbishop, ii. 171ⁿ
 letter from Swift to, ii. 215
 Kit-Cat Club, founded by Jacob Tonson, ii. 260
 Kneller, Sir Godfrey, ii. 260

L

Lamballe, Prince de, i. 336ⁿ
 Lansdowne, Lord, ii. 201
 Latimer, Sir Nicholas, i. 5
 Laud, Archbishop, his persecution of dissenters, i. 27
 Leake, Admiral, i. 165
 Leake, Sir John, i. 326; ii. 4, 72
 Lecherain, Count de, i. 341; ii. 365
 Leeds, the Duke of, i. 100
 Legale, M., ii. 32
 Lely, Sir Peter, i. 13ⁿ
 Leon, rising of, ii. 26
 Leopold, Emperor, i. 155
 Lerida, i. 310; ii. 9, 60
 Letters—
 Peterborough to his wife, i. 230
 to Lord Godolphin, i. 231
 to Queen Anne, i. 232
 to the Duchess of Marlborough, i. 234
 to General Stanhope, i. 244
 to Lord Godolphin, i. 250
 to Colonel Jones, i. 262

Letters (*continued*)—

- Peterborough to King Charles, i. 269
 to Lord Godolphin, i. 340
 Marlborough to Peterborough, i. 341, 342
 General Stanhope to Earl of Dartmouth, ii. 371
 Peterborough to Locke, i. 143
 Archduke Charles to Queen Anne, i. 236
 Mareschal de Tessé to Peterborough, ii. 2
 Madame de Maintenon to the Princess of Orsini, ii. 6
 Pope to Swift, ii. 11
 Mr. Walsh to Pope, ii. 12
 Peterborough to Charles Montagu, Earl of Halifax, ii. 12
 General Stanhope to Peterborough, ii. 17
 Lord Godolphin to the Duke of Marlborough, ii. 30, 34
 Peterborough to Lord Godolphin, ii. 31, 61
 Lord Godolphin to Peterborough, ii. 31
 Marlborough to Lord Godolphin, ii. 33, 155, 156
 Marlborough to the Duchess, ii. 35, 123, 155
 Peterborough to the King of Spain, ii. 35
 Charles to Peterborough, ii. 39
 Duke of Savoy to Peterborough, ii. 59
 General Stanhope to Peterborough, ii. 62
 Peterborough to Duchess of Marlborough, ii. 76
 Count Noyelles to Peterborough, ii. 85
 Peterborough to the Portuguese Minister at the Court of Charles, ii. 101—103
 General Stanhope to Lord Godolphin, ii. 120
 General Stanhope to Lord Dartmouth, ii. 131
 Mr. Chetwynd to Lord Sunderland, ii. 146
 Count Wratislaw to the Duke of Marlborough, ii. 148
 Peterborough to Marlborough, i. 142 ; ii. 151
 Marlborough to Peterborough, ii. 153
 Mr. T. Addison to Lord Manchester, ii. 172
 Mr. Edwin to Lord Manchester, ii. 172

Letters (*continued*)—

- Peterborough to Swift, ii. 210
 Swift to Archbishop King, ii. 215
 Lord Bolingbroke to Mr. Secretary Bromley, ii. 227
 Pope to Dean Swift, ii. 266
 Peterborough to Mrs. Howard, ii. 283, 285, 288, 291, 294, 295, 298, 300, 302, 304, 306, 308
 Mrs. Howard to Peterborough, ii. 284, 286, 289, 293, 296, 298, 300, 301, 304
 Pope to Peterborough, ii. 316, 319
 Peterborough to Pope, ii. 317, 320, 322, 323
 Swift to Peterborough, ii. 325
 Peterborough to Lady Suffolk, ii. 330
 Pope to Miss Martha Blount, ii. 332
 Peterborough to Stanhope, ii. 341, 366
 Mr. Paul Methuen to his father, ii. 367
 Letters Illustrative of the Reign of King William, i. 117ⁿ, 119ⁿ
Letters to and from Lady Suffolk, ii. 270
 Lichtenstein, Prince, i. 243, 250, 251, 300, 340 ; ii. 30, 32, 60, 67ⁿ
Life of Henry Viscount Bolingbroke, ii. 233 ⁿ.
Life of Julian the Apostate, ii. 330
Life of Queen Anne, i. 157
 Lincoln's Inn Fields in Queen Anne's reign, ii. 207
 Lind, Jenny, reference to, ii. 241
 Littleton, Captain, i. 213
 Locke, Mr., letter from Peterborough to, i. 67, 73, 75, 143
 Lockhart, Sir William, i. 86
 Lombardy, ii. 5
 London past and present, i. 43, 44
 the growth of, ii. 205
 Lorraine, the Duke of, ii. 226
 Louis XIV., i. 39, 84, 127, 130, 136, 137 ; ii. 56, 106
 Louise, Princess Palatine, i. 13ⁿ
 Love-making, experience in, ii. 299
 Lover, characteristics of a, ii. 291
 Low Countries, the, ii. 5
 Lowther, Sir John, i. 79
 Luttrell quoted, ii. 124
 Luxembourg, Marshal, i. 94

M

- Macaulay, Lord, his account of the secession to Rome of the Earls of Peterborough and Salisbury, i. 11ⁿ

- Macaulay, Lord (*continued*)—
 his account of Peterborough, i. 18—20
 of England under Cromwell, i. 29
 of Peterborough's speech against a standing army, i. 65
 his reference to Queen Mary's letters, i. 89
 general references to, ii. 24, 26, 112, 114
- Mackay, General, ii. 118
- Madrid, Charles's reception on entering, ii. 129
- Madrona, St., Convent of, i. 204
- Maffey, Count, ii. 153
 letter from Marlborough to, 154
 conference of, with Peterborough, 214
- "*Magna parvis obscurantur*," motto used by Charles on cannon recast to commemorate his victory, and of an eclipse of the sun, ii. 5
- Mahon, Lord, i. 301
 his *War of the Succession in Spain*, ii. 51, 57
- Mahony, or Mahoni, Brigadier, i. 283—290, 293, 301, 302
- Maintenon, Madame de, friend of Tessé, i. 130; ii. 6
 the Queen of Spain gives an account of her journey and sufferings to, 21
- Majorea, ii. 355
- Majuba Hill, i. 229
 the Peace of, ii. 142*n*
- Malaga, the battle of, i. 333*n*
- Manchester, Lord, ii. 159
- Mar, the Countess of, ii. 245
- Mar, Earl of, present to, by Marlborough, ii. 186
- Margaret, the Princess, marriage of, i. 5
- Maria Louise, Queen, i. 132
- Maria Theresa, i. 127, 130
- Markham, Mr. Clements, C.B., F.R.S., i. 336*n*.
- Marlborough, the Duke of, i. 15, 16, 87, 108, 138 *et seq.*, 230, 233, 244; ii. 13, 14, 30
 replies to Lord Treasurer, ii. 32
Correspondence of, ii. 188*n*
 funeral of, ii. 267
- Marlborough, the Duchess of, i. 139, 230
- Marriot, Commissary, ii. 180
- Martini, ii. 263
- Mary, Queen, her educational defects, i. 49, 89*n*
- Mary, Queen (*continued*)—
 her letters to her husband, i. 80, 88—93
- Masham, Mrs., influence of, ii. 137
- "Matadors," ii. 141
- Mataro, i. 321
- Mazarin, Duchess of, present of "aromatic usquebaugh" by Rouvigny to, ii. 119
- Mead, Dr., a celebrated doctor in Queen Anne's reign, ii. 187*n*
- Mediterranean, the, ii. 9
- Meldert, ii. 123
- Mémoires de St. Simon*, ii. 26
- Mémoires de Tessé*, i. 308*n*, 323*n*; ii. 5*n*
- Memorial of the expedition to Barcelona, i. 180*n*
- Menin, siege of, i. 343
- Methuen, Mr. Paul, minister at Lisbon, i. 173, 197, 232; ii. 113
- Mings, Sir Christopher, i. 42
- Minorea, Peterborough's attack on, ii. 73
 Peterborough appointed Governor of, ii. 228
- Miquelets, the, i. 196, 204, 206, 212, 214, 215, 216, 220, 222, 257, 262, 264; ii. 3
- Moles, Duke of, ii. 365
- Molière's doctors, ii. 114
- Mons Jovis of the Romans, i. 195—197
- Mons Judaicus, 195
- Montagu House, ii. 207
- Montagu, Lady Mary Wortley, letter from, to the Countess of Mar, ii. 245
- Montagu, Mr., nephew of Lord Halifax, ii. 31
- Montgomery, Sir James, i. 78
- Montjuick, citadel, i. 195, 199, 200, 202, 206, 208, 211—214, 228—230; ii. 60, 114
- Montmandre, Lord, ii. 104
- Montrose, the Duke of, ii. 267
- Montserrat, range of mountains, 195
- Mordaunt, origin and etymology of the name, i. 3
- Mordaunt, Eustace le, his marriage and inheritance, i. 3
- Mordaunt, the Viscountess, reference to the finding and printing of her diary, i. 2
- Mordaunt, Robert, list of properties acquired by, i. 4
- Mordaunt, Sir John, his career, i. 5
- Mordaunt, Sir John (2) first Lord Mordaunt, i. 6
- Mordaunt, Robert (2), notice of, i. 5

- Mordaunt, William, i. 5
 Mordaunt, John, second lord, i. 7
 Mordaunt, Lewis, third lord, i. 8
 number of estates which he inherited, i. 8
 Mordaunt, Henry, fourth lord, i. 8
 Mordaunt, John, fifth lord, i. 9
 becomes first Earl of Peterborough, i. 9
 Mordaunt and Avalon, John, Viscount, father of Peterborough, i. 10, 12, 13
 Mordaunt, Henry, second son of first Earl of Peterborough, i. 10, 13
 Mordaunt, Lord (Peterborough's eldest son), i. 122
 married to Frances, daughter of Charles Powlett, Duke of Bolton, ii. 95
 Mordaunt, Henry, M.P. for Malmesbury, ii. 91
 death of, ii. 94
 Mordaunts, the, of Walton, i. 5.
 "Morley, Mrs." (Queen Anne), ii. 178
 Mulgrave, the Earl of, i. 42
 Munden, Admiral Sir John, i. 151
 Murcia, ii. 9, 80, 87, 107
- N
- Nabots, the family of, i. 250, 253, 254
 Namur, ii. 352
 Narborough, Sir John, i. 42, 56
 Naval and military condition of Spain, i. 134
 Navarre, ii. 87
 Neerwinden, ii. 124
 Netherlands, Peterborough in the, ii. 190
 Neubourgh, Du'te of, i. 11
 Nieuport, ii. 352
 Noailles, Duke de, 267
 Noailles, Marie de, i. 336*n*
 Nonconformists, the, ii. 265
 Norfolk, the Duchess of, i. 109, 110, 112, 118
 North, Lord, an adherent of the exiled Jacobites, ii. 226
 Northamptonshire, Peterborough nominated Lord-Lieutenant of, i. 139
 Nottingham, Lord, i. 79, 82, 90; ii. 167, 265
 Noyelles, Count, ii. 4, 30, 54, 84, 106, 120*n*, 122
 letter to Peterborough, ii. 85
 Nuns, a tale of two, ii. 69—72
- O
- O'Brien, Lady Penelope, Peterborough's aunt, i. 10, 283, 284, 302
 October Club, the, ii. 261
Official Baronage of England, account of Peterborough's career in, i. 21
 O'Hara, Sir Charles (Lord Tyrawley), ii. 191
 Oldmixon, John, his lines on Peterborough, ii. 99
 Oran, fall of, ii. 24
 Orihuela besieged, ii. 80
 Orleans, Duchess of, i. 336*n*
 Orleans, Duke of, despatched from France, ii. 107
 reference to, ii. 197
 Ormond, Duke of, i. 87; ii. 222
 Orsini, Princess of, friend of Tessé, i. 146; ii. 6, 26
 Osbert, founder of the Mordaunt family, i. 3
 Osborne, Mr. Bernal, ii. 337
 Osnaburg, death of King George I. at, ii. 268
 Ostend, ii. 352
 Oxford, Lady, ii. 243
 Oxford Regiment of Horse (Hors Guards Blue), Peterborough appointed to the command of the, ii. 223
- P
- Paddington in Queen Anne's reign, ii. 206
 Pakington, Sir John, ii. 97
 Pamplona, ii. 348
 Panegyrics on Peterborough, ii. 163
 Park, Colonel, i. 123
 Parliament, discussion in, ii. 167
Parliament History quoted, ii. 90*n*
 Parnell, ii. 299
 Parson's Green, Peterborough's seat at, i. 98; ii. 221
 Partition Treaty, the, i. 121, 122
 Pasquee, Rosa, proprietor of the first coffee-house in London, ii. 259
 Pastrana, Peterborough joins Charles at, ii. 44
 Pavilla, ii. 361
 Pembroke, fourth lord, of Spain, i. 79, 251
 Penthièvre, Duc de (Comte de Toulouse), i. 336*n*
 Peterborough, Henry Lord, his account of the origin of his family, i. 2

Vol. I.—

Peterborough, the Earl of, his ancestors and their honours, i. 1—15
 his own advantages in beginning life, 15, 16
 his physical characteristics, 17
 Macaulay's account of him, 18—20
 account of his career as given in the *Official Baronage of England*, 21
 character of the age in which he lived, 23 *et seq.*
 his boyhood and youth, 55
 serves as a naval volunteer, 56
 marriage, 57
 joins the expedition to Tangiers, 60
 serves in the Low Countries, 61
 his hostility to the Stuarts, 63
 and opposition to a standing army, 64—66
 Macaulay's account of this, 65
 proceeds to Holland, 67
 and joins William III. there, 67, 68
 his services to William, 71, 72
 and his rewards, 74, 75
 appointed one of a council of nine to assist Queen Mary, 79
 his connection with the lemon juice letters, 85—87
 his conduct during the absence of William, 91
 loses favour with the king, 96
 his gallantries, 97
 his implication in the Fenwick plot, 100—116
 is committed to the Tower, 115
 his character contrasted with that of the Duke of Shrewsbury, 116
 he succeeds to the Earldom of Peterborough, 117
 the family property, 118
 loses all public employment, 119
 his part in the impeachment of Somers, 120
 he again receives employment, 139
 his relations with Marlborough, 140
 his letter to Locke, 143
 his efforts in Parliament against a "Bill for Preventing Occasional Conformity," 143
 appointed to the command of the expedition to Spain, 162, 166
 his preparations and proposals, 170—180
 his attack on Barcelona, 194—219
 his bravery in quelling an insurrection of the populace of Barcelona, 219

Peterborough, Earl of (*continued*)—

his adventure with the Duchess of Popoli, 221—230
 his wisdom and discretion as a commander, 223—229
 his efforts for the relief of San Matteo, 260 *et seq.*
 marches on Valencia, 272
 his various exploits during the expedition, 273—289
 occupies Valencia, 290
 his reception by the inhabitants, 291
 his various designs to defend himself from attack, 292 *et seq.*
 remarks on his mode of doing so, 299—303
 his military operations at the second siege of Barcelona, 304
 saves Montjuick, 320
 his attack on Siges, 329
 enters Barcelona, 335
 explanation of his plan of campaign, 338
 his difficulties, 339
 writes to Godolphin, 340
 is congratulated by Marlborough, 341

Vol. II.—

his kindness to the sick and wounded, ii. 3
 his untiring energy, 11
 his reception at Valencia, 17
 his impatience, 41
 General Richards's criticism on, 46—51
 advises a defensive policy, 56
 sets out for Valencia, 57
 his imprudence, 59
 at Huette, 62
 his adventure there, 64
 arrival at Valencia, 66
 sets out for Genoa, 75
 his arrival there, and dealings with the money-lenders, 81
 returns to Spain, 83
 explains his defensive policy, 85—89
 proceeds in the *Resolution* to Turin, 90
 fight with the enemy, 91—94
 his sons, and his relations with them, 95—99
 at Turin, 100
 Galway contrasted with, 113
 his travels on the Continent, 146 *et seq.*

- Peterborough, Earl of (*continued*)—
 visits Charles XII., 149
 his correspondence with Marlborough, 151
 and arrival in England, 159
 his treatment by the Ministry, 160
 publishes a vindication of his conduct in Spain, 161
 Swift's remarks on, 164
 is sent on a mission to Vienna, 175
 anecdote of, regarding Marlborough, 185
 debate on Peterborough's conduct of the war in Spain, 193 *et seq.*
 he receives the thanks of the House, 199
 proceeds to Vienna, 201
 his residence at Parson's Green, 208
 his letter to Swift from Vienna, 210
 visits Turin, and returns to Vienna, 212, 213
 arrives in England, 214
 again returns to the Continent, 218
 intrusted with a secret commission, 219
 receives fresh honours, 222
 his public life, 224 *et seq.*
 is sent on a special mission to Sicily, 227
 his acquaintance with and marriage to Miss Anastasia Robinson, 238
 incidents arising out of his marriage, 244 *et seq.*
 visits the Continent, where he is arrested, 348
 publishes a reply to a pamphlet, 251
 his character as a reformer, 254—257
 instances of his eccentricity, 257
 various incidents in his public career, 262 *et seq.*
 his verses on Mrs. Howard, 274
 and letters to, 283—309
 his later years at Parson's Green, and his literary correspondence and friendships, 310—326
 his act of justice to his second wife, 327—330
 his death at Lisbon, 335
 remarks on his character, 335—339
 Peterborough House, Swift's description of the gardens of, ii. 208
 Peterborough, the first Lady, i. 203, 230
 Philip II. of Spain, i. 126
 Philip IV. of Spain, i. 127
 Philip V. of Spain, i. 131, 132
 Philip, King, i. 257, 290
 Philip, Duke of Anjou's demoralised army proceeding to the French frontier, ii. 5
 arrives at Perpignan, *ib.*
 his cause in Spain on the wane, ii. 14
 "Philipene," ii. 141
 Piedmont, ii. 345
 Pierce, Colonel, 277
 Pierre, Colonel de St., extract from the journal of, i. 168ⁿ
 references to, i. 247, 253, 254, 291, 301, 303
 Pineau, i. 308
 Piper, Count, ii. 150
 Pius IX., ii. 270
 Plassy, battle of, 228
 Plots against King William, i. 101
 Plymouth, Earl of, i. 61
 Pointz, Mr., ii. 328
 Pollnitz, Baron de, quotation from, ii. 261
 Poor, state of the, in reign of Charles II., i. 51
 Pope, describes Peterborough as having the "nobleman look," i. 17
 his estimate of Peterborough and Bolingbroke, i. 19
 letter from, to Swift, ii. 12 : from Mr. Walsh, *ib.*
 Pope's *Letters*, ii. 11ⁿ
 Popoli, Duke of, i. 225 ; ii. 108
 Popoli, Duchess of, i. 182
 Peterborough's adventure with, i. 221, 222, 225, 230
 Portarlington, Baron, Earl of Galway and (De Rouvigny), ii. 118
 Porter, his connection with the Fenwick plot, i. 104
 Portland, the Duchess of, ii. 329
 Port San Antonio, i. 322
 Port St. Mary's, ii. 346
 Porto-Carrero, Cardinal, i. 129, 130, 132, 134
 retires to Toledo, ii. 23
 performs a *Te Deum* in the cathedral, *ib.*
 Powlett, Charles, Duke of Bolton, ii. 95
 Powlett, Lord Henry, ii. 124
 Price, Captain, commander of the *Leopard*, i. 331
 Puritans, rise, teaching, and spirit of the, i. 24 *et seq.*
 Pyrenees, the, ii. 89

Q

- Queen Anne, ii. 56 *et seq.*
 Queen Dowager, the, ii. 24
 a state prisoner at Bayonne, ii. 81
 Queensberry, the Duchess of, ii. 273
 Quiros, M. de, ii. 153
 letter from Marlborough to, ii. 154

R

- Raby's, Lord, regiment, i. 171
 Radetzky, eighty-two years of age when
 he won the battle of Custoza, ii.
 114
 Radwell, when first acquired by the
 Mordaunts, i. 3
 Ramillies, battle of, ii. 13
 Ramos, Don Juan Bassett y, General,
 i. 249, 250, 253—257, 292
 Rands, Richard, i. 2
 Ratcliff, a suburb in Queen Anne's
 reign, ii. 207
Rebellion, Chambers's *History of the*, i.
 14*n*
 Regency, the Council of, i. 79
 Reilly, Emil, i. 2
 Requena, capitulation of, ii. 19
 references to, ii. 28, 35, 37, 83
 Reresby's (Sir John) *Memoirs*, i. 77*n*
Resolution, Peterborough sails in the,
 ii. 90
 attacked by two French ships, ii. 92
 gallant defence of the, ii. 93
Révolte des Catalans quoted, ii. 141*n*
 Ribblesdale, Lord, ii. 251
 Ribera, Condé de, i. 219
 Richards, General, i. 187, 197, 199,
 203, 210, 211, 220, 225, 229, 302 ;
 ii. 33 *et seq.*, 47, 51
 Richard's Papers, ii. 13, 46*n*
 Risbourg, Marquis de, i. 211
 Rivers, Lord, ii. 35, 101
 Rivers and Galway, agreement between,
 ii. 121
 Robethon to Cardonel, ii. 155
 Robinson, Mr., ii. 151
 Robinson, Miss Anastasia, lines ad-
 dressed by Gay to, ii. 238
 insulted by Senesimo, 244
 Rochester, the Earl of, ii. 167
 Roden, the Earl of, i. 2, 16
 MS. will in possession of, ii. 329
 Roman, Lieutenant, ii. 366
 Rooke, Sir George, i. 145 ; ii. 264

VOL. II.

- Roussillon, ii. 45
 Rouvigny, De, ii. 112, 114
 Turenne a friend of, ii. 115
 called *le bon officier*, *ib.*
 throws in his lot with the Protest-
 ants, ii. 116
 created Earl of Galway and Baron
 Portarlington, ii. 118
 Russell, Admiral, i. 79, 88, 106, 108
 Russell, Lord, i. 62
 Russell, Lady, ii. 122*n*
 Ryegate, the estate of, dispute regard-
 ing, i. 13
 Ryswick, the Treaty of, i. 137

S

- St. Antony of Padua, statue of, i.
 160
 St. Cyr, French Marshal, i. 188
 St. Iago, forty-five barrels of gunpowder
 blown up at, ii. 19
 St. James's Park, ii. 206
 St. Paul's Cathedral, sermon preached
 before Queen Anne in Peterborough's
 honour, ii. 164
 St. Pierre, Colonel, i. 195, 199, 207,
 216, 219, 220, 222, 223, 225 ; ii.
 50
 Salamanca, Galway and Das Minas pro-
 ceeded to, ii. 17
 insurrection at, ii. 18, 44, 65
 Salisbury, the Earl of, i. 11*n*
 Salvaterra, i. 164
 Sandoni, an eminent singing master,
 ii. 240
 Santa Madrona, i. 319
 Saragossa throws off her allegiance to
 Philip, ii. 24
 the Austrian Court in, ii. 26
 reference to, ii. 33, 38 *et seq.*, 128
 Sardinia, ii. 5
 Savella, Count, ii. 37
 Savoy, the Duke of, i. 130, 200, 227 ;
 ii. 31, 43, 56
 letter from, to Peterborough, 59
 Schomberg, ii. 117
 Schonenberg, De, Dutch Ambassador at
 Madrid, i. 129
 Schönberg, the Duke of, saying of, ii.
 167
 Schratenbach, Major-General, i. 184,
 248, 249
 Schultz, Mr., ii. 280
 Science, state of, in reign of William
 III., i. 51

C C

- Scotland, the proposed union with, ii. 97
- Segorbe, i. 340
- Segra, i. 310
- Senesimo, a contralto singer, ii. 244
- Septennial Bill, the debate on the, ii. 236
- Serclaes, Prince of, i. 158, 267
- Seymour, Sir Edward, i. 235
- Shannon, Right Hon. the Lord Viscount, i. 185, 226
- Shovel, Sir Cloudesley, i. 42, 56, 154, 202, 225, 236, 333*n*
- Shrewsbury, the Duke of, i. 114
contrast between, and Peterborough, i. 116, 117
letter to, i. 118*n*
- Sicilies, the, ii. 5
- Sidney, Algernon, i. 62
- Siècle de Louis XIV.*, ii. 5*n*
- Siges, Peterborough at, i. 329
- Snuff-taking, ii. 263
- Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne*, ii. 248
- Soignies, ii. 155
- Solebay, Peterborough lands at, ii. 190
- Somaten*, or alarm-bell, i. 310
- Somers, Lord, i. 120—123
- Somerset, Duke of, i. 155
- Sophia, Electress, ii. 154
- South Sea scheme, reference to, ii. 266
- Southwell, Colonel, i. 202, 205, 211, 212, 214, 215
- Spain, condition of, at the close of the seventeenth century, i. 126 *et seq.*
- Spain, king of, letter from Lord Peterborough to the, ii. 35
- Spanish army and navy, i. 133
on the energy of William III., i. 137
- Spanish ladies, ii. 293
- Spanish Netherlands, Charles III. and Marlborough, King and Governor respectively of, ii. 14
- Spanish Succession, War of the, i. 124 *et seq.*
results of, ii. 143
- Sparre, General, i. 145
- Spectator*, Steel's letter in, ii. 264
- Spence's *Anecdotes of Men and Books*, ii. 185*n*
- Spencer, Earls, i. 142
- Spires, Prince Eugene at, ii. 219
- Standing army, a, i. 64—67
- Stanhope, Brigadier James, i. 146, 185, 197, 206, 212, 219, 222, 223, 226, 230, 232, 236, 244, 300
- Stanhope, Lord, his account of Spain during the reign of Philip II., i. 126
on the Treaty of Partition, i. 128
references to, ii. 5, 22, 25, 27, 28, 36, 59
letter from, to Peterborough, ii. 17
letter from, to Lord Dartmouth, ii. 131
- Stanhope, Mr., British Ambassador at Madrid, i. 129
- Stanhope's *War of the Succession in Spain*, ii. 141*n*
- Stanyan, Mr., ii. 153
- Starenberg, ii. 127, 135
- State Papers*, quotation from, ii. 50
- Stopford, Mr. George, i. 7
- Stowe MSS. in British Museum, i. 211
- Strand, an incident in the, ii. 258
- Stuart, House of, Peterborough's hatred of, ii. 266
- Stuart risings in Scotland, ii. 235
- Succinct Genealogies*, Halstead's, i. 1, 8, 10
- Suffolk, Lady, i. 96
- Sunderland, the Earl of, ii. 119
Secretary of State, ii. 159
letter from Mr. Chetwynd to, ii. 146
- Surprises, a military, ii. 133
- Sutton, Sir Robert, ii. 324
- Sweden, King of, Peterborough visits the, ii. 149
- Swift, Dean, i. 7*n*
his *Correspondence*, i. 144
letter from Pope to, ii. 11
on Peterborough, ii. 164
his *Letters*, ii. 159*n*, 171*n*, 176*n*, 258*n*

T

- Tacitus, quotation from, ii. 163
- Tagus, the country south of the, rise against Tessé and Las Torres, ii. 79
- Talavera, ii. 131
- Talbot, Sir John, i. 118*n*
- Tangiers, the expedition to, i. 60
- Tarragona, reported march to, i. 200, 202; ii. 48, 60
- Te Deum*, a, performed by Cardinal Porto-Carrero, ii. 23
- Tessé, Marshal de, i. 306 *et seq.*, 266, 293
Mareschal of French Army at Barcelona, ii. 2
references to, ii. 4—6, 21, 22, 45

Thackeray's picture of London and its coffee-houses about the time of Anne and George I., ii. 261

his *Four Georges*, ii. 262

Theresa, Maria, i. 130

Thirty-Nine Articles, reference to, ii. 265

Thomond, sixth Earl of, i. 10, 283

Thoughts of a Member of the Lower House, ii. 251

Tindal's *History*, i. 172

Toledo, ii. 13, 44

Cardinal Porto-Carrero retires to, ii. 23

Tonson, Jacob, founder of the Kit-Cat Club, ii. 260

Torey, Marquis de, ii. 184

Torres, Conde de las, i. 257, 258, 263, 264, 273, 274, 276, 279—281, 290, 293—297, 301; ii. 9, 45

Torrington, Lord, i. 56, 79—84

Tortosa, ii. 9, 10, 37, 60, 110

Toulouse, the Count of, ii. 306

Townshend, Lord, ii. 234

Treaty of Partition, Lord Stanhope's account of, i. 128

Trevor, Lord, ii. 265

Tully quoted, ii. 316

Turenne, ii. 115

Turin, Peterborough goes to, ii. 100

Turvey, when first acquired by the Mordaunts, i. 4, 119

Tyrawley, Lord, gallantry of, ii. 54 *et seq.*

U

Uhlefeld, made field-marshal, ii. 4

substituted for Count de Noyelles as Governor of Catalonia, ii. 28

Utrecht, the Peace of, ii. 138

V

Valencia, ii. 9, 10, 13, 25, 28, 35 *et seq.*
Valenza, i. 164

Valladolid, government offices and treasury removed to, on Charles's occupation, ii. 129

Vanburgh, ii. 317

Varrier, Colonel, ii. 374

Velasco, Don Francisco de, Governor of Barcelona, i. 184, 206, 212, 216, 218, 219, 222, 223, 225, 226

Vendôme, the Duke of, illegitimate grandson of Henry IV., ii. 130

gluttony of, *ib.*

death of, *ib.*

Vernon, Mr., ii. 352

Vienna, Peterborough sent to, ii. 175

"Vigo snuff," origin of, ii. 264

Vigo, Spanish galleons captured near, ii. 264

Villars, Marshal, ii. 218

Villa Viciosa, disaster at, ii. 135

Villena, ii. 107

Villeroy, Marshal, the French under, at the victory of Ramillies, ii. 13

Vimeira, ii. 53

Vinaroz, i. 328; ii. 130*n*

Virgin, Peterborough's vision of the, i. 313

Viscounty of Mordaunt and Avalon becomes extinct, i. 15

Voltaire's *Siecle de Louis XIV.*, ii. 5*n*

Voltaire, visit of, to Parson's Green, ii. 312

dishonesty of, ii. 314

W

Wade, Brigadier, ii. 371

Walker, Commodore, i. 328

Walpole, ii. 230

Walpole, Horace, Earl of Orford, ii. 275

Walpole, Sir Robert, ii. 268

Walpole's *Reminiscences*, ii. 186*n*

Warburton, Eliot, i. 71*n*, 90, 92, 301

War of the Spanish Succession, i. 124 *et seq.*

Warrington, Earl of, i. 74, 77, 78

West Indies, ii. 5, 53, 73

Wharton, Lord, ii. 226

Whitechapel, a suburb in Queen Anne's reign, ii. 207

Whitehall, ii. 206

White's coffee-house, ii. 260

Wildman, Major, i. 69, 82, 86

William III., i. 67, 69, 71, 76—94

the Feuwick plot against, i. 100—116

death of, 123, 125, 128, 136, 139, 208

Willoughby de Broke, Lord, Dean of Windsor, i. 77*n*; ii. 265

Will's coffee-house, ii. 260

Wills, Colonel, i. 273; ii. 185

Wills, Lieut.-General, ii. 374

Windsor, ii. 34, 49
 Wisdom, the Place of, i. 143
 Witney, Anne, i. 8
 Wolfe, General, a story of, ii. 126*n*
 Wolfeld, i. 245, 300
 Women, condition of, in time of
 William III., i. 49
 Wotton, Sir Henry, i. 10
 Wrattislaw, Count, ii. 30

X

Xativa, the siege of, ii. 343

Y

Yecla, ii. 107
 York, Duke of, afterwards James II.,
 i. 11, 16, 32, 33, 117

Z

Zavillar, the Conde of, ii. 350, 351, 355
 Zinzendorf's regiment, i. 287
 Zinzerling, Mr., ii. 36, 38
 Zinzerstein, ii. 366

THE END.



[illegible]

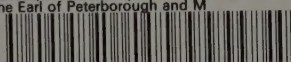
CAT. NO. 23233

DA 437 .P5 R8

Russell, Frank Shirley.

The Earl of Peterborough and M

v.2
010101 000



0 1163 018774 6

TRENT UNIVERSITY

DA437 .P5R8 v.2

Russell, Frank S

The Earl of Peterborough and
Monmouth.

DATE

ISSUED TO

10572

